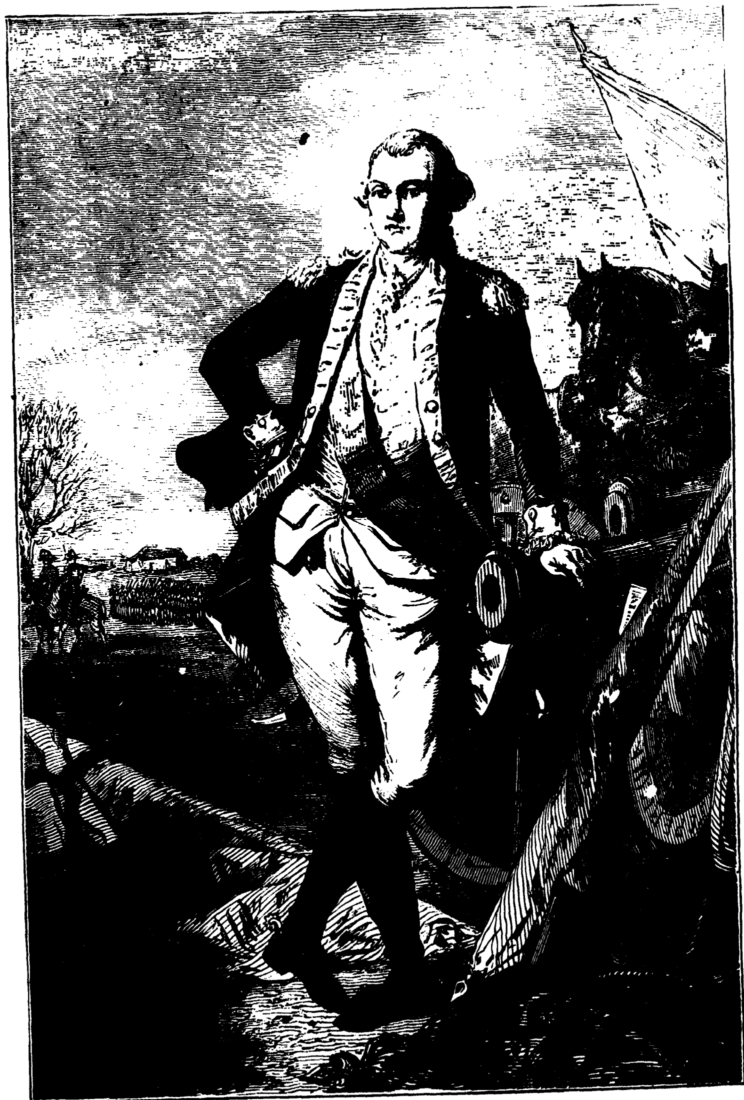


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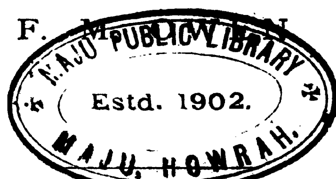
WASHINGTON [*Frontispiece.*

SOLDIER AND PATRIOT.

THE STORY OF

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

F. M. OWEN.



"The man first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his fellow-citizens."—*From the Speech of* JOHN MARSHALL *in the House of Representatives*, Dec. 19, 1799.

Third Edition.

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PREFACE.

"THE just man does not permit the several elements within him to meddle with one another, or any of them to do the work of others; but he sets in order his own inner life, and is his own master, and is at peace with himself: and when he has bound together the three principles within him—which may be compared to the middle, higher, and lower divisions of the scale and the intermediate intervals—when he has bound together all these, and is no longer many, but has become one entirely temperate and perfectly adjusted nature, then he will begin to act, if he has to act, whether in a matter of property, or in the treatment of the body, or some affair of politics or private business."* Such was the ideal leader described in Plato's "Republic;" such was the man who founded the American Republic, nearly two thousand years afterwards.

The mind of George Washington was a singularly well-adjusted and evenly-balanced one. His mark was set on

* Plato's "Republic," iv. 443 (Jowett's Translation).

life, not by the unnatural development of any special virtue or vice, but by the due harmony and power which regulated and brought to perfection the various elements of his character. "In him Nature did no miracle, but her best."

The fact of this evenness, and absence of special development, makes the history of his life difficult to write. It is the irregularities, the eccentricities, the ruggedness of a character, which furnish anecdotes and incidents.

The circumstances of Washington's career were indeed varied enough, involved as they were with the principal events of the American assertion of independence, but through them all the man moves on with a calm and stately tread, exhibiting to us perhaps more than anything else the nobility of common sense.

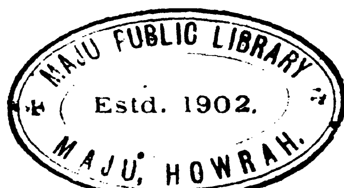
In making the following brief sketch, I have been obliged to dwell upon the outward features of his career to exemplify his character. This must be my excuse if I have seemed to introduce too much of military detail; but at the same time I would have it remembered that it is Washington, and not the history of America, I have tried to sketch.

My chief authority has been the graphic Life by Washington Irving, which I have quoted freely. The other sources from which I have drawn my materials have been "Life and Letters of Washington," edited by Jared Sparks; "Mahon's History of England," "Bancroft's History of the United States," "Upham's Life of Washington," and "Recollections of Mount Vernon," by Lossing.

I have tried shortly to bring before those who do not know these detailed histories of this great leader of his times some idea of his patriotism and goodness, and to show by the outlines of his life how true is the description of him which Thackeray puts into the mouth of one of his heroes:—

"To endure is greater than to dare; to tire out hostile fortune, to be daunted by no difficulty, to keep heart when all have lost it, to go through intrigue spotless, and to forego even ambition when the end is acquired. Who can say this is not greatness?"

F. M. O.



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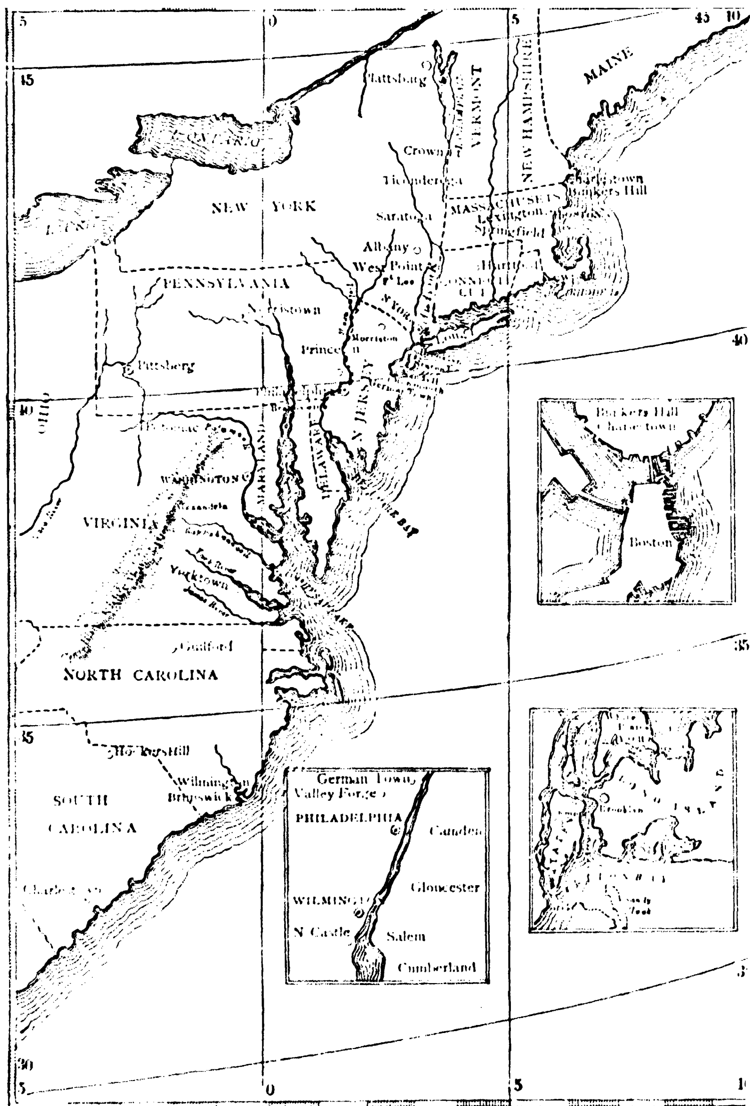
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PART I.

WASHINGTON'S YOUTH.

'This was the noblest Roman of them all.
*   *   *   *   *
He, only, in a general honest thought
And, common good to all, made one of them.
His life was gentle; and the elements
So mixed in him, that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, *This was a man!*"

Julius Cæsar.



MAP OF THE SEAT OF THE AMERICAN WAR OF INDEPENDENCE.

Soldier and Patriot.

The Story of George Washington.

PART I.

CHAPTER I.

More than a hundred years ago, in the State of Virginia, there was a small house standing on high ground above the river Potomac. The house was not a remarkable one: it had a high pointed roof, and low projecting eaves; four large rooms on the ground floor, attics above, and a chimney at each end. It was known by the name of Bridges Creek; for a small creek, just below it, joined the broad waters of the Potomac. This was the home of Augustine Washington, and it was here that George Washington was born, on February 22nd, 1732; but nothing now remains of his birthplace except a stray fig tree and one or two bright flowers, which mark the place where a garden has been.

About seventy years before, the great-grandfather of George Washington had come over from England with his brother, to seek a refuge in Virginia after the death of Charles I. Both the brothers were staunch Royalists, and did not care to remain under Cromwell's rule. The family

was an old and well-known one in England; the name had formerly been De Wessyngton, and they had owned extensive lands. But the king's cause once lost, the brothers despaired of any more happiness in their native country, and sought for it across the seas, in the free, but at that time most loyal, State of Virginia, in America.

They bought property in the county called Westmoreland, between the Potomac and Rappahanock rivers, and farmed it. John, the elder brother, was known as Colonel Washington, and the parish in which he lived was named after him. His grandson, Augustine, was born in 1694, and inherited the estate.

Augustine was twice married. By his first marriage he had four children, but only two of them lived to grow up. The names of these two were Lawrence and Augustine, and their mother died while they were still little boys. Their father married again, and by his second marriage had six children, the eldest of whom was our hero, George.

Soon after George was born, his father left Bridges Creek, and took his family to live near the Rappahanock river.

The new home was very like the old one—a small primitive farmhouse—and it was here that Washington's boyhood was spent. He led a free, open-air life, playing in the meadows and beside the river, and grew strong and muscular. A story is told of his performing the wonderful feat of throwing a stone across the river Rappahanock.

His brother Lawrence, being the eldest of the family, went home to England to be educated (as was the custom of Virginian boys, when their parents could afford it); but George went to Hobby the sexton's school, not far from his father's house. He did not learn much from Hobby—

a little reading, a little writing, a little ciphering; not much more—but he had a great deal of fun with his schoolmates. Little remains to us of this childhood; only a letter from Richard Henry Lee, and George's answer to it—both written when the friends were about nine years old—still exist:—

RICHARD HENRY LEE TO GEORGE WASHINGTON.

"Pa brought me two pretty books full of pictures he got them in Alexandria they have pictures of dogs and cats and tigers and elefants and ever so many pretty things cousin bids me send you one of them it has a picture of an elefant and a little indian boy on his back like uncle jo's sam pa says if I learn my tasks good he will let uncle jo bring me to see you will you ask your ma to let you come to see me.

"RICHARD HENRY LEE."

GEORGE WASHINGTON'S REPLY.

"DEAR DICKEY,—I thank you very much for the pretty picture-book you gave me. Sam asked me to show him all the pictures in it; and I read to him how the tame elephant took care of the master's little boy, and put him on his back, and would not let anybody touch his master's little son. I can read three or four pages sometimes without missing a word. Ma says I may go to see you and stay all day with you next week if it be not rainy. She says I may ride my pony Hero, if Uncle Ben will go with me and lead Hero. I have a little piece of poetry about the picture-book you gave me, but I mustn't tell you who wrote the poetry.

"G. W.'s compliments to R. H. L.,
And likes his book full well.
Henceforth will count him his friend
And hopes many happy days he may spend.

"Your good friend,

"GEORGE WASHINGTON.

"P.S.—I am going to get a whip-top soon, and you may see it and whip it."

One other remembrance of his childhood we have, in a story which is familiar to us all in England, and which shows

us what a good and wise father George had to watch over his boyhood. Mr. Washington had given his little son a hatchet, and the boy had carelessly tried its sharpness upon a young cherry tree, which his father valued very much. The bark was injured, and Mr. Washington, when he found it out, was seriously displeased, and began to question the servants as to who had done it.

"I did it, father," said George, holding out the greatly-prized hatchet, which he knew he must forfeit for his folly. "I did it with my new hatchet, which you gave me."

"Come to my arms, brave boy," said his father. "I would rather every tree I possess was killed than that you should deceive me."

When George was about eight years old, his brother Lawrence returned from England. George became devoted to him. He looked up to him, and thought there was no one so clever, no one so handsome, no one so perfect as Lawrence. Lawrence, on his part, took a great fancy to the little boy; he thought him intelligent, and, better still, he thought him true, and a very strong friendship grew up between the two brothers.

Lawrence, at the age of twenty-two, was made captain in a regiment which was being raised in the colonies to join the English in the West Indies for the purpose of fighting the Spaniards.

George was greatly excited by this event, he wished he could be a soldier too. He had seen the soldiers being drilled before embarkation, and so he began to drill his schoolfellows, and "all their playtime was spent in mimic parades, reviews, and sham fights; a boy named William Bustle was sometimes his competitor, but George was commander-in-chief of Hobby's school."



"I did it with my new hatchet"—*p.* 16.

Lawrence distinguished himself as much as was possible in his short campaign, and returned home after two years' service. He then became engaged to marry Miss Anne Fairfax, of Fairfax County, and the marriage would have taken place at once if trouble had not fallen upon the Washingtons.

Little George was away on a visit during his father's short illness; he was summoned home only just in time to receive one last loving look from him. The boy's first trouble had come. From the time of his father's death he seems to have grown more than ordinarily sedate and grave.

He was left to the guardianship of his mother, and by his father's will it was provided that when he came of age he was to inherit the lands on the Rappahanock.

Lawrence married Miss Fairfax a few months after his father's death, and settled on the estate left him by will—a large property on the banks of the Potomac, which he named Mount Vernon, after Admiral Vernon, who had commanded the fleet in the West Indies during his short military service. His brother Augustine also married about this time, and went to live at the old home at Bridges Creek.

George's mother was a woman capable of ruling and developing such a nature as his. She is described as being a small woman, very beautiful and dignified. She was firm and strict, but also affectionate. Having a high standard herself of principle and action, she endeavoured to set the same before her boy.

George revered and loved her always, and often said what cause he had to be thankful for having such a good mother. She, on her part, when in later days she was congratulated upon the achievements of Washington, said

calmly, "He has been a good son, and I believe has done his duty as a man."

There was an old book which George cherished all his life, because the name "Mary Washington" was written by his mother on the fly-leaf, and because she used to read from it to him and his brothers and sisters when they were children. It was Sir Matthew Hale's "Contemplations, Moral and Divine." A grave book to be read aloud to a boy! But its ponderous lessons, whose effect was heightened by his mother's voice and earnest manner, sunk down deeply into his heart, to bear fruits in after years by which his country was to profit.

It soon became necessary that George should have more instruction than Hobby could give him, and so he was sent to live with his brother Augustine, at his birthplace, Bridges Creek, where he attended the school of a Mr. Williams. Even here he did not receive a very finished education; merely that which would fit him for a life of business. He copied bills and legal papers for his own self-improvement, and everything he did was done with extreme care and neatness.

But he was not entirely devoted to his books; he still preferred the free, out-of-door life. He liked running, leaping, wrestling, and playing quoits. He was also very fond of horses, and his horsemanship was extremely good. Many stories are told of his being able to manage restive horses that others could not even mount.

At school he became a general favourite, both for his athletic feats and for his high sense of honour and fairness, and he made many friends for himself. But the great friend of his boyhood still continued to be his brother Lawrence, and Lawrence took a deeper interest than ever in the boy

after their father's death; he had him at Mount Vernon as much as possible, and it was here that George formed a friendship with Lawrence's relations, the Fairfaxes, who lived at Belvoir, a beautiful estate a few miles below Mount Vernon.

It is said that after his death there was found amongst his papers one which was written about this time, in a quaint, schoolboy handwriting, and entitled "Rules for Behaviour in Company and Conversation." It was probably an extreme desire to acquit himself as Lawrence would have him do in the presence of his friends that made the boy spend his time in copying or compiling these "Rules."

"RULES OF BEHAVIOUR."

"1. Every action in company ought to be with some sign of respect to those present.

"2. In the presence of others sing not to yourself with a humming noise, nor drum with your fingers or feet.

"3. Sleep not when others speak; sit not when others stand; speak not when you should hold your peace; walk not when others stop.

"4. Turn not your back to others, especially in speaking; jog not the table or desk on which another reads or writes; lean not on any one.

"5. Be no flatterer; neither play with any one that delights not to be played with.

"6. Read no letters, books, or papers in company; but when there is a necessity for doing it you must ask leave. Come not near the books or writings of any one so as to read them, unless desired, nor give your opinion of them unasked; also look not nigh when another is writing a letter.

"7. Let your countenance be pleasant, but in serious matters somewhat grave.

"8. Show not yourself glad at the misfortune of another, though he were your enemy.

"9. When you meet with one of greater quality than yourself, stop

and retire, especially if it be at a door or any strait place, to give way for him to pass.

* * * * * * *

"12. Let your discourse with men of business be short and comprehensive.

* * * * * * *

"15. Strive not with your superiors in argument, but always submit your judgment to others with modesty.

"16. Undertake not to teach your equal in the art himself professes; it savours of arrogancy.

"17. When a man does all he can, though it succeeds not well, blame not him that did it.

* * * * * * *

"20. Mock not in jest at anything of importance; break no jests that are sharp-biting; and if you deliver anything witty or pleasant, abstain from laughing thereat yourself.

"21. Wherein you reprove another be unblamable yourself, for example is more prevalent than precept.

"22. Use no reproachful language against any one, neither curse nor revile.

"23. Be not hasty to believe flying reports to the disparagement of any.

"24. In your apparel be modest, and endeavour to accommodate nature, rather than to preserve admiration. Keep to the fashion of your equals, such as are civil and orderly, with respect to times and places.

"25. Play not the peacock, looking everywhere about you to see if you be well decked; if your shoes fit well, if your stockings sit neatly, and clothes handsomely.

"26. Associate yourself with men of good quality, if you esteem your own reputation; for it is better to be alone than in bad company.

"27. Let your conversation be without malice or envy, for it is a sign of a tractable and commendable nature; and in all cases of passion admit reason to govern.

* * * * * * *

"29. Utter not vain and frivolous things among the grave and learned men; nor very difficult questions or subjects among the ignorant, nor things hard to be believed.

"30. Speak not of doleful things in time of mirth, nor at the table; speak not of melancholy things, as death and wounds, and if others

mention them, change if you can, the discourse. Tell not your dream to your intimate friend.

* * * * * * *

"32. Speak not injurious words, neither in jest nor earnest; scoff at none, although they give occasion.

* * * * * * *

"34. Detract not from others, neither be excessive in commending.

"35. Go not thither, where you know not whether you shall be welcome or not. Give not advice without being asked; and when desired, do it briefly.

* * * * * * *

"40. Think before you speak; pronounce not imperfectly, nor bring out your words too hastily, but orderly and distinctly.

* * * * * * *

"42. Treat with men at fit times about business, and whisper not in the company of others.

"43. Make no comparisons; and if any of the company be commended for any brave act of virtue, commend not another for the same.

* * * * * * *

"46. Undertake not what you cannot perform; but be careful to keep your promise.

* * * * * * *

"51. Speak not evil of the absent, for it is unjust.

"52. Make no show of taking great delight in your victuals; feed not with greediness; cut not your bread with a knife; lean not on the table; neither find fault with what you eat.

"53. Be not angry at table, whatever happens; and if you have reason to be so, show it not: put on a cheerful countenance, especially if there be strangers, for good-humour makes one dish of meat a feast.

* * * * * * *

"55. When you speak of God and His attributes, let it be seriously, in reverence. Honour and obey your natural parents, although they be poor.

"56. Let your recreations be manful, not sinful.

"57. Labour to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial life called Conscience."

But, besides the Fairfaxes, George met other friends of his brother's, whose influence over his life was very great.

Lawrence liked to see at his table any one who had been connected with that brief military service to which he looked back with so much pride and pleasure.

Ships of war sometimes came up the broad Potomac. Their officers would partake of the hospitalities of Mount Vernon; and the eager, earnest boy would sit listening to their stories of bombardments, and cruisings, and fights with pirates, until his whole heart was aflame with a passion for the seafaring life. The desire was told with his other secrets to his brother Lawrence; and Lawrence saw no objection to the idea. He knew what the British service was, he knew also the good material there was in his young brother for that service; and so he promised George to use his influence with Mrs. Washington, to obtain consent for his becoming a midshipman.

Mrs. Washington did not like the scheme. George was her eldest son; already she had begun to depend on him, and feel him to be trustworthy and a support to her, and very reluctantly she gave in to the boy's persuasions and those of Lawrence. But at last she did consent, and George was happy. Bright visions came before him of the free ocean life, the countries he should see, the glory he would win; he believed nothing of his mother's predictions. If the life was hard, that did not matter to him, so long as it was life, and motion, and action. If there was severe discipline he need not fear, he would do nothing to deserve it. How gay and bright the officers at Mount Vernon had always been; what good stories they told, what adventures they had, what delightful company they were!—that was the kind of man he would be. The great ship lay in the Potomac, he could see it from Mount Vernon. His warrant was obtained, his luggage was put on board; nothing was left to do

except to say "Good-bye" to his mother. But after all, the good ship sailed without George Washington. His mother was in such sore distress at the parting that he could not bear it, and all the cherished hope and the glorious future were given up for her sake. The bright dream went away out of sight for ever, as the tall masts were hidden by the wooded banks of the Potomac; and George, disappointed, and graver than before, went back to school.

He now began to give his attention to land-surveying; and it is a proof of the real greatness of his character, even in boyhood, that unlike most boys, who would have felt, when once disappointed of their chief hope, a recklessness as to other employments, George gave his whole thought to his new work—considered it no drudgery to master details, and laboured perseveringly at making surveys of the neighbourhood. His books and diagrams were made with the greatest exactness and nicety. It has been said of him by his biographer, Washington Irving, that "the habit of mind thus cultivated continued throughout life; so that, however complicated his tasks and overwhelming his care, he found time to do everything, and to do it well. He had acquired the magic of method, which of itself works wonders."

In the autumn of 1747 he left school, and went to live with Lawrence at Mount Vernon; he was then rather more than fifteen, tall, strong, and handsome, but very shy. It is said that he wrote love-songs at this time to some "lowland beauty" whom he left behind him. What survive of them do not show any special gift of poetry. "Cupid's darts," "bleeding hearts," &c., figure in them largely, and flow in such couplets as this:—

"Ah, woe is me, that I should love and conceal!
Long have I wished and never dare reveal."

Sometimes George went to stay at Belvoir with the Fairfaxes, and there he made acquaintance with the eccentric old bachelor, who proved such a good friend to him, Thomas, Lord Fairfax. This nobleman had large possessions in Virginia, and had come out from England to visit them. Charmed with the climate, the beauty, and the good sport, Lord Fairfax remained with his relations at Belvoir, and took a great fancy to the quiet boy whom he occasionally met there; the fancy ripened into respect and admiration when he found how well George could sit a horse and join him in fox-hunting, which the old gentleman kept up in regular English fashion. Young Washington became his constant companion, and he encouraged his sporting tastes in every possible way. But he did more than this for him; he wished to have a distant part of his property, which lay beyond the Blue Ridge Mountains, thoroughly surveyed, and he gave the task to George. When he was only just sixteen, Washington set out on this expedition, in company with Lord Fairfax's cousin and agent, George William Fairfax.

CHAPTER II.

It was in March, 1748, that George Washington and Mr. Fairfax started on their journey. They went on horseback, and it was probably the first expedition of any length or distance that George had made. The road lay over a pass amongst the Blue Ridge Mountains; the snow was still on the heights, and, as it melted, it rushed in torrents to the rivers, and rendered some of them impassable. "But in the great valley of Virginia spring had begun its work." Washington speaks in his diary of "the beautiful trees, groves of sugar-maples on the banks of the river, called by the Indians the Shenandoah, or Daughter of the Stars."

Most of this region was in its natural wild condition; only here and there a settler had made a small clearing, and proved, by his abundant crops of grain, hemp, and tobacco, the great fertility of the soil.

Washington and his party were shown hospitality by the settlers, though the accommodation was rough. One night they rested at the house of Captain Hite; most of the company, accustomed to the life of the backwoods, lay down before the fire, but the young surveyor was shown to a bedroom. He was very tired, and there was a feeling of luxury in the prospect of a room to himself and a comfortable bed. But a very few minutes of this dignified seclusion were enough for him; the matted straw and dirty blanket were a contrast to the comfortable mattress and clean sheets at home, and he was soon glad to get up, dress himself, and

take up his quarters for the night at the fire with his friends.

They came to the banks of the Potomac, but found the river too much swollen to be fordable; so they had to get a canoe, and make the horses swim. This is how Washington describes their adventures on the Maryland side of the river, in his brief, concise diary:—

"*March* 21. Travelled up the Maryland side all day, in a continued rain, to Colonel Cresap's, over against the mouth of the south branch, about forty miles from our place of starting in the morning, and over the worst road, I believe, that ever was trod by man or beast.

"*March* 23. Rained till about two o'clock, and then cleared up, when we were agreeably surprised at the sight of more than thirty Indians, coming from war with only one scalp. We had a war-dance. After clearing a large space, and making a great fire in the middle, the men seated themselves around it, and the speaker made a great speech, telling them in what manner they were to dance. After he had finished, the best dancer jumped up, as one awaked from sleep, and ran and jumped about the ring in a most comical manner. He was followed by the rest. Then began their music, which was performed with a pot half-full of water, and a deer-skin stretched tight over it, and a gourd, with some shot in it, to rattle, and a piece of horse's tail tied to it, to make it look fine. One person kept rattling and another drumming all the time they were dancing."

We can picture from the boy's few and graphic words of description the great fire, surrounded by the fantastic group of Indians in their war-paint and feathers, the lurid glow lighting up the swarthy dancers, and the amused faces of the white men who were watching their grotesque movements, while the broad river Potomac rolled by, mingling the roar of its swollen waters with the strange music of the savages, and sweeping down from the Indian's wild country to the civilised haunts of the English emigrants.

Here was the life of adventure the boy had panted for—

riding through strange lands by day, at night sleeping out under the stars; doing his work steadily, and finding plenty of enjoyment in it.

"*March* 29. This morning, went out and surveyed five hundred acres of land. Shot two wild turkeys.

"*March* 30. Began our intended business of laying off lots.

"*April* 2. A blowing, rainy night. Our straw upon which we were lying took fire; but I was luckily preserved by one of our men awaking when it was in a flame.

"*April* 4. This day our tent was blown down by the violence of the wind.

"*April* 6. The last night was so intolerably smoky that we were obliged to leave our tent to the mercy of the wind and fire.

"*April* 7. This morning one of our men killed a wild turkey that weighed twenty pounds. We surveyed fifteen hundred acres of land, and returned to Vanunter's about one o'clock. We slept in Cassey's house, which was the first night I had slept in a house since we first came to the branch.

"*April* 8. We camped in the woods; and after we had pitched our tent and made a large fire, we pulled out our knapsacks to recruit ourselves. Every one was his own cook. Our spits were forked sticks; our plates were large chips; as for dishes we had none."

Once they went to supper at the house of a local magistrate, Mr. Solomon Hedge. "There were no forks at table, nor any knives but such as the guests brought in their pockets."

About this time Washington wrote a letter, probably to one of his school friends, which gives us some idea of the severity of his life.

"DEAR RICHARD,—Since you received my letter of October last, I have not slept above three or four nights in a bed; but after walking a good deal all the day, I have lain down before the fire upon a little hay, straw, fodder, or a bear-skin, whichever was to be had, with man, wife, and children, like dogs and cats, and happy is he who gets the berth nearest the fire. . . . A doubloon is my constant gain every

day that the weather will permit of my going out, and sometimes six pistoles. The coldness of the weather will not admit of making a long stay, as the lodging is rather too cold for the time of year. I have never had my clothes off, but have lain and slept in them, except the few nights I have been in Fredericktown."

Such was George Washington's education. He went to no college, he learnt no Latin or Greek; as far as books went, he had very little learning. He mentions at the age of nineteen reading a History of England, and the essays in the *Spectator;* but the lessons in the free forest life were those which he most needed for the work before him. Inured to hardship, possessing indomitable courage, untiring perseverance, and simple tastes; the "boy was father to the man" who knew in after life how to suffer cold, and hunger, and privation, for his country's sake, at the dreary encampment of Valley Forge, and on the banks of the frozen Delaware.

Lord Fairfax was so much pleased with the result of the survey that he determined to lay out a large manor, after English fashion, in his far domains, and to name it Greenway Court. For a reward to George Washington he used his influence to have him made public surveyor. This office brought Washington some important work in a short time; but in order that we may understand what it was, it is necessary for us to consider something of the relation in which the American States stood to other countries.

The various tracts of land in North America now known as the United States had been colonised at different times by Englishmen. Cabot, the Bristol merchant, had obtained a commission from Henry VII. to navigate all parts of the ocean, with power to set up the royal standard, and take possession of any countries he might discover for the crown

of England. He discovered the main coast of North America; but it was not formally taken possession of by the English until 1583, when Sir Humphrey Gilbert sailed out with a patent from Queen Elizabeth, and claimed it in her name. In 1607, Jamestown was built in Virginia and named after James I. At first the British territory extended chiefly along the eastern coast. The English emigrants found it a most fertile and beautiful country, and only inhabited by Indians, who retreated step by step back into the mainland from the approach of the white man, making but feeble resistance to him. So by degrees there came to be thirteen States colonised by the English:—

Virginia, which was so named in compliment to Queen Elizabeth;

Delaware, founded by Lord Delaware, who came out as governor in the time of James I.;

New Jersey, colonised by the English in Charles II.'s reign;

Massachusetts, founded by those Puritans who were commonly known as the Pilgrim Fathers.

New Hampshire was founded about the same time; as also was

Connecticut, which took its name from the river that flowed through it.

Rhode Island was the smallest of the colonies. It took its name from a small island that lay near it, but it is really part of the mainland.

New York was first colonised by the Dutch, and called New Amsterdam, but came into possession of the English after the treaty signed at Breda, in 1667. It was named New York in honour of the Duke of York, afterwards James II.

Pennsylvania was founded by William Penn, an English Quaker, who came out with a number of Quakers in 1682. He named the colony which he founded after the home which he had left behind him in England. The *Penn Woods* were a dear memory to him, in spite of the many miles of sea and land which separated him from them.

Maryland, which lies south of Pennsylvania, was first colonised by Lord Baltimore, who named it after Queen Henrietta Maria, wife of Charles I.

North and *South Carolina* were first colonised by French Protestants, and named after Charles IX. of France; but when they were afterwards colonised by the English, in 1669, the name was re-conferred in honour of Charles II.

Georgia was first colonised by the English, under General Oglethorpe, in 1732, the year of Washington's birth. It was named after George II.

Canada, the large tract of country lying to the north of the United States, belonged at this time to the French, who had colonised it in 1541, and in 1608 founded Quebec. In 1629, England conquered Canada, but restored it to the French at the peace which was made in 1632; yet during the hundred years which had elapsed since then, the boundaries of French and English dominion had never been decided. The Indians, who owned the soil, retreated steadily before the two conquering nations, trying vainly to make favourable terms with either of them. Sometimes they allied themselves to the French, hoping that they would help them to keep their native soil; sometimes they felt alliance with the English would help them more effectually. In Washington's time they had retreated from all the sea-board, and had fallen back upon the country which now forms all the States of Ohio, Illinois, Indiana, &c.

On this territory both French and English cast a covetous eye. The French claimed it by right of discovery, the English by right of treaty with the Indians; but neither had as yet established any white settlement.

The Ohio country seemed most especially to be desirable as a colony. It had a good climate, fertile soil, excellent shooting and fishing; and its neighbourhood to the great lakes made commerce easy. No one but Pennsylvanian fur traders had proved the great advantages of the territory; but they had been in the habit for some time of exchanging blankets, gaudy stuffs, powder and shot, and spirits, with the Indian tribes, for rich furs.

Some of the colonists of Virginia in 1749 formed a scheme for organising the trade with this country—colonising it properly, and taking possession of it. Lawrence and Augustine Washington both belonged to this "Ohio Company." But before the scheme could be carried out the French took fright. The Governor of Canada sent an officer with three hundred men to the banks of the Ohio, to claim the country for the French, and warn the Indians against the English.

It is said that the French officer even nailed plates to trees and buried some in the earth, with inscriptions which affirmed that all these lands in ancient days belonged to the Crown of France. He treated the Pennsylvanian traders whom he met with great scorn, and ordered them out of the country.

In the autumn of this year the Ohio Company commenced its work, sending a hardy pioneer, Christopher Gist, whose name has become well known, to explore for them. Truly, it was a country worth fighting for which he found: "It was rich and level; watered with streams and

rivulets; clad with noble forests of hickory, walnut, ash, poplar, sugar-maple, and wild cherry trees. Occasionally there were spacious plains, covered with wild rye, natural meadows, with blue grass and clover; and buffaloes, thirty and forty at a time, grazing on them as in a cultivated pasture. Deer, elk, and wild turkeys abounded."

The Indians received the Ohio pioneers with friendliness. They were beginning to feel the bonds of French protection rather galling; at the same time they were not willing to part with their land, even to the English.

An old Delaware sachem met Gist on his survey, and said to him, "The French claim all the land on one side of the Ohio, the English claim all the land on the other side; now, where does the Indians' land lie?"

The French prepared for war. They launched a man-of-war on Lake Ontario; they strengthened their old forts, and built new ones. The British also began to look to their resources. In Virginia especially there was a martial spirit astir; and George Washington, though only nineteen, was made a district adjutant-general of Militia. He gave the same attention to this new work as he had done to land-surveying. His brother Lawrence found men to drill him, and give him what instruction was possible in military matters—a Dutchman, named Jacob Van Braam, is specially named as having taught him sword exercise.

But just at this time Lawrence's health failed; he was ordered to the West Indies, and his favourite George went with him.

They landed at Barbadoes; and, before they had been there a fortnight, George took the small-pox. Lawrence nursed him through it, the last kindness he was able to do for the young brother to whom he had been such a good

friend, strengthening the love which was already so strong, and deepening the shadow which his loss was to make in Washington's life.

In the summer-time of 1752, Lawrence came back to Mount Vernon and died. He left his wife and baby daughter partly to the care of George; but neither of them long survived him

CHAPTER III.

About this time affairs began to look threatening on the frontier. The French were preparing to make war to secure the country of Ohio. The Indians were ready to ally themselves in large numbers to the English. The Ohio Company had commenced their traffic, and had been attacked by the French and hostile Indians, and had appealed to the Governor of Virginia for help. Governor Dinwiddie fixed upon George Washington as the person most capable of undertaking the expedition to aid them. He was only twenty-one, it is true, but he held a military office of trust, and his surveying expeditions had given him some knowledge of the country and of the Indian life. He was therefore chosen. His mission was to go to the heads of the Indian tribes and assure them of the friendliness of the English; then to present himself at the French head-quarters, and deliver to the commander a letter from Governor Dinwiddie, requesting an answer. He was also to make inquiries as to the strength of the French forces and the condition of their forts.

Prompt as usual, his arrangements were quickly made; and he started on the day he received the governor's letter On the way he procured horses, tents, &c., and in about a fortnight arrived at the frontier. Mr. Gist, the celebrated pioneer, joined him here, and undertook to be his guide; he also engaged an Indian interpreter, and he had brought

his old master in the sword-exercise, Jacob Van Braam, with him.

The rivers were all swollen with the autumnal rains, and the horses had to swim them; all the baggage was sent down the Monongahela river in a canoe, and Washington waited for it at the fork of the river Ohio, where the two rivers Monongahela and Alleghany join.

While waiting for the baggage, he observed what a good place this fork of the Ohio would be on which to build a fort—the French afterwards did so; the famous Fort Duquesne stood on this very spot.

Washington was now in the Indian country, and when he arrived at Logstown he was amongst the very people whom he had come to see. The head of them (who was called the "half-king") was away hunting, but quick runners were sent to tell him of the arrival of Washington, and he came to him directly. There was then a great meeting of chiefs, and a long talk, in the course of which they told Washington that he should have an escort, that the Indians were determined to renounce all alliance with the French, and meant to send back to them their wampum, or "speech-belts," which was their method of showing that friendship was at an end. There was some delay in getting the escort ready, which made Washington impatient; but at length, on the last day of November, he was allowed to set out, having for companions the half-king, an old sachem called Jeskakake, and a chief who was known by the name of "White Thunder."

Before long they came to a French outpost, commanded by Captain Joncaire, who was an intriguing and dangerous character; nevertheless, he was hospitable, and pressed Washington and his party to come to supper with him.

They did so, and the Frenchmen drank so much, while the young American kept perfectly sober, that from their excited and rambling talk he was able to extract much of the information he needed.

The next day was so wet that the party were unable to go on, and Joncaire employed the day in making the Indian chiefs drink too much. Washington had the greatest difficulty in getting them away, by reminding them of their promises to him.

At last, after a dreary journey through rain and snow, the party reached the French fort, and Washington was received with due courtesy by the Chevalier Legardeur de St. Pierre, who was in command. He delivered Governor Dinwiddie's letter, and awaited the French reply. His circumstances were very difficult for one so young; in the midst of foes, with a childish set of Indian chiefs to keep in order by tact and firmness, having an important mission to execute, and having, at the same time, to gather all the information he could about the strength of his enemies.

One of his chief troubles proved to be the way in which the French took advantage of his Indian companions' love of drink. Having plied them frequently, they had almost prevailed upon them to give up the very purpose for which they had come, and to believe that the French were their best friends; but young Washington saw his danger, and insisted on their keeping their promises to him; he also refused to leave the French fort without them, though the French did all in their power to keep them, and even bribed them with a present of guns. Washington, in writing of this time, says, "I cannot say that ever in my life I suffered so much anxiety as I did in this affair."

At last, by firmness of purpose, he gained his point; he

received the sealed letter which he was to take to the Governor of Virginia, and gathering all his companions (in spite of the unwillingness of the half-king), set out on his homeward way.

The journey had been difficult enough in coming up, but it was far worse in returning. French Creek was full of pieces of floating ice, and the waters were swollen and turbulent, so that the canoes were sometimes nearly knocked to pieces; and very often "the voyagers had to leap out and remain in the water half an hour at a time, drawing the canoes over shoals, and at one place to carry them a quarter of a mile across a neck of land, the river being dammed by ice."

At Venango, Washington had to part with his Indian companions. He would have been glad to take them on to Logstown, so as to see them safe out of the reach of Captain Joncaire's influence, but White Thunder was ill, and the other two chiefs stayed to take him down the river in a canoe; so with many charges on the one side, and many promises on the other, they parted.

It was on Christmas-day that Washington and his small tired band set out from Venango. The pack-horses were nearly worn out, and it seemed a question whether they could carry the baggage any farther. Washington dismounted, and gave up his saddle-horse to help them, and asked his companions to do the same, which they did.

The journey became more difficult with each day. It grew colder, and more snow fell, and froze in falling. The horses plodded on wearily, and Washington grew impatient. He was anxious after his many delays to give the French letter, and report what he had seen and done, to Governor Dinwiddie as soon as possible; he therefore told Jacob Van

Braam to stay with the horses, and with Mr. Gist for his only companion, he determined to hasten on in advance of the cavalcade. "He put away everything that would encumber him, buckled himself up in a watch-coat, strapped his pack on his shoulders, containing his papers and provisions, took his gun in his hand, and struck manfully ahead."

At night they camped out in the woods by a fire which they lit, but at two o'clock in the morning they set out again.

When they arrived at a place called Murdering Town, on Beaver's Creek, they found a party of Indians, who seemed to be expecting them, and pretended to be very friendly with them; but Gist thought he recognised one face amongst them as having been with Joncaire, and was very cautious in the information he gave as to their movements.

However, as the travellers were going over a tract of country which they did not know, they thought it was advisable to take a guide, and therefore engaged one of the Indians to go with them. The man seemed very glad of the proposal, took Washington's pack on his shoulders, and led the way. He offered to carry the gun also, but this Washington would not allow, though he grew very tired after nine or ten miles of heavy woodland tramping, and proposed that they should rest in the wood, light a fire, and make a shelter of branches. For some reason, the Indian guide strongly resisted this plan. He urged that they might be overtaken by unfriendly Indians, and scalped—that if Washington was tired, they would soon reach his cabin, and could rest there. Both Washington and Gist became suspicious of these persuasions, and they followed him

cautiously. The Indian seemed to be taking a direction exactly opposite to that in which they wished to go. They followed him for a little way farther, and then Washington declared he would encamp by the next spring of water they reached. The guide still went on, taking no notice of his wishes.

At last they got out of the darkness of the woods, into a clear, open space, covered with snow.

The Indian, with his gun in his hand, was a few paces ahead of the travellers. He suddenly turned, levelled his gun, and fired at them. Washington was not hurt; and after he had recovered from his start, he found to his comfort that the shot had also missed Mr. Gist. The Indian had dashed on, and tried to hide himself behind an oak tree, and to reload his gun; but Washington and Mr. Gist overtook him, and made him prisoner. Mr. Gist wanted to kill him on the spot, but Washington was merciful, and would not allow him to do so; at which Mr. Gist was very angry, and tried to represent to the young man how dangerous he might be to them. Washington remained firm, nevertheless; and Gist then told him that the next best thing they could do was to get rid of him, and make their way on alone, travelling all night. He turned to the Indian in a friendly manner, and said that he supposed "he had only fired off his gun as a signal?"

The Indian, who seemed thoroughly frightened, was delighted with the excuse, and eagerly adopted it. He said that they were close to his cabin now; so Gist told him that he might go home if he liked, but that he and Washington would remain by the little stream where they had encamped for the rest of the night, as they were tired; and that they would come to his cabin at daybreak. He gave him some

bread, and told him that he must have some meat ready for them in the morning.

The Indian was thankful to escape from them, and made off at once. Gist followed till he heard the last of him. He then made Washington come on with him a little farther. They lit another fire, left it burning, and took their way on as well as they could through the darkness. They never stopped until the following night, when to their joy they found themselves on the banks of the Alleghany river, and close to the place they had wished to reach. They had hoped to cross on the ice, as they had expected to find the river completely frozen over; but there was a wide channel in the middle of it, which was full of blocks of floating ice, so they had to spend a day in making a raft—for which they had only one small hatchet—and then tried to get it across the river by propelling it with poles. But the raft was jammed between blocks of ice before they had got more than half way over. Washington, who was trying to steady it with his pole, was jerked into the water, and nearly drowned. He only saved himself by seizing one of the logs of the raft.

Finding it impossible to go any farther, the two men got upon a small island in the river, and stayed there all night. It was bitterly cold, and Mr. Gist's hands and feet were frozen; but in the morning they found that the drifting ice had become wedged together, so that they were able to walk across it to the opposite bank of the river, and there, at last, they found comfort and rest in the house of Frazier, an Indian trader.

They had to wait at this place for a few days, to procure horses; and Washington took advantage of the delay to pay

a visit to Queen Aliquippa, the head of one of the Indian tribes whom he wished to conciliate.

The queen had felt herself neglected at not being visited by him on the way to the French quarters, and it required some tact on the part of the young commander to smooth her ruffled dignity and win her good graces. He was successful, however, by making her a present of his old watch-coat and a bottle of rum.

On the 2nd of January, Washington parted with his good friend, Mr. Gist, and travelled the rest of the way on horseback alone, reaching Williamsburg, and delivering his letter to Governor Dinwiddie, on January 16th.

His mission had been a dangerous and difficult one; he had carried it out bravely and carefully. He had done good service for his country, and had won experience for himself. "This expedition may be considered the foundation of his fortunes. From that moment he was the rising hope of Virginia."

CHAPTER IV.

The reply of the Chevalier de St. Pierre to Governor Dinwiddie, respecting the movements of the French, was unsatisfactory.

It was quite necessary that the English should be on their guard. From all that Washington had told him, the governor saw the necessity for this, and he took immediate steps for completing and manning the forts which had been begun on the frontier.

Washington was given orders to raise a force of 100 men, and to proceed to the forts of the Ohio. A force of 300 men for the frontier was raised altogether, and Washington was offered the command of the whole; but he thought himself too young for so important a post, and therefore refused it. Colonel Fry was appointed instead, and Washington became second in command, with the colonial rank of lieutenant-colonel.

Again he found that it was no easy work which he had undertaken. The men who were ready to enlist as soldiers were very few; and he describes them as being for the most part "idle persons, without house or home—some without shoes or stockings, some shirtless, and many without coat or waistcoat." This difficulty, which he now encountered for the first time, proved afterwards to be one of the greatest of his military life.

There was no regular army in America; and in a country where it was possible for every man to make a living by

cultivating the land, it was not likely that many would take to the more uncertain profession of a soldier.

It was found necessary at this time to offer a bounty of land on the Ohio river, which attracted those who had not any land of their own.

When Washington had gathered his forces, his next difficulty was to convey them to the appointed place. They had to create roads for themselves, and also to pioneer for the artillery, which was following under Colonel Fry's command. This was very slow work—they could not prepare more than four miles a day—and the country in which they were labouring was exceedingly savage and dreary.

News came to Washington that the French had summoned a number of Englishmen in a half-finished fort to surrender, and to cease from their operations. He forwarded this news to Governor Dinwiddie, and pressed forward manfully himself, with his small body of men. He was cheered by hearing that his old friend, the half-king, was coming to meet him with a band of Indian warriors.

The weary march at last was over. Washington and his soldiers arrived on the banks of Youhiogany river, and stayed to make a bridge across it. While they were thus employed, a message came from the half-king to say that the French were marching to meet Major Washington and his troops, and that they must be on their guard. Washington therefore made his troops encamp in a place called Great Meadows, cleared the bushes away, and prepared for action. Mr. Gist joined him here, and told him that the French leader, La Force, had been near him the night before with a body of troops, and that the French were certainly lurking about in the neighbourhood. Washington made his way under cover of the darkness to the half-king's

camp, which was not far off, and Indian scouts were put upon the track. They soon brought back news that they had come upon an outpost of, the French, encamped in a small valley near. Washington then suggested that they should take them by surprise; the half-king with his Indians was to come down upon them from one side, while Washington at the head of his soldiers advanced from the other. The plan was carried out silently and cautiously, but the French caught sight of them, and a sharp firing instantly took place, and was kept up on both sides for about fifteen minutes. Washington and his party were most exposed, and received all the enemy's fire. The balls whistled around him; one man was killed close by him, and three others wounded. The French, at length, having lost several of their number, gave way and ran. They were soon overtaken; twenty-one were captured, and but one escaped, a Canadian, who carried the tidings of the affair to the fort on the Ohio.

The young French leader, Jumonville, was killed at the first fire. La Force was taken prisoner, and sent to Governor Dinwiddie, with many cautions from Washington as to his dangerous power when at liberty. This was the first skirmish Washington had been in, and it had roused a great military spirit within him. In writing to his brother of it, he says, "I heard the bullets whistle, and, believe me, there is something charming in the sound." In later life, when he was reminded of this remark, his answer was, "If I said so, it was when I was young." By that time the sound of the bullets had gathered many a dark memory for him, of brave comrades shot down at his side, battles lost, and a noble cause almost desperate.

The French were nearly a thousand strong, under their

leader, Contrecœur, and knew of the small numbers of the encampment in Great Meadows. Washington wrote to beg for reinforcements from Colonel Fry, who was lying ill at Wills' Creek. He also wrote to Governor Dinwiddie, saying, "Your honour may depend I will not be surprised, let them come at what hour they will, and this is as much as I can promise; but my best endeavours shall not be wanting to effect more. I doubt not, if you hear I am beaten, but you will hear at the same time that we have done our duty in fighting as long as there is a shadow of hope."

Anxieties came thickly upon the young commander now. Colonel Fry died at Wills' Creek, and the command of the regiment devolved upon Washington. Provisions ran short in the camp, and it was difficult to procure any more from the traders round. The fort with the palisades which they had been so busily engaged in making was called by the soldiers, in some bitterness of spirit, Fort Necessity. It was at length finished, and Colonel Fry's men joined Washington here. Major Muse also came to him from Governor Dinwiddie, bringing some guns and ammunition; he brought as well some presents for the Indians, by Washington's advice. There was an amusing ceremonial for giving them away. the chiefs were dressed and painted in their finest manner. Washington wore a medal, presented to him by the governor for such occasions; and after a speech had been made, with all due solemnity, he decorated the chiefs and warriors with medals, which they were to wear "in remembrance of their father, the King of England."

One of the warriors was a son of that Queen Aliquippa to whom Washington had given his old coat. She sent her son to the English camp, desiring that he should receive an English name; he was therefore called "Fairfax," and the

half-king, who wished for the same honour, was named "Dinwiddie." They called Washington, in return, by the name of "Connotaucaurius," but no one seemed to know what this meant. In all his dealings with the Indians, Washington showed a great deal of tact and discernment, conforming as much as possible to their habits and etiquette, but never lowering his own standard of right and wrong to please them. It was his daily custom to have public prayers in his camp, at which he assembled all the soldiery, and the Indian warriors with their wives and children; and this habit seems to have much impressed the Indians.

Meanwhile, Captain Mackay, holding a commission in the regular British army, came up with a body of South Carolina men to Fort Necessity, and Washington with his men made an effort to push on farther. Hearing, however, that large French reinforcements had arrived at Fort Duquesne, and were preparing to attack him, he retreated to Fort Necessity again, and spent his time in strengthening the fort to the best of his ability, helping to cut down trees and to lop the branches off them with his own hands. The news he had heard of the French was quite true. Captain de Villiers (a near relation of Jumonville, who had been killed) had set out at the head of 500 French soldiers, and a band of Indians, to revenge himself on Washington, and was drawing near to the camp in Great Meadows.

Just at this time Washington's Indian allies deserted him, and he was left to meet his danger alone. The half-king pretended to think that he was not sufficiently consulted, and was offended. "The French," he said, "were cowards, and the English fools;" so he took his wife and children away to a place of safety. Shortly afterwards he was taken ill, and died, declaring that he had been

bewitched by the French, on account of the death of Jumonville.

Washington, after doing what he could in the way of preparations, awaited further news of the French, and soon heard their muskets. There was a sharp fire kept up on both sides in a pouring rain; but at last the English were obliged to capitulate, and to march out of Fort Necessity upon the best terms they were able to make, by means of the blundering interpreting of Jacob Van Braam, who was the only one of the company who understood any French. Washington beat a retreat with his troops to Wills' Creek, and then went to report himself to the governor. It was not success which he had to report, but failure, though he was given a vote of thanks for his personal bravery. And failure, rather than success, was his lot in life for a considerable time. Perhaps even failure was necessary in building up that great character. Success is the world's estimate of men and things, but God uses failure to teach men that which success could never teach.

CHAPTER V.

WASHINGTON had felt for some time that the army in America was not on a right footing. The troops that were raised in the colonies were not treated with that respect which the British troops demanded and enforced. It seemed hard that the men who understood the ground upon which they fought, and to whom the English officers were indebted for whatever knowledge they acquired, should not be given the rank and dignity which they deserved; and as the state of things grew worse instead of better, and the position of the colonial army became still further lowered, Washington gave up his commission and retired to Mount Vernon, which, by the death of his brother's child and wife, had become his own property.

It was not for long, however, that he was able to stay in quiet. The French continued to carry out their designs upon Ohio; and news came from Paris that ships of war were being fitted out, and preparations made for an expedition to America.

This put England on the defensive, and a scheme of warfare was also drawn up in that country, having four objects—

"*First*—To eject the French from the lands they held unjustly in the Province of Nova Scotia.

"*Second*—To dislodge them from a fortress which they had erected at Crown Point, on Lake Champlain, in British territory.

"*Third*—To dispossess them of the fort which they had constructed at Niagara, between Lake Ontario and Lake Erie.

"*Fourth*—To drive them from the frontiers of Pennsylvania and Virginia, and recover the valley of the Ohio."

The command of the expedition was given to an officer well known in England, Major-General Braddock, who had been for forty years in the Guards—a well-trained soldier, a strict disciplinarian, and a man most punctilious about all matters of etiquette and equipment.

Washington, from his quiet home at Mount Vernon, began to hear the stir of war. He saw the great ships coming up the Potomac with the soldiers on board of them. When he rode to Alexandria, the town only eight miles distant from him, he saw troops mustering and drilling, and heard brilliant accounts of all that was about to be undertaken. The soldier's heart woke up in him; he could not be left behind when there was such good work to be done, and apparently such good means of doing it, and he expressed a wish to join the expedition as a volunteer.

His wish was told to General Braddock, and he offered that Washington should become one of his aides-de-camp. Washington accepted the post, as he was by this means considered one of the general's own family, and all questions of rank in the army were thus obviated. Braddock, full of confidence, was anxious to push forward as soon as possible. Benjamin Franklin, who met him at Fredericktown, warned him of the ambuscades of Indians which might lie in wait for him at various parts of his march. Braddock smiled contemptuously, and replied to Franklin, "These savages may indeed be a formidable enemy to raw American militia; but upon the king's regular

and disciplined troops, sir, it is impossible they should make any impression." He took good care that "the raw American militia," as he chose to call the Virginian troops, should be put through strict drill. Captain Orme, one of the aides-de-camp, writing of them, says, "Their languid, spiritless, and unsoldier-like appearance, considered with the lowness and ignorance of most of their officers, gave little hopes of their future good behaviour."

This superciliousness of the British officers was one of the little rifts which widened by degrees into American independence. England hardly knew what it was doing in this persistent scorn of its colonial offspring. That same "raw militia," those same "languid, spiritless men," did good service to their country, some of them, before the end.

In General Braddock's camp at Fort Cumberland, Washington first saw military order in perfection; the fitness of all equipments, the precision and decorum of every movement, pleased his natural sense of order, and gave him an education which he never forgot. If the warfare could have been carried on at this spot, it is probable that General Braddock might have been more successful than he proved; but he was not accustomed to the rough life on the mountains—he expected to move his camp with all its heavy encumbrances, so as to have everything necessary for comfort and etiquette wherever he went. Washington, who knew what war beyond the mountains meant, had recollections of cutting roads, of frozen rivers, of torn and bleeding feet, of night and day marches through forests, where death from wild beasts or hidden foes might overtake the soldier at any moment, and he looked with wonder, and possibly with a little scorn, at the cumbrous camp equipments.

When the heavy wagons had struggled over two moun tains and made their way through one forest, General Braddock began to find out that he was not in *marching* order; and he asked advice of Washington, who knew the country so much better than he did.

Washington said that the great thing was to press forward for Fort Duquesne (the fort which the French had built at the fork of the Ohio); the garrison there was not strong, and this was the favourable time for an attack. He advised that the heavy part of the baggage, camp-furniture, and munitions should follow slowly, under the care of Col. Dunbar, while General Braddock pressed on with the choicest part of his army, in light marching order. Washington himself gave up the best horse he had for a pack-horse, and took with him as little in the way of personal effects as possible, thus setting a good example to some of the luxurious English officers. But, in spite of all his efforts, they continued to make very slow progress. "We were four days in getting twelve miles," he says, with some impatience; and then, to put the finishing stroke to his vexations, he fell ill with fever.

He wrote thus to his brother, Augustine:—

"Youbioquez, June 28, 1755.

"DEAR BROTHER,—Immediately upon our leaving the camp at George's Creek, on the 14th inst., from whence I wrote to you, I was seized with a violent fever and pain of the head, which continued without intermission until the 23rd, when I was relieved by the General absolutely ordering the physician to give me Dr. James's powders, one of the most excellent medicines in the world. It gave me immediate ease, and removed my fever and other complaints in four days' time. My illness was too violent to suffer me to ride, therefore I was indebted to a covered wagon for some part of my transportation; but even in this I could not continue far. The jolting was so great that I was left upon the road, with a guard and some necessaries, to wait the arrival

of Colonel Dunbar's detachment, which was two days' march behind us; the General giving me his word of honour that I should be brought up before he reached the French fort."

It was not until the 8th of July that Washington was able to join the general, and even then he was so weak that he was hardly able to ride. But the 9th of July rose bright and glorious, and the army set out for Fort Duquesne, full of the surprise they would give to the French, and of faith in their own powers. Washington afterwards described it as "a most brilliant scene, the sun kindling the soldiers' armour, till it seemed to glow in a living blaze, as the troops wound along by the banks of the river, the flags flying, the bands playing."

Suddenly the picture changed—a sharp, quick firing was heard in front. No one could be seen, but from amongst the trees came a deadly volley of musketry. The enemy was hidden in the wood; the troops which were in advance, terror-stricken, rushed back upon the main body for protection. A dreadful scene of confusion followed. General Braddock did all he could to rally his men, but the attack had been too unexpected—it was warfare to which they were not accustomed, and it *did* "make an impression upon the king's regular and disciplined troops." The Indians were deadly shots; and they heightened the effect of their muskets by uttering the most horrible whoops and yells, which seemed to terrify the soldiers even more than the firing did.

Before the end of the day came, fatal work had been done. General Braddock had received a shot from which he died three days afterwards. Twenty-six officers had been killed, thirty-seven wounded; of the privates, 714 were killed and wounded. Washington's escapes were perfectly marvellous.

Four bullets passed through his coat, two horses were shot under him. An old Indian chief, who met him in later life, confessed that he for one had specially aimed at him several times, and desired the young Indian warriors to make him a mark for their bullets. There are some words, written long before the time of Washington, which come to one's mind in thinking of him on that day: "A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand; but it shall not come nigh thee."

Washington learnt in that day's conflict what the real courage of the British officer was in the field; for men whom he had almost despised, because he fancied that they cared too much about their personal ease and comfort, fought and died like heroes.

Yet the day was lost—the expedition was defeated. Braddock kept murmuring in his dying moments, "Who could have thought it? Well, we shall know better another time." But "another time" did not come for him; he was carried back to Great Meadows, and there he died. The chaplain was wounded, so that Washington had to read the Burial Service over the General; but he did not venture to allow a volley to be fired by his grave for fear the Indians and French should hear it.

Then sadly "all that was left of them" returned from the Ohio country. Washington had met with failure again. Broken in health and sorrowful in heart, he went back to Mount Vernon.

But the French were triumphant at their success, and news came that they intended to follow up the victory by attacks on the frontier. It was therefore thought wise to raise a regiment in Virginia of 1,000 men, and the command of this force was offered to Washington. His

mother did her best to persuade him not to accept it, but he replied to her, respectfully and firmly—

"HONOURED MADAM,—If it is in my power to avoid going to Ohio again, I shall. But if the command is pressed upon me by the general voice of the country, and offered upon such terms as cannot be objected against, it would reflect dishonour on me to refuse it; and that, I am sure, must and ought to give you greater uneasiness than my going in an honourable command."

Feeling this very strongly, he accepted the command when offered to him. For several months considerable fear was felt by those who lived near the frontier. Horrible stories of Indian ferocity and cruelty were told and exaggerated; and a panic spread amongst many of the inhabitants of Winchester and other towns which lay near the dangerous region. Washington described, in a letter to the Governor of Virginia, the piteous appeals made to him for protection by the inhabitants of Winchester. "I am too little acquainted with pathetic language to attempt a description of these people's distresses. But what can I do? . . . The supplicating tears of the women and moving petitions of the men melt me into such deadly sorrow that I solemnly declare, if I know my own mind, I could offer myself a willing sacrifice to the butchering enemy, provided that would contribute to the people's ease."

He had a difficult post to fill. A people in the exigencies of fear urging him for help on one side; a government which was poor, and niggardly of military supplies, on the other: and all the time Washington kept steadily before him the object which he felt would most effectually procure the peace of his countrymen, namely, the taking of Fort Duquesne, which was the most commanding fortress in the possession of the French on the Ohio frontier.

He urged, as a first measure, that a fortress should be built at Winchester, which was accordingly done, and named Fort Loudoun, after the Earl of Loudoun, who had come out from England with viceregal powers. When Washington had been in command at this place for a short time, his health broke down under a continued strain of vexations and anxiety, and he was threatened with the decline which had killed his brother Lawrence. He was obliged for some time to give up all active work, and go back to Mount Vernon for rest and change.

In April he returned to his work at Fort Loudoun, and his heart was made glad by finding that the great English minister, William Pitt, had sent out orders that his long-cherished scheme of the capture of Fort Duquesne was to be attempted. The forces were to be divided into three parts. One part, under General Amherst, was to attack Louisburg; another, under General Abercrombie, was to go to Lake Champlain, and attack Ticonderoga; and the third, under General Forbes, was to attack Fort Duquesne. It was to this last party that Washington offered his services.

Of these three expeditions, Amherst was successful in the capture of Louisburg, with his brave General Wolfe (who afterwards died at the taking of Quebec). Abercrombie was defeated in his attack by Montcalm, the French general, and lost Lord Howe, a noble young English officer. It remains to us to follow the fortunes of General Forbes and Washington. But in the meantime, for a moment, we must turn aside from the public to the private life of Washington.

He was commissioned by General Forbes to go to Williamsburg, that he might try to obtain from the Governing Council supplies which were necessary for the militia. He started on horseback, with his servant, immediately.

On his journey, as he was crossing a ferry on York river, he met a Mr. Chamberlayne, who begged him to come back to his house to dinner. Washington was anxious to finish his journey as soon as possible, and was rather unwilling to consent. Mr. Chamberlayne, however, pressed it so much, that he at last was obliged to go. Dinner was in the middle of the day; and amongst other guests who were at the table there was a little lady, with dark, hazel eyes, and a bright, bewitching manner. This was Mrs. Martha Custis, a widow, who had two children, and a large property in the neighbourhood of Williamsburg. She bewitched Colonel Washington so effectually that when dinner was over, and the punctual servant brought the horses round, his master was not inclined to start, and was very easily persuaded by Mr. Chamberlayne to stay for the night. The result of this chance meeting was, that when Washington returned from Williamsburg, the head-quarters of his regiment, he was engaged to be married to Mrs. Custis as soon as the expedition to Fort Duquesne was over.

As soon as he got back to his regiment, he found that it was under orders for Fort Cumberland, and it started immediately. It was intensely hot weather, and Washington thought the dress of the soldiers too warm and heavy. He accordingly advised that they should be dressed in Indians' hunting garb, which was a light dress, and was adapted for the rough mountain work.

The progress to Fort Duquesne was very slow, for a new road had to be made. An advance party, under Major Grant, who were sent on to reconnoitre the fort, neglected the advice and warnings of Washington about the ambushed Indians, and were routed and killed in the same way that General Braddock's men had been.

Winter was coming on fast; and, considering the difficulties of the road, and the constant delays, Washington began almost to despair of reaching Fort Duquesne before it had set in with the severity which made warfare almost impossible. But the news of the capture of Louisburg had inspirited him; and General Forbes put him in advance with some Virginian troops, and showed his confidence in him by every means in his power. Thus encouraged, Washington pressed on over the ground which was so full of fatal memories to him.

As the troops passed beyond Loyal Hannan, they came upon many remains of Major Grant's detachment, which had been so cruelly destroyed by the Indians. Farther on still "were the bones of Braddock's army, whitening in the sun." It must have been a ghastly sight and terrible memory to Washington; but soon he neared Fort Duquesne, and then every other thought was merged in the one of attack. Slowly and cautiously the army advanced towards the fortress, which had so long seemed invincible, and was the terror of the whole country.

They expected a vigorous defence; but as they drew near, a wonderful scene burst upon them. A red glow lit up the Ohio river. By this fitful light might be seen boats in fast retreat down the waters, while constant explosions told that the magazines were blown up in the fort; and the English army knew that the French had retreated. "Washington, with the advanced guard, marched in, and placed the British flag on the yet smoking ruins;" and felt that his great desire was accomplished, and that the peace and safety of Virginia were secured, at any rate for the present.

The bones of those who had fallen in the two disastrous

attacks on the fort were collected, and buried reverently by their comrades ; and then a garrison was formed of Virginian troops, and the name of the place was changed from Duquesne to Fort Pitt—so called after the English minister whose wisdom had made this expedition possible. The town which was erected on this spot is now known as Pittsburg. "The French domination of the Ohio was at an end. The Indians, as usual, paid homage to the conquering power, and a treaty of peace was concluded with all the tribes between the Ohio and the lakes."

Washington went home, glad at heart ; and in January, 1759, was married to Mrs. Custis. Long after his death, an old negro servant expressed his opinion of the hero on his wedding day to a member of the Custis family. "Never seed the like, sir—never the like of him, though I have seen many in my day—so tall, so straight! And then he sat on a horse and rode with such an air! Ah, sir, he was like no one else! Many of the grandest gentlemen, in the gold lace, were at the wedding; but none looked like the man himself."

CHAPTER VI.

As a proof of the gratitude which his countrymen felt for him, Washington had been elected with great enthusiasm as representative of Fredericktown in the House of Burgesses; and shortly after his marriage he took his seat at Williamsburg.

Mr. Robinson, the Speaker, publicly gave him the thanks of Virginia for his services to his country. "Washington rose to reply, blushed, stammered, trembled, and could not utter a word. 'Sit down, Mr. Washington,' said the Speaker, with a smile; 'your modesty equals your valour, and that surpasses the power of any language I possess.'"

He continued to attend the House during this session, and at the end of it took his bride home to Mount Vernon. It was a pleasant and happy home. Washington's own description sounds as if he loved it. "It is most pleasantly situated," he says, "in a high, healthy country; in a latitude between the extremes of heat and cold; on one of the finest rivers in the world—a river well stocked with various kinds of fish at all seasons of the year. . . . . The borders of the estate are washed by more than ten miles of tide water."

The house was two stories in height, with a porch in front, and a chimney built inside at each end. "It stood upon a most lovely spot, on the brow of a gentle slope, which ended at a thickly-wooded, precipitous river bank; its summit nearly 100 feet above the water. Before it swept the Potomac, with a magnificent curve . . . .

and beyond lay the green fields and shadowy forests of Maryland."

There were large plantations of tobacco and of wheat on the property, and Washington was most careful in the management of them. The work that Virginian planters generally left to their slaves he superintended personally; and it became so well known that whatever he exported was sure to "be faithful in quantity and quality, that any barrel of flour that bore the brand of 'George Washington, Mount Vernon,' was exempted from the customary inspection in the West India ports."

He was a most kind and careful master, earnestly considering the welfare of all his dependants; and this gave him a good deal of occupation, for we are told by Washington Irving that a large Virginian estate in those days was a little empire. "The mansion-house was the seat of government, with its numerous dependencies, such as kitchens, smoke-houses, workshops, and stables. In this mansion the planter ruled supreme. He had his legion of house-negroes for domestic service; his host of field negroes for the culture of tobacco, Indian-corn, and other crops, and for other out-of-door labour. Their quarter formed a kind of hamlet apart, composed of various huts, with little gardens and poultry-yards, all well stocked, and swarms of little negroes playing in the sunshine. Then there were large wooden edifices for curing tobacco—the staple and most profitable production—and mills for grinding wheat and Indian corn, of which large fields were cultivated for the supply of the family and the maintenance of the negroes."

Washington always kept a diary; the heading of its pages was "Where and how my time is spent." He was an early

riser, "often being up before daybreak in the winter, when the nights were long; on such occasions he lit his own fire, and wrote or read by candle-light. He breakfasted at seven in summer and at eight in winter. Two small cups of tea and two or three hoe-cakes formed his repast. Immediately after breakfast he mounted his horse, and visited those parts of the estate where any work was going on, seeing to everything with his own eyes, and often aiding with his own hands. Dinner was served at two o'clock. He ate heartily, but was no epicure, nor critical about his food. He drank small-beer, or cider, and two glasses of old Madeira. He took tea, of which he was very fond, early in the evening; and retired for the night about nine o'clock."

But in this busy life he had time to show much domestic kindness, and especially to his two little step-children. He had no children of his own, but little Jacky and Martha were treated by him as if they belonged to him.

Lists have been found, made out in his handwriting, of things ordered from England for them; amongst others, "Small Bibles and Prayer-books, neatly bound in leather, and 'John Parke Custis' and 'Martha Parke Custis' wrote on the inside in gilt letters. 1 fashionable dressed doll, to cost a guinea, 1 ditto to cost 5 shillings. A box of gingerbread. Toys, and sugar images and comfits," &c. &c. Later on, we have an entry in his diary occurring several times: "Went a-hunting with Jacky Custis, and catched a fox."

Washington was fond of hunting, and of sport of all kinds. He kept a beautiful barge on the Potomac, rowed by six negroes in uniform dress, and spent some of his time both in fishing and shooting.

Mount Vernon was one of the most hospitable of all the

hospitable Virginian houses. "My manner of living is plain," Washington wrote to a friend, "and I do not mean to be put out of it. A glass of wine and a bit of mutton are always ready, and such as will be content to partake of them are always welcome. Those who expect more will be disappointed."

He took some pains in the decoration of his house, and it is curious to see his warlike taste coming out in this respect. He ordered from England a bust of Alexander the Great, another of Julius Cæsar, another of Charles XII., and a fourth of the King of Prussia; also smaller busts of Prince Eugene and the Duke of Marlborough; and furthermore, "Two wild beasts, not to exceed twelve inches in height and eighteen inches in length." Many years later the great Frederick of Prussia sent him a portrait of himself, accompanied by the words, "From the oldest general in Europe to the greatest general in the world."

From his early days Washington had had a great passion for horses; his stables were filled with some of great beauty, and his military experience had made him, at the age of seven-and-twenty, a perfect horseman. He must have been an imposing-looking figure as he rode about "in a riding-frock of handsome drab-coloured broadcloth, with plain double gilt buttons, and a riding waistcoat of superfine scarlet cloth and gold lace, with buttons like those of the coat;" his servant, Bishop, who had been bequeathed to him by General Braddock, riding behind him in scarlet livery.

It was a pleasant life that went on for nearly fifteen years at Mount Vernon, but it was not an untroubled time, for the great American world outside the calm home of Washington was heaving and tossing with the rising of the storm of revolution.

News had come successively of the taking of Quebec by the brave General Wolfe, who gave his life for it; of the death of Montcalm, the French general; of the surrender of Montreal, and, finally, of all Canada, by the French. Then followed a lull. "Since we do not know how to make war," said Choiseul, the French Minister for Foreign Affairs, "we must make peace;" and peace between England and France was proclaimed.

The Americans began to hope that the land might have rest. It was the most peaceful time in Washington's whole life. He improved his estate, he turned his attention to the draining of the Great Dismal Swamp, he sat in the House of Burgesses, he was judge of the county court, and he hunted foxes with Jacky Custis or Lord Fairfax. It was one of those intervals of quiet which men sometimes seem to be given just before they are needed for the great work of their lives.

The sterner part of Washington's education had come in his youth—he had learnt "to endure hardness as a good soldier"—and now, in a bright, peaceful home, he was being matured and prepared for that which was before him. There was a time of the same sort in the life of our own Cromwell, when, in the fens of Huntingdon, he spent eleven years of quiet preparation; going up to London for the sessions of Parliament, and spending the intervals in cultivating his land, draining his meadows, and looking out over England with the calm, watchful eye of a patriot, who was ready, when the right moment came, to do the work which his country needed.

CHAPTER VII.

THE colonisation of the States of America had, for the most part, been undertaken by men of grave and earnest spirit. It was chiefly religious feeling, and an inborn love of freedom in religion, that drove the Pilgrim Fathers to the shores of New England; and it was a great nation that was born in America, a nation born of zeal and courage, born to work for its daily bread, and to regard freedom as the most sacred gift of God.

As generations pass away and new generations succeed them, the sons do not inherit all the intense feelings of the fathers. Their birthright is the freedom which their ancestors obtained with a great price. They may receive a hereditary gift of energy and patience, but the old "patience," which was the work of "tribulation," the old energy which was born of necessity, dies with the fathers, and will not return to the generations which succeed them until they also have gone through the fire.

Amongst the first colonists, although they had separated themselves from England, there was a strong and loyal attachment to the mother country existing. Perhaps the three thousand miles of ocean which rolled between them and their old homes may have washed away the feeling of injury and resentment, and left nothing but the love of freedom remaining. This feeling of loyalty was hereditary; the traditions of the old country were cherished by the new —the relation between them was that of parent and child.

But as there comes in young life a period when parental authority, if arbitrary, is almost unbearable, so there came a time in the youth of the American nation when it could no longer submit to the unjust yoke of England; when it became eager and restless to take its government into its own hands.

In the reign of George III., when the voice of England's wise men was disregarded, the provocation which America received came to be past endurance. Hitherto, the different States had levied taxes amongst themselves, and several munificent grants had been made to the mother country. The trade laws which England had laid down had been strictly adhered to; no exports were received from other countries; what England exported alone was taken into American ports, and the duties upon such articles punctually paid. The commerce was in a most flourishing condition, but this did not satisfy the king and his ministers. The obnoxious Stamp Act, providing that all agreements in America should be drawn up on stamped paper, to be bought from the English Government, was the first act of aggression which roused the spirit of America. The opposition to it rose high, for taxation was the most hateful form which oppression could take to the liberty-loving American. Grave and reasonable men remonstrated, unreasoning men rioted; but England shut her eyes and closed her ears to both warnings.

It seemed only just that a nation which was unrepresented in the British Parliament should be free from British taxation; and England entirely declined to allow American members to enter the House. It was in vain that the English urged that the Canadian War had plunged them in expenses which were incurred for the defence of American subjects. The United States had already supplied what

money they could in their own defence, and the extra expense incurred by England was no fault of theirs. But Dr. Franklin observed about the Stamp Act long afterwards: "Had Mr. Grenville, instead of his Stamp Act, applied to the king in council for requisitional letters, I am sure he would have obtained more money from the colonies by their voluntary grants than he himself expected from the stamps. But he chose compulsion rather than persuasion."

The very preparations for enforcing the Act called forth popular tumults in various places. "In Boston the stamp distributor was hanged in effigy; his windows were broken, a house intended for a stamp office was pulled down, and the effigy burnt in a bonfire made of the fragments. The lieutenant-governor, chief justice, and sheriff, in trying to allay the tumult, were pelted. The stamp officer thought himself happy to be hanged merely in effigy, and next day renounced the perilous office."

The 1st of November, the day when the Act was to go into operation, was ushered in with portentous solemnities. There was great tolling of bells and burning of effigies in the New England colonies. At Boston the ships displayed their colours but half-mast high; many shops were shut, funeral knells resounded from the steeples, and there was a grand auto-da-fe, in which the promoters of the Act were paraded, and suffered martyrdom in effigy.

Among those men who remonstrated most strongly against the Act was Patrick Henry, a young lawyer, who had just taken his seat in the House of Burgesses. He startled his hearers in a speech against the taxation of America, by winding up with a turn of phrase for which they were not prepared. "Cæsar," he cried, in a voice of thunder and

with an eye of fire—"Cæsar had his Brutus, Charles the First had his Cromwell, and George the Third——" "Treason !" here exclaimed the Speaker. "Treason, treason !" re-echoed from every part of the house. Henry did not for an instant falter, but fixing his eye firmly on the Speaker, he concluded his sentence thus—"may profit by their example. If this be treason, make the most of it."

Dr. Franklin was examined before the House of Commons in England on the subject of the Stamp Act.

"What," he was asked, "was the temper of America towards Great Britain before 1763 ?"

"The best in the world," he answered ; "they submitted willingly to the government of the Crown, and paid in all their courts obedience to the Acts of Parliament. Numerous as the people are in the several old provinces, they cost you nothing in forts, citadels, garrisons, or armies, to keep them in subjection. They were governed by this country at the expense only of a little pen, ink, and paper. They were led by a thread. They had not only a respect, but an affection for Great Britain, for its laws, its customs, and manners ; and even a fondness for its fashions, that greatly increased the commerce. Natives of Great Britain were always treated with particular regard ; as to be an Old England man was of itself a character of some respect, and gave a kind of rank among us."

"And what is their temper now ?"

"Oh, very much altered !"

"If the Act is not repealed, what do you think will be the consequences ?"

"A total loss of the respect and affection the people of America bear to this country, and of all the commerce that depends on that respect and affection."

"Do you think that the people of America would submit to the Stamp Act if it was moderated?"

"No, never, unless compelled by force of arms."

The Act was repealed on the 15th of March, 1766, to the great joy of the true friends of both countries. But there was a fatal clause in the repeal, which declared that the king, with the consent of the Parliament (the Parliament in which America was not represented), had the power to make laws to bind the colonies and people of America in all cases whatsoever. The Parliament proceeded to impose duties on glass, pasteboard, white and red lead, painters' colours, and tea, and in other ways to annoy the people of America.

One man in England besides the great Pitt saw what mischief these schemes of Grenville, Townshend, and Lord North's were working. This was Edmund Burke; and in his glorious speech on conciliation with America, he has left us a record that he at least had a heart large enough to feel the responsibility that England incurred in having the welfare of more than two millions of people in her hand. He appealed to the self-interest of England, and showed how impolitic it would be to alienate such a vast community —how great was their commerce, how flourishing their agriculture. "The Old World was fed from the New." "When I know," he said, "that the colonies in general owe little or nothing to any care of ours, that through a wise and salutary neglect, a generous nature has been suffered to take her own way to perfection; when I reflect upon these effects, when I see how profitable they have been to us, I feel all the pride of power sink, and all presumption in the wisdom of human contrivances melt and die away within me. My rigour relents, I pardon something to the spirit of

liberty. . . . A nation is not governed which is perpetually to be conquered. I do not choose wholly to break the American spirit, because it is the spirit that has made the country." He urged that the American nation was not properly represented in Parliament, and therefore ought not to be taxed by it; that it had General Assemblies in every State, and that to these Assemblies alone the right of taxation should belong; and that England should only, as heretofore, receive *grants* from America, instead of trying to obtain a revenue by internal taxation. "I, for one," he said, "protest against compounding for a poor limited sum the immense, ever-growing, eternal debt which is due to generous governments from protected freedom. . . . My hold of the colonies is in the close affection which grows from common names, from kindred blood, from similar privileges, and equal protection. . . . Let us get an American revenue as we have got an American empire. English privileges have made it all that it is; English privileges alone will make it all that it can be. In full confidence of this unalterable truth, I lay the first stone of the temple of peace."

But no building was reared upon the stone which he laid. It remained as a lonely monument, recording one prophetic, hopeless protest against the severance of the ties which bound the Old World to the New.

CHAPTER VIII.

AMONGST those who heard with the greatest pleasure of the repeal of the Stamp Act was Washington. In one of his letters he says, referring to it:—"Had the Parliament of Great Britain resolved upon enforcing it, the consequences, I conceive, would have been more direful than is generally apprehended, both to the mother country and her colonies. All, therefore, who were instrumental in procuring the repeal are entitled to the thanks of every British subject, and have mine cordially." He had watched the rising of the storm from Mount Vernon, and had shared in the indignation which was felt throughout the States, and especially in Virginia, at England's conduct. But Washington was loyally devoted to the old country; he desired no separation, and nothing but the conviction that America was being treated with injustice would have induced so calm and just a man to take up arms in the cause of revolt.

In 1769 he wrote to a friend:—"At a time when our lordly masters in Great Britain will be satisfied with nothing less than the deprivation of American freedom, it seems highly necessary that something should be done to avert the stroke, and maintain the liberty which we have derived from our ancestors. But the point of doing it so as to answer the purpose effectually is the point in question. That no man should hesitate or scruple a moment in defence of so valuable a blessing is clearly my opinion; yet arms should be the last resource. We have already, it is said, proved the

inefficacy of addresses to the throne and remonstrances to Parliament. How far their attention to our rights and interests is to be awakened or alarmed by starving their trade and manufactures remains to be tried." A resolution was framed amongst Washington and some of his friends by which they pledged themselves not to import or to use any articles of British merchandise or manufacture subject to duty. For some time it was the habit amongst these men to dress in the cloth which was made in America, though it was not that superfine material of which Washington's riding-coat had been made when he ordered it from a fashionable tailor in England. They also drank no tea, which, as Washington "was very fond of it," must have been an act of self-denial to him.

While things were in this state, George III. sent out Lord Botetourt from England as Governor of Virginia. "When will you be ready to start?" said the king, when he gave him the appointment. "To-night, sire," was the answer. He accordingly went out as soon as possible, and in great state, imagining that by much display he would make an impression on the Americans. The king lent him a state coach, and he went to the House of Assembly in it at the opening of the session, "drawn by six milk-white horses."

But he had mistaken the people with whom he had to deal. They were men in earnest about getting their rights, and were not to be turned from their purpose by such expedients as this. He soon saw how false his idea of them had been, and entered with more gravity into the question of their grievances, trying with all his influence to have the taxes which they so much resented repealed as soon as possible. It is probable, had he succeeded in his endeavours

that America might have become peaceable again; but the unwise policy of Lord North, who was now Prime Minister in England, undid the good that Lord Botetourt had done. Lord North revoked all the taxes in America except that on tea, which he said should be retained, "to show that England had the *power* of taxing America." This was exactly what roused the anger of the Americans. It was this very power which they denied, and they determined to resist the importation of the tea which England tried to force upon them. Just at the same time a riot took place in Boston between the military and some of the young men of the town. Four people were killed; and this gave a pretext to the mob for rising in anger against the soldiers. The affair was much exaggerated, and called "The Boston Massacre."

In Virginia, where things had looked most hopeful for peace, everything was suddenly plunged into confusion by the death of Lord Botetourt. His loss was greatly felt, for the Virginians knew that he had behaved wisely amongst them, and had done his best for their country. Washington was amongst those who most regretted him; but he was for a while drawn aside from political life, as he was obliged to go on another expedition to the Ohio to arrange some military claims on the newly-acquired territory. He seemed quite to enjoy being in the wild wood life again. His only attendants were Dr. Craik, his trusted medical friend, who had been with him over the same ground before, and three negro servants. The whole party were mounted on horseback.

Twelve days' riding brought them to Fort Pitt (the old Fort Duquesne). Already a small town of about twenty log-houses had sprung up, the commencement of the city of Pittsburg. From this place the travellers took canoes, and

went on into the Indian region. It was not altogether a safe expedition, for Washington had had good experience of the treachery of some of the Indians; and they were very much at their mercy in open canoes, and dependent upon their guns for what game they could bring down for food.

However, the journey was accomplished in safety, and Washington returned to his home about the time that Lord Dunmore was appointed to take the place of Lord Botetourt. Shortly afterwards a trouble came upon him, which he seems to have felt most keenly. His step-daughter, Martha Custis, whom he loved deeply, went into a rapid decline when she was nearly seventeen. She had never been very strong; but her symptoms became so urgent that Washington was hastily summoned from the House of Burgesses. He was not prepared for the change which he found in her upon his return. She was dying; and he threw himself down by her bedside in an agony of grief, praying that she might not be taken from them; but while he prayed she died. For a time he gave up all his public occupations, and remained at Mount Vernon, trying to comfort her mother.

"Jacky Custis" was by this time fast becoming a young man, and his step-father was very anxious about him. A letter written at this date to his tutor shows how carefully Washington thought of what was best for the boy. He is stating his reasons for not liking John Custis to travel while he is so young, and writes thus:—"Not that I think his becoming a mere scholar is a desirable education for a gentleman; but I conceive a knowledge of books is the basis upon which all other knowledge is to be built, and in travelling he is to become acquainted with men and things, rather than books. . . . . He is ignorant of Greek, the advantages of learning which, I do not pretend to judge

of; and he knows nothing of French, which is absolutely necessary to him as a traveller. He has little or no acquaintance with arithmetic, and is totally ignorant of mathematics—than which, at least so much of them as relates to surveying, nothing can be more essentially necessary to a man possessed of a large landed estate, the bounds of some part or other of which are always in controversy."

So Mr. John Custis stayed at home for the purpose of completing his education; and by the time he was seventeen he had fallen desperately in love with Miss Nelly Calvert.

We have another letter from Washington on this subject, written to Mr. Calvert:—"How far a union of this sort may be agreeable to you, you best can tell; but I should think myself wanting in candour were I not to confess that Miss Nelly's amiable qualities are acknowledged on all hands, and that an alliance with your family will be pleasing to his. This acknowledgment being made, you must permit me to add, sir, that at this, or in any short time, his youth, inexperience, and unfinished education, are, and will be, insuperable obstacles, in my opinion, to the completion of the marriage. . . . . If the affection which they have avowed for each other is fixed upon a solid basis, it will receive no diminution in the course of two or three years; in which time he may prosecute his studies, and thereby render himself more deserving of the lady, and useful to society. If, unfortunately, as they are both young, there should be an abatement of affection on either side, or both, it had better precede than follow marriage."

But the delay was not a very long one. Whether John Parke Custis had completed his education or not, he was married when he was nineteen; and his step-father was

always a warm friend to his wife and children, as well as to himself.

Such were the events which were taking place in Washington's private life; but he was anxiously watching all the time the great tide of revolution which was rising in America. He wrote thus to his brother Augustine:—"I had like to have forgotten to express my entire approval of the laudable pursuit you are engaged in, of training an independent company. I have promised to review the Independent Company of Richmond some time this summer, they having made me a tender of the command of it. At the same time I could review yours, and shall very cheerfully accept the honour of commanding it, if occasion require it to be drawn out; as it is my full intention to devote my life and fortune in the cause we are engaged in, if needful." This devotion was soon to be proved, for colonial matters began to reach a crisis.

The firm stand which the Americans made against the importation of tea for which they were to be taxed had affected the trade of the East India Company. It appealed to Lord North, who thought to accomplish two objects at once—to redress the grievance of the Company, and to enforce his American tax. He therefore took off the duties from the tea exported by the East India Company, and enabled them to offer it to the Americans at a much cheaper rate, hoping by this means to induce them to purchase. But it was not for a mere foible, or for a paltry sum of money, that they were contending; it was for a principle—the principle of freedom; for which their fathers had given up their English homes so many years before. Therefore they were not to be cajoled or threatened into submission to the arbitrary measures of England's Prime Minister.

The ships of tea which came out were sent back from some of the ports untouched; and at Boston stronger measures were taken. When the ships came into port, a number of men, disguised as Indians, boarded them, broke open the tea-chests, and threw the tea into the sea.

To punish Boston for this act of opposition, England decreed that its port was to be closed; all its public appointments were to be made by the Crown; and trials for capital offences to be conducted either in some other province of the States, or in England.

The Virginia House of Burgesses was assembled on the 24th of May, in Williamsburg. They had been giving a cordial reception to Lord Dunmore, the new governor, and to his wife, who had just joined him from England. They had voted a ball to be given in honour of the latter, and had made a congratulatory address to the governor, when the news of the measures England had taken with regard to Boston suddenly reached them. Their indignation was great. Speeches of resentment were made, and a resolution was passed setting apart the 1st of June—the day on which the Boston Port Bill was to come into effect—for a day of humiliation, fasting, and prayer.

The next morning Lord Dunmore summoned the House to attend him in the council chamber, and said:—

"Mr. Speaker and Gentlemen of the House of Burgesses,—I have in my hand a paper, published by order of your House, conceived in such terms as reflect highly upon His Majesty and the Parliament of Great Britain, which makes it necessary for me to dissolve you; and you are dissolved accordingly."

So Washington and his friends adjourned to the Raleigh Tavern, and signed articles of association, in which they

pledged themselves against the use of British merchandise, and formed a scheme of proposing to other provinces to send deputies to one general Congress, where plans for the common welfare of the States could be made. This recommendation was eagerly adopted, and the 5th of September was fixed for the first meeting of Congress, which was to be held at Philadelphia.

Meanwhile, the ball for Lady Dunmore took place on the 27th, and Washington attended it. "But on the 1st of June the day of fasting was observed almost universally. Washington mentions in his diary that he went to church twice, and fasted rigidly, and that the bells of Williamsburg were tolled."

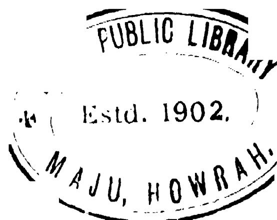
Shortly afterwards, in writing to his friend, Bryan Fairfax, who urged the peaceful method of an appeal to Parliament, he says: "I would heartily join you . . . . provided there was the most distant hope of success. But have we not tried this already? Have we not addressed the Lords, and remonstrated to the Commons? And to what end? Does it not appear as clear as the sun in its meridian brightness that 'there is a regular systematic plan to fix the right and practice of taxation upon us? . . . . Ought we not, then, to put our virtue and fortitude to the severest tests?"

Meanwhile, in Richmond, the fiery Patrick Henry had used even stronger words. "We must fight! I repeat it, sir, we must fight! An appeal to arms and to the God of Hosts is all that is left us."

Washington still seemed to have a lingering hope that war might be averted; but he would not have the resistance abated. He hoped, by steady rejection of all imports, to show the bad policy of the schemes adopted by England.

"I am convinced," he said, "as much as of my existence, that there is no relief for us but in their distress; and I think, at least I hope, that there is public virtue enough left among us to deny ourselves everything but the bare necessaries of life to accomplish this end."

Meetings were held in the large towns to impress this national self-denial on the people, and explain to them the purposes and desires of their leaders; and as the time of the first Congress drew on, Patrick Henry and Edmund Pendleton, who both took an active part in the affairs of their country, joined Washington at Mount Vernon, to discuss plans for the future with him.



PART II.

WASHINGTON AS COMMANDER, IN THE WAR OF INDEPENDENCE.

"Such was he: his work is done,
But while the races of mankind endure
Let his great example stand
Colossal, seen of every land,
And keep the soldier firm, the statesman pure;
Till in all lands, and thro' all human story,
The path of duty be the way to glory."

TENNYSON.

PART II.

CHAPTER IX.

It was on Monday, the 5th of September, 1774, that the first general Congress assembled. It was gathered in a large room in Philadelphia. Washington was there, with Richard Henry Lee, to whom the child's letter had been written so many years before; Patrick Henry, John Adams, Peyton Randolph, Edmund Pendleton, were also there. Sectional and provincial feeling was thrown aside. There was one common object—one mutual purpose. "I am not a Virginian," said Patrick Henry, "I am an American."

The spirit of the Puritan forefathers seemed to wake again amongst them. The discussion was commenced with a solemn service on the 7th. A special excitement and enthusiasm was given to it by a rumour which had been widely spread that Boston had been cannonaded. The Church Service was read, and amongst the Psalms for the day was the 35th, beginning, "Plead thou my cause, O Lord, with them that strive with me: and fight thou against them that fight against me. Lay hand upon the shield and buckler: and stand up to help me. . . . Let them be turned back, and brought to confusion, that imagine mischief for me." "It seemed as if Heaven had ordained that Psalm to be read upon that morning," said John Adams, in a letter to his wife.

There was one man who seemed specially moved by that solemn service—one whose whole heart seemed to follow it. While others stood, he knelt, and when it was

over he seemed too much overcome to speak. The destiny of a nation was resting on him, though he was as yet unconscious of it, and only felt and saw the long shadows of coming events. This was Washington. No thought of gaining distinction or honour for himself was in him. He was a pure patriot. His great heart beat only for his country.

Patrick Henry was the first to break the silence, which became almost oppressive when the prayers were ended. He poured forth one of his passionate bursts of eloquence, rousing the hearts of all present. He was followed by Richard Lee and others; but when Patrick Henry was afterwards asked whom he considered the best speaker in Congress, he said, "If you speak of eloquence, Mr. Rutledge, of South Carolina, is by far the greatest orator; but if you speak of solid information and sound judgment, Colonel Washington is unquestionably the greatest man on that floor."

After a discussion of the grievances of America, a statement was drawn up which was called a "Declaration of Rights." It commenced with these striking words:—

"Resolved unanimously,—That the inhabitants of the English colonies of North America, by the immutable laws of nature, the principles of the English Constitution, and the several charts or compacts, have the following rights:—

"1. That they are entitled to life, liberty, and property; and they have never ceded to any foreign power whatever a right to dispose of either without their consent.

"2. That our ancestors who first settled these colonies were, at the time of their emigration from the mother country, entitled to all the rights, liberties, and immunities of free and natural-born subjects within the realm of America.

"3. That by such emigration they by no means forfeited, surrendered, or lost any of those rights, but that they were, and their descen-

dants now are, entitled to the exercise and enjoyment of all such of them as their local and other circumstances enable them to exercise and enjoy.

"4. That the foundation of English liberty, and of all free governments, is a right in the people to participate in their legislative council; and as the English colonists, from their local and other circumstances, cannot properly be represented in the British Parliament, they are entitled to a free and exclusive power of legislation in their several provincial legislatures, where their right of representation can alone be preserved, in all cases of taxation and internal policy, subject only to the negative of their sovereign," &c. &c.

When this Declaration reached England, Lord Chatham spoke upon it in the House. He besought that the troops might be removed from Boston, and that temperate measures might be adopted towards America.

"When your lordships look at the papers transmitted to us from America; when you consider their decency, firmness, and wisdom; you cannot but respect their cause, and wish to make it your own. For myself, I must declare and avow that in all my reading of history—and it has been my favourite study—I have read Thucydides, and have admired the master states of the world—no nation or body of men can stand in preference to the General Congress at Philadelphia. All attempts to impose servitude on such men, to establish despotism over such a mighty continent, must be vain, must be fatal. We shall be forced ultimately to retract; let us retract while we can, not when we must. I say, we must necessarily undo these violent oppressive acts; they must be repealed, you will repeal them. I pledge myself for it. . . . To conclude, my lords, if the ministers thus persevere in misadvising and misleading the king, I will not say that they can alienate the affections of his subjects from his crown, but I will affirm that they will

make the crown not worth his wearing. I will not say that the king is betrayed, but I will pronounce that the kingdom is undone."

But Chatham was not heeded. Boston was still filled with troops, and resented it so much that considerable military preparations were made by its inhabitants.

General Gage, who was in command of the British force, determined to crush these preparations with one blow, and planned to destroy the military stores of the "rebels" at Concord, about eighteen miles from Boston. His preparations were made very secretly, but the secret was discovered, and most of the stores were removed. As General Gage's troops commenced their midnight march from Boston to Concord, with orders to allow no one to pass them, but to take all prisoners whom they met in the way, one horseman, too quick for them, dashed past, spurring hard for Lexington, a village near Concord. When Major Pitcairne with six companies arrived there, a small band of armed militia was drawn up on the village green, and the first shots were fired in the American War of Independence. The Americans were defeated, but it was not an inglorious defeat; they had taken their stand, the small band of patriots who had fought had many of them given their lives in the cause of freedom. Meanwhile, General Gage's men, after rejoicing over their triumph, marched on to Concord, and destroyed all the stores they could. The Americans had gathered in military force here, to the number of 450. From a height they watched the approach of the British troops, and saw the work of destruction going on. A number of them then determined to prevent the English from crossing the bridge over the river; this they did, and Colonel Smith, who was in command, saw that his men had by this time accom-

plished as much as they were likely to do, and ordered them to return to Boston. The Americans pursued them, killing and wounding many; but they had no organised plan of attack, and the main part of the British troops reached their head-quarters in safety.

Such was the news that reached Washington at Mount Vernon as he was preparing to set out for the second Congress. In writing of it to his friend, George Fairfax, in England, he says: "Unhappy it is to reflect that a brother's sword has been sheathed in a brother's breast; and that the once happy and peaceful plains of America are to be either drenched with blood or to be inhabited by slaves. Sad alternative! But can a virtuous man hesitate in his choice?"

The call to arms which sounded through the States from Lexington was answered promptly. Massachusetts alone resolved to raise 13,600 men. Volunteers came up from New Hampshire, militia from Rhode Island, and a band of men from Connecticut under the sturdy old leader, Israel Putnam. The outlawed commander, Ethan Allen, came with his "Green Mountain Boys," offering to fight for the good cause, and proposing to attack Ticonderoga and Crown Point, British fortresses on Lake Champlain. For the same purpose, there came forward a man whose name is also a well-known one—it was "first so famous, and afterwards so infamous"—Benedict Arnold. He was a man who did not like submitting to the leadership of others, and he wished to assume the command at once himself; but the "Green Mountain Boys" declared that they would have no leader except Ethan Allen.

Allen led them to Shoreham, which was opposite Ticonderoga, and in the dead of the night, they began crossing

over to the fort by a few at a time, in the only boats they could procure. When morning dawned only a small number of the men, not quite one hundred, had gone over. Allen and Arnold were there, and Allen drew up his men, and declared his intention of making a dash at the fort without waiting for the other men to join them. "It is a desperate attempt," said he, "and I ask no man to go against his will. I will take the lead, and be the first to advance. You that are willing to follow, poise your firelocks." Every firelock was poised. "They mounted the hill briskly, but in silence, guided by a boy from the neighbourhood. The day dawned as Allen arrived at a sally-port. A sentry pulled a trigger on him, but his piece missed fire. He retreated through a covered way. Allen and his men followed. Another sentry thrust at Easton with his bayonet, but was struck down by Allen, and begged for quarter. It was granted on condition of his leading the way instantly to the quarters of the commandant, Captain Delaplace, who was still in bed. Being arrived there, Allen thundered at the door, and demanded a surrender of the fort. By this time his followers had formed into two lines on the parade ground, and given three hearty cheers. The commandant appeared at his door half-dressed. He gazed at Allen in bewildered astonishment. "By whose authority do you act?" exclaimed he. "In the name of the great Jehovah and the Continental Congress," replied Allen, with a flourish of his sword."

The unhappy captain, with his forty-eight men (who composed the whole of his garrison), were obliged to surrender the fort, and were sent prisoners to Harvard.

There is something which sounds rather like a midnight robbery in this whole affair. The news of war having com-

menced between America and England had probably hardly reached Ticonderoga, and there was no fair fighting about it. But it was an important fort for the Americans to possess, as it "won for them the command of Lakes George and Champlain, and threw open the great highways to Canada."

The second Congress had plenty of work to do—the organisation of troops for the defence of the country; the plans for confederation; the new coinage, bearing the inscription "The United Colonies;" all had to be decided, with many other weighty matters. But one subject which engrossed much thought, and involved much discussion, was the appointment of a commander-in-chief of the forces. It was at length offered unanimously to Washington. When his name was first mentioned for it in Congress, no one was so surprised as Washington himself, and it is said that when he heard the praise with which Mr. Adams was speaking of him, he darted from the room; but, in spite of his modesty, the command was pressed upon him, and announced to him in Congress the following morning. His commission was made out in these words:—

"We, reposing special trust and confidence in your patriotism and fidelity, do by these presents constitute and appoint you to be General and Commander-in-Chief of the army of the United Colonies, and of all the forces raised or to be raised by them, and of all others who shall voluntarily offer their services, and join the said army for the defence of American liberty. And you are hereby vested with full power and authority to act as you shall think for the good and welfare of the service, &c. &c. "BY ORDER OF CONGRESS."

When he was made aware of the decision of Congress, Washington rose in his place, and accepted the trust in a few words, which for their simple nobility could hardly be sur-

passed:—"Mr. President,—Though I am truly sensible of the high honour done me in this appointment, yet I feel great distress from a consciousness that my abilities and military experience may not be equal to the extensive and important trust. However, as the Congress desire it, I will enter upon the momentous duty, and exert every power I possess in their service, and for the support of the glorious cause. I beg they will accept my most cordial thanks for this distinguished testimony of their approbation. But, lest some unlucky event should happen, unfavourable to my reputation, I beg it may be remembered by every gentleman in the room that I this day declare, with the utmost sincerity, I do not think myself equal to the command I am honoured with. As to pay, sir, I beg leave to assure the Congress that, as no pecuniary consideration could have tempted me to accept this arduous employment, at the expense of my domestic ease and happiness, I do not wish to make any profit from it. I will keep an exact account of my expenses. Those, I doubt not, they will discharge; and that is all I desire."

It was harder work to write home and break the news to his wife. His letter to her runs thus:—

"MY DEAREST,—I am now set down to write to you on a subject which fills me with inexpressible concern, and this concern is greatly aggravated and increased when I reflect upon the uneasiness I know it will give you. It has been determined in Congress that the whole army raised for the defence of the American cause shall be put under my care, and that it is necessary for me to proceed immediately to Boston, and take upon me the command of it.

"You may believe me, my dear Patty, when I assure you in the most solemn manner that, so far from seeking this appointment, I have used every endeavour in my power to avoid it, not only from my unwillingness to part with you and the family, but from a consciousness of its being a trust too great for my capacity; and that I should enjoy more real

happiness in one month with you at home than I have the most distant prospect of finding abroad if my stay were to be seven times seven years. But as it has been a kind of destiny that has thrown me upon this service, I shall hope that my undertaking it is designed to answer some good purpose. . . . . It was utterly out of my power to refuse this appointment without exposing my character to such censures as would have reflected dishonour upon myself, and given pain to my friends. This, I am sure, could not, and ought not, to be pleasing to you, and must have lessened me considerably in my own esteem. I shall rely, therefore, confidently on that Providence which has heretofore preserved and been bountiful to me, not doubting but that I shall return safe to you in the fall. I shall feel no pain from the toil or danger of the campaign; my unhappiness will flow from the uneasiness I know you will feel from being left alone. . . . ."

In writing to his brother, he says: "I am embarked on a wide ocean, boundless in its prospect, and in which, perhaps, no safe harbour is to be found. I have been called upon by the unanimous voice of the Colonies to take the command of the Continental army—an honour I neither sought after nor desired, as I am thoroughly convinced that it requires greater abilities and much more experience than I am master of." And he afterwards adds: "I shall hope that my friends will visit and keep up the spirits of my wife as much as they can, for my departure will, I know, be a cutting stroke upon her."

John Adams wrote at this time:—"There is something charming to me in the conduct of Washington—a gentleman of one of the first fortunes upon the Continent, leaving his delicious retirement, his family and friends, sacrificing his ease, and hazarding all in the cause of the country. His views are noble and disinterested. He declared, when accepting the mighty trust, that he would lay before us an exact account of his expenses, and not accept a shilling for pay."

Washington arrived at Cambridge, where the head-quarters of the army were assembled, on July 2nd. On July the 3rd the troops were drawn up on the common to receive the new general. He rode forward, brought his horse up under a great elm tree which still stands, drew his sword, and assumed the command of the American army. "Washington was then forty-three years of age. In stature he little exceeded six feet; his limbs were sinewy and well-proportioned, his chest broad, his figure stately, blending dignity of presence with ease. His robust constitution had been tried and invigorated by his early life of the wilderness, his habit of occupation out of doors, and his rigid temperance; so that few equalled him in strength of arm or power of endurance. His complexion was florid, his hair dark brown, his head in its shape perfectly round. His broad nostrils seemed formed to give expression and escape to scornful anger. His dark blue eyes, which were deeply set, had an expression of resignation, and an earnestness that was almost sadness."*

* From Bancroft's "History of the United States.

CHAPTER X.

MEANWHILE, events had been taking place near Boston which showed how thoroughly both English and Americans were in earnest about claiming what they respectively considered their rights. On May 25th large forces had arrived from England, under the command of Generals Howe, Burgoyne, and Henry Clinton. "By this accession, the whole force under General Gage, as commander-in-chief, was raised to nearly 10,000 men. But the Provincial troops had mustered strongly round Boston, and had cut off the supplies of food; so that the city was almost in a state of siege. The Americans also proceeded to intrench themselves on Bunker's Hill. Opposite to Boston stands the small town or suburb of Charleston, severed from the capital by an arm of the sea, which for breadth has been compared to the Thames at London Bridge. Charleston, like Boston itself, is built at the extremity of a peninsula, which is joined to the continent by a neck or narrow strip of land. Within this peninsula of Charleston the ground rises in two uneven ridges: the one nearest to Boston is called Bunker's Hill; the other, more remote, Breed's Hill. The crests of the two hills are about seven hundred yards apart."

A detachment of Americans, under Colonel Prescott, reached the top of Breed's Hill undiscovered; all through the night they worked at fortifications on it, and threw up a square redoubt before morning. At daybreak they were

discovered, and fired upon from the sloop *Lively*, and from a hill in Boston; "but this the Americans sustained very calmly, and, in spite of it, completed their intrenchment."

The cannonading roused Boston. "The works must be carried," said General Gage, when he found out what had been done in the night; and he dispatched a strong force, under Generals Howe and Pigot, for the attack. Meanwhile, General Putnam had behaved with great spirit. He had gone in person to General Wade, who was in command of the Boston Provincial forces, and urged the expediency of sending supplies of men at once; he then returned to Breed's Hill, and took a detachment of men to Bunker's Hill, throwing up a breastwork there. Part of this breastwork, it is said, was formed of wooden post-and-rail fences, placed at a little distance from each other, the space between them being filled up with new-mown hay.

At two o'clock the British attack commenced; the left wing under General Pigot, the right wing under General Howe. General Pigot steadily advanced up the hill, his men commencing a fire of musketry from the first. The Americans reserved their fire until the enemy were within eighty yards of them, and then did deadly work. The flank of the left wing was also fired upon by a party of American rifles in Charleston, whereupon General Howe gave orders that the town was to be set on fire at once. The scene was described by General Burgoyne in a letter to England. He was watching it from one of the batteries at Boston, and says: "Now ensued one of the greatest scenes of war that can be conceived. If we look to the height, Howe's corps ascending the hill, in the face of the intrenchments, and in a very disadvantageous ground, was much engaged; to the left the enemy pouring in fresh troops by thousands

over the land; and in the arm of the sea, our ships and floating batteries cannonading them; straight before us a large and noble town all in one great blaze, and the church steeples, being timber, were great pyramids of fire above the rest . . . . the roar of cannon, mortars, and muskets . . . . ships upon the stocks and whole streets falling together to fill the ear; the storm of the redoubts, with the objects above described, to fill the eye, and the reflection that perhaps a defeat was a final loss to the British Empire in America to fill the mind, made the whole a picture and a complication of horror and importance beyond anything that ever came to my lot to witness."

Meanwhile, the English soldiers were struggling up the hill-side, carrying heavy knapsacks, under a burning mid-summer sun, through long grass which covered their knees. It is said that when they came within reach of their enemies, who had heard some of the taunts which the British soldiers had made about the militia being sure to run away, the Americans at one time called out to the English commanding officer, "Colonel Abercrombie, are the Yankees cowards now?" Truly they were not; and the British soldiers fell back under their vigorous fire. They were rallied by their officers, and made a second attack—again the Americans waited until they were within about thirty paces of them, and then fired on them; again they retreated. The case was becoming desperate. General Clinton, who saw the danger from Boston, came to the rescue, brought a fresh reinforcement, rallied the nearly exhausted troops, and led on a third attack. By this time the American ammunition was nearly exhausted. There was a hand-to-hand fight on the works on Breed's Hill; Clinton and Pigot "reserved their

men's fire, and made them rush on with fixed bayonets." The Americans still fought, using even stones and the stocks of their muskets to defend themselves; but, in spite of all their efforts, the works were taken, and they had to beat a retreat down Bunker's Hill. General Putnam hoped to rally them at this spot, but was unable to do so; they retreated precipitately, under a murderous fire on all sides. So ended the battle of Bunker's Hill. Washington received the news of it as he rode out from Philadelphia, on his way to take command of the army; he was eager in his questionings about it. "How did the militia behave?" he asked. When he was told that they stood their ground bravely—sustained the enemy's fire—reserved their own until at close quarters, and then delivered it with deadly effect—it seemed as if a weight of doubt were lifted from his heart. "The liberties of the country are safe!" exclaimed he.

War was inevitable now. The last attempt at peace had been made, and failed; a petition to the king from Congress, in July, 1775, had been treated with silent contempt—no answer was vouchsafed to it. In October, when Parliament re-assembled, the king's speech opened with an account of the measures to be taken to suppress the "desperate conspiracy" and general revolt in North America. At the same time His Majesty declared himself ready to receive the misled with tenderness and mercy; for which purpose he "intended to give authority to certain persons upon the spot to receive the submission of any repentant colony, and to grant general or particular pardons or indemnities in such a manner and to such persons as they should think fit."

Washington was fortunate in having associated with him generals who had already proved their military power and

their zeal for their country—men of widely differing characters, and few of them possessing his own pureness and sincerity of purpose, yet each performing his own mission in the Revolution well and bravely.

General Schuyler was perhaps the man who was most in sympathy with Washington. He had fought under Abercrombie at the attack on Ticonderoga, he had buried young Lord Howe, he had filled various colonial offices, and had helped Washington in drawing up the regulations for the new army. He was an officer who seems always to have been distinguished for bravery and mercy.

Another of Washington's generals was Charles Lee, an Englishman by birth, trained in European warfare, who had fought under Abercrombie, and been present at the surrender of Montreal; who had next fought in Portugal; then, under King Stanislaus, in Poland; and, finally, after offending the English Ministry, had come out to America, and offered himself to the cause of her independence;—a man clever and impulsive, who seems to have been aptly named by the Indians, "Boiling Water."

Horatio Gates was also an Englishman who adopted the cause of America. He had fought with General Braddock, and had been severely wounded; he had distinguished himself in the West Indies; but England did not recognise his claims as much as he thought she ought to have done, and he therefore went out to America, and bought land in Virginia. When the war began, he seemed to see in it a more secure means to self-advancement than he had ever found before, and therefore he joined in it.

In this group that were gathered about Washington we also have General Greene, "whose father was a miller, an anchor-smith, and a teacher." Greene in his boyhood had

followed the plough, but seems to have educated himself; and having a turn for military affairs, when he grew to be a man he devoted himself to them. "He was elected commander of the Rhode Island contingent of the army of observation. . . . He made a soldier-like address to Washington, welcoming him to the camp. His appearance and manner were calculated to make a favourable impression; he was about thirty-nine years of age, nearly six feet high, well-built and vigorous, with an open, animated, intelligent countenance, and a frank and manly demeanour. He may be said to have stepped at once into the confidence of the Commander-in-chief, which he never forfeited, but became one of his most attached, faithful, and efficient coadjutors." These were four of the principal characters whose names are mixed up with this time; they all become very real to us before the end of the story. We have already heard the name of Colonel Israel Putnam, who had also fought in the French war at Louisburg and Fort Duquesne, who had been taken by the Indians, had been tied to a stake and been sentenced to be burnt, but was rescued by a Frenchman. He had given up war, and was working on a farm in Connecticut, when the news of Lexington reached him, and he immediately came up to offer any help he could give.

One other name already mentioned must be again recurred to here—that of Benedict Arnold. He was a man who had raised himself by his own exertions—a man of ambition and cleverness, but consumed with petty pride and jealousy; of great personal courage, and little personal worth—one whose thoughts and hopes were centred not in his country, but in himself.

The army which Washington found under his command was of a very mixed character; men gathered quickly for

the emergency—many of them ignorant of warfare, unequipped for campaigning, undrilled in military movements. It required all the order, the common sense, and the patience of Washington to make anything of them He earnestly set to his work, represented to Congress the needs of his men, urged that they should be supplied with hunting-shirts for dress, to give uniformity, and change the poverty-stricken and ragged appearance of the troops, which provoked the contempt of their enemies. The men of Massachusetts especially moved the pity of the commander, from their forlorn and destitute condition. "The yoke has been laid so heavily on this unhappy and devoted province," he said, "that great allowances are to be made for troops raised under such circumstances. The deficiency of numbers, discipline, and stores can only lead to the conclusion that their spirit has exceeded their strength."

He specially urged upon Congress the necessity for having engineers found quickly for making the necessary fortifications; tents to shelter the army, who were scattered about in the various colleges and houses of Boston that were friendly to them; and a military chest for the supply of immediate wants.

In writing to his friend, General Schuyler, about this time, to console him under the same sort of trials, he said, "It would be far beyond the compass of a letter for me to describe the situation of things here on my arrival. Perhaps you will only be able to judge of it from my assuring you that mine must be a portrait at full length of what you have had in miniature. Confusion and discord reigned in every department, which in a little time must have ended either in the separation of the army or fatal contests with one another. The better genius of America has prevailed; and

most happily, the Ministerial troops have not availed themselves of these advantages, till, I trust, the opportunity is in a great measure passed over. . . . . We mend every day; and I flatter myself that in a little time we shall work up these raw materials into a good manufacture. I must recommend to you what I endeavour to practise myself—patience and perseverance." Schuyler answered him, "I can easily conceive that my difficulties are only a faint semblance of yours. Yes, my general, I will strive to copy your bright example, and steadily persevere in that line which only can promise the wished-for reformation."

The army at Boston was placed by Washington in three divisions—the right wing occupied the heights of Roxbury, commanded by Generals Ward, Spencer, and Thomas; the left wing, commanded by General Lee, attended by Generals Sullivan and Greene, was stationed on Prospect Hill; the third division, which occupied the centre, under Generals Putnam and Heath, was stationed at Cambridge.

Washington was to be seen daily on the lines, urging, directing, controlling all; each day was commenced with prayers, and after prayers the commander's orders were read aloud. Nothing but the strength and genius of this great mind could have controlled this motley and undisciplined mass of men; from the jealousies of the superior officers down to the disorderliness of the lowest troops, there seems to have been nothing which Washington's tact and influence was not brought to bear upon.

He was most anxious at once to force the British troops to come out of Boston and engage in a general action. He had succeeded in cutting off all their supplies from the mainland, and the time seemed favour-

able; but, to his great dismay, when he was urging his scheme, he discovered that the amount of ammunition in the American camp made it impossible. They were almost entirely destitute of it; nor could even a small supply be sent to them before a fortnight had elapsed. If the English had known the fact, it is probable that an action at this time would have been almost fatal to the American cause; but it was not discovered, and Washington was engaging the attention of General Gage by a correspondence on the subject of prisoners of war. "I understand," he said, "that the officers engaged in the cause of liberty and their country who, by the fortune of war, have fallen into your hands have been thrown indiscriminately into a common gaol, appropriated to felons. . . . . Let your opinion, sir, of the principles which actuate them be what it may, *they* suppose that they act from the noblest of all principles, love of freedom and their country. But political principles, I conceive, are foreign to this point. The obligations arising from the rights of humanity and claims of rank are universally binding and extensive. . . . . ." General Gage replied by an angry letter, telling him that the "rebels" were destined to the "cord;" but that meantime they were treated with kindness, though they were treated indiscriminately, as General Gage acknowledged no rank that was not derived from the king. He had been informed that such was not the case with respect to those who had remained loyal to the king, and had fallen into the hands of their rebel countrymen; and he ended with warning Washington very solemnly of the consequences which must inevitably follow if he held to the cause which he had undertaken.

Washington's reply shows how completely that cause

had become his own; how entirely he had given up all hope of reconciliation with England; and how firmly his heart was set on the freedom of his country. He denied the charge of bad treatment of those who had fallen into their hands; and he adds, "You affect, sir, to despise all rank not derived from the same source as your own. I cannot conceive one more honourable than that which flows from the uncorrupted choice of a free and brave people, the purest source and original fountain of all power. Far from making it a plea for cruelty, a mind of true magnanimity and enlarged ideas would comprehend and respect it. What may have been the Ministerial views which have precipitated the present crisis, Lexington, Concord, and Charleston can best declare. May that God to whom you too appeal judge between America and you! Under His providence, those who influence the councils of America, and all the other inhabitants of the United Colonies, at the hazard of their lives, are determined to hand down to posterity those just and invaluable privileges which they received from their ancestors."

Shortly after these events, Washington had to receive a deputation of Indian chiefs in the camp. They came in their native dress, and created a sensation. They were desirous of urging the Americans to undertake the conquest of Canada, and offered their help. Washington knew that Congress only desired neutrality from the Indians, and hardly knew what to say to them; but the early training of his life had taught him to receive them with the ceremonial which they loved, and they were invited to dine with him at headquarters, after which there was a talk round a council-fire, and the Indians expressed their wishes. One of the chiefs said, grandly, "As our ancestors gave this

country to you, we would not have you destroyed by England, but are ready to afford you our assistance." Washington received their assurances with caution, and gave them no definite answer; but his mind was much occupied with a scheme for an attack by one division of the army on Quebec, and he corresponded with General Schuyler, who was in command of the army in the north, on the subject. Schuyler was in favour of it, and the American possession of Ticonderoga made the plan seem a possible one. As the autumn went on, the expedition was undertaken by General Montgomery and Ethan Allen. Benedict Arnold was to join them at St. Lawrence. Some of Washington's cautions to Arnold when he was starting are so characteristic that they may be quoted. "Should any American soldier be so base and infamous as to injure any Canadian or Indian in his person or property, I do most earnestly enjoin you to bring him to such severe and exemplary punishment as the enormity may require. Should it extend to death itself, it will not be disproportioned to its guilt at such a time and in such a cause. . . . . I also give in charge to you to avoid all disrespect to the religion of the country and its ceremonies. . . . . While we are contending for our own liberty, we should be very cautious not to violate the rights of conscience in others, ever considering that God alone is the judge of the hearts of men, and to Him only in this case are they answerable."

Another instruction was, "If Lord Chatham's son should be in Canada, and in any way fall into your power, you are enjoined to treat him with all possible deference and respect. You cannot err in paying too much honour to the son of so illustrious a character and so true a friend to America."

Arnold was most zealous and active in his enterprise, but he was not successful. He was defeated at Quebec by the vigilance of a British officer, named Captain Maclean. Allen, meanwhile, had made an attempt on Montreal; had been defeated, taken prisoner, and was sent to England. Washington, in speaking of this, says, "His misfortune will, I hope, teach a lesson of prudence and subordination to others, who, regardless of order and duty, rush into enterprises which have unfavourable results on the public, and are destructive to themselves."

Meanwhile there was treason in the camp before Boston. News was brought to Washington that a letter from some one at Cambridge was being conveyed to Captain Wallace, commanding the English ship *Rose*. Washington gave orders that the messenger who had been taking charge of the letter should be apprehended. He was looking out of his window early one morning, when he saw old General Putnam coming on horseback up to his quarters, with a stout woman riding pillion-fashion, behind him. It was this woman who had been carrying the letter. Washington first burst out laughing at the picture which the sturdy old Israel Putnam and his charge presented; and then going to the head of the stairs, he called out to the woman that if she did not at once confess who had sent her on this message, before the next morning she would be hanged. Very unwillingly, the woman confessed that it was a minister, Dr. Church. He was instantly arrested. He protested that there was no harm in the letter; but Washington had the cipher discovered, and then found that it was a description of the American army. So Dr. Church was sentenced to be put into gaol, without any pen, ink, or paper with which he could work further mischief; and

by these decisive measures treason seems to have been checked.

The warfare which was carried on before Boston was of a slow and desultory character. The English attacks were chiefly made by sea, some of the seaports were bombarded by the men-of-war; and the next event of consequence which happened was the recall to England of General Gage, who was succeeded by General Howe.

A council was held amongst the Americans, at which Washington presided and Franklin attended, and it was determined that an army of 22,272 men should be raised, but they were only to be enlisted for one year; and this plan gave much trouble afterwards to Washington and his generals, for few of the soldiers were patriotic enough to be ready for re-enlistment when the time came for it. Also, there were endless jealousies and difficulties amongst the men of different States. Washington sometimes wished, in the bitterness of his heart, that he was in command of a single regiment rather than commander-in-chief of the whole. He says, "It takes you two or three months to bring men acquainted with their duty; it takes a longer time to bring a people of the temper and genius of these into such a subordinate way of thinking as is necessary for a soldier. Before this is accomplished, the time approaches for their dismissal, and you are beginning to make interest for their continuance for another limited period, in the doing of which you are obliged to relax in your discipline, in order, as it were, to curry favour with them. Thus the latter part of your time is employed in undoing what the first was accomplishing."

He also discovered that the patriotism and self-sacrifice which were burning in his own heart were not so powerful in

others. There was too much desire for money; too much grasping for benefits; too much self-seeking in those around him for his great nature to be entirely sympathetic with theirs. He writes to Mr. Reed, who had been his secretary, and who was his confidential friend: "Such a dearth of public spirit and want of virtue, such stock-jobbing and fertility in all the low arts to obtain advantages of one kind or another, in this great change of military government, I never before saw, and I pray God I may never see again." This was a strong protest, but we must remember that it was the expression of an American of a most lofty spirit; a man who scorned all self-advantage, who was fighting not for fame, or wealth, or glory, but from the purest patriotism.

General Greene, in writing of the commander at this time, seems to feel that Washington had formed his opinion of his army too hastily—that his own enthusiasm had somewhat blinded his eyes to the real character of these men. "He has not had time," he writes, "to make himself acquainted with the genius of this people. They are naturally as brave and spirited as the peasantry of any other country; but you cannot expect veterans of a raw militia only from a few months' service. The common people are exceedingly avaricious; the genius of the people is commercial, from their long intercourse with trade. The sentiment of honour, the true characteristic of a soldier, has not yet got the better of interest. His excellency has been taught to believe the people here a superior race of mortals; and finding them of the same temper and dispositions, passions and prejudices, virtues and vices of the common people of other governments, they sank in his esteem."

CHAPTER XI

MEANWHILE affairs in Canada had not prospered. The expedition was a most difficult one, for cold and hunger had tried the soldiers. Dismal stories are told of the boats that were dashed to pieces in the torrents, and of the moccasins, cartouche-boxes, &c., that were boiled for food. But Arnold's bravery at this time was great, and he led his men on to Quebec unfalteringly. General Schuyler wrote to Washington an account of all that was being done, at the same time telling him of the difficulties he had in the management of his undisciplined troops. General Montgomery shared these difficulties, and both became anxious to leave the service. Washington's letter to Schuyler shows how his own hard task was teaching him forbearance and patience. "I am exceedingly sorry to find you so much embarrassed by the disregard of discipline, confusion, and want of order among the troops. . . . I know that your complaints are too well founded, but would willingly hope that nothing will induce you to quit the service. . . . I have met with difficulties of the same sort, and such as I never expected, but they must be borne with. The cause we are engaged in is so just and righteous that we must try to rise superior to every obstacle in its support."

In another letter he says, "I am sorry that you and General Montgomery incline to quit the service. Let me ask you, sir, when is the time for brave men to exert themselves in the cause of liberty and their country, if this is not?

Should any difficulties that they may have to encounter at this important crisis deter them? God knows there is not a difficulty that you both very justly complain of, that I have not in an eminent degree experienced, that I am not every day experiencing; but we must bear up against them, and make the best of mankind as they are, since we cannot have them as we wish."

General Schuyler replied: "I do not hesitate to answer my dear general's question in the affirmative, by declaring that now or never is the time for every virtuous American to exert himself in the cause of liberty and his country; and that it is become a duty to sacrifice the sweets of domestic felicity to attain the honest and glorious aim America has in view."

All this time the Americans were preparing to bombard Boston. General Putnam had a large gun, which he affectionately named "The Congress;" and all his cry was for sufficient powder for it. Batteries were being erected, and it was hardly known what day the bombardment might commence; yet still the eagerly watched-for supplies of ammunition did not arrive. Washington had his thoughts somewhat disturbed just at this period by hearing that Mount Vernon was threatened. It would not have been a difficult matter to destroy it by landing from the Potomac; and it was thought safer that Mrs. Washington should be moved to the camp at Cambridge. Accordingly, she made her appearance there one day in her chariot drawn by four horses, with black postilions in scarlet and white liveries. She took upon herself all the duties of entertaining which were so necessary in Washington's position; and though Washington himself was for the most part very grave, from the weight of care and anxiety which was always resting upon him, there

was a great deal of mirth and cheerfulness at his head-quarters. News came from Canada that General Montgomery had captured St. John's, and that Arnold, after a bold attempt upon Quebec, had been defeated. Washington wrote to him about this event a sentence which has long been an adage amongst us: "It is not in the power of any man to command success; but you have done more, you have deserved it." *

In December the time came for the disbandment of the troops after the first term of service. Washington did all he could to hold them together, "he made repeated appeals to their patriotism; they were unheeded. He caused popular and patriotic songs to be sung in the camp; they passed by like the wind. Home, home, home, throbbed in every heart. 'The desire of retiring into a chimney-corner,' said Washington, reproachfully, 'seized the troops as soon as their terms expired.'"

He writes to Mr. Reed about this time: "It is easier to conceive than to describe the situation of my mind for some time past, and my feelings under our present circumstances. Search the volumes of history through, and I much question whether a case similar to ours is to be found, viz., to maintain a post against the power of the British troops for six months together, without powder, and then to have one army disbanded and another raised within musket-shot of a reinforced enemy. . . . How it will end, God, in His great goodness, will direct. I am thankful for His protection to this time. We are told that we shall soon get the army

* From Addison's "Cato:"—

"'Tis not for mortals to command success,—
But we'll do more, Sempronius, we'll deserve it.'

completed; but I have been told so many things which have never come to pass, that I distrust everything."

Again he says, "The reflection on my situation and that of this army produces many an unhappy hour when all around me are wrapped in sleep. . . . . I have often thought how much happier I should have been if, instead of accepting the command under such circumstances, I had taken my musket on my shoulder and entered the ranks; or, if I could have justified the measure to posterity and my own conscience, had retired to the back country and lived in a wigwam." The next news which came to him was that in a united attack which Montgomery and Arnold had made on Quebec, Montgomery had been killed, Arnold wounded, and the Americans defeated. It was a hard time in which to bear the news of defeat; and Washington truly mourned the loss of the brave Montgomery, who had fought so well.

Another of his trials at this time was that of being accused of inaction in the siege of Boston. He alone knew the real difficulties of the case; to those who were watching, the long delay seemed quite incomprehensible. General Lee had gone to New York, and sent news of the strong Royalist spirit which was present there, and of the secret plotting of the Tories; and Washington felt that the principal part of the war would not be confined to the one quarter. Yet still it seemed that the right time was not come for an attack. Numbers of opportunities had been lost for want of supplies; and the opportunity he had hoped for when the harbour should have been frozen, and the attack could have been made on the ice, did not come, as the winter was a mild one. He wrote sadly to his friend: "I know the unhappy predicament I stand in; I know that much is expected of me; I know that, without men, without arms,

without ammunition, without anything fit for the accommodation of a soldier, little is to be done; and, what is mortifying, I know that I cannot stand justified to the world without exposing my own weakness, and injuring the cause by declaring my wants, which I am determined not to do further than unavoidable necessity brings me more acquainted with them."

His difficulty and sadness increased. The ice which he had so eagerly looked for came at last; but when he held a council, and advised his officers to take advantage of it, they declined. At last Colonel Knox, who had gone for supplies, arrived with a good quantity of cannons, mortars, and ammunition. Washington became more painfully anxious for immediate action. He seems at this time to have grown severe and rigorous in his treatment of the army; the gravity of the situation had given a certain amount of sternness to him.

In February he issued an order that forbade all playing at cards and other games of chance. The words in which he did so showed how earnest and how troubled he was. "At this time," he wrote, "men may find enough to do in the service of God and their country, without abandoning themselves to vice and immorality. . . . . It is a noble cause we are engaged in; it is the cause of virtue and mankind. . . . . Freedom or slavery must be the result of our conduct; there can, therefore, be no greater inducement to men to behave well."

At length his long and anxious time of waiting was drawing to an end. The conviction had been strengthening in his mind during the winter that the right place from which to attack Boston was Dorchester Heights, to the south of the town. On the 4th of March, after two

nights' work, the American army occupied these heights. The 1,200 men chosen for the work, under General Thomas, might have been seen making their way up the hillside with their train of 300 wagons in the bright moonlight; but the continual flare and explosion of the bomb-shells which were being thrown, and the roar of the cannonading, prevented their movements from being either seen or heard by the enemy. It was hard work fortifying the frozen ground, for it is said to have been frozen eighteen inches deep; but Washington himself was there, cheering on his men all through the night. An English officer, in writing of the sight that met his eyes on the following morning, says, "This morning at daybreak we discovered two redoubts on Dorchester Point, and two smaller ones on their flanks. They were all raised during the last night, with an expedition equal to that of the genius of Aladdin's wonderful lamp. From these hills they command the whole town, so that we must either drive them from their post or desert the place."

It was truly a formidable position which the Americans had taken up; it commanded the town, it faced Charleston, it looked down upon all the English troops and the English boats. Castle William, where the vanguard of the British army was assembled, was just below.

General Howe, when he saw the "mushroom fortress" looming through the morning fog, said, "The rebels have done more work in one night than my whole army would have done in one month!" and there was an immediate stir of preparation in the British camp.

There would have been an attempt made on Dorchester Heights that night, but the English soldiers were coming down to Castle William in boats, and a violent storm arose,

driving some of the vessels on shore, and scattering them all, so that no united attack was possible. The storm continued during the next day; and when it abated, General Howe discovered that Washington had so much strengthened his position, that an attack was useless, and he determined on quitting the town, and making his troops embark at once.

There was no compact between the British and American commanders, but there was a tacit understanding that, if the troops during their embarkation were not molested, the town should not be injured. In spite of this, there seems to have been some marauding done on both sides. After some delay, on March 17th, the troops embarked, with about a thousand of the inhabitants of Boston, who were attached to the king's cause; and General Putnam, with a detachment of soldiers, marched in triumph into the city, with drums beating and colours flying.

The next day Washington followed. The flag of the thirteen stripes—the emblem of the United Colonies—waved over his head as he entered the gates, and he was received with enthusiasm. Congress gave him a vote of thanks; and a medal was struck in remembrance of the event, having on one side a view of the American officers on Dorchester Heights, with the city of Boston in the distance, and on the other a head of Washington.

But there was little time to be spent in praise or triumph, for heavy work remained to be done; the fight was only now beginning. A few days were spent at Boston in examining the British artillery that was left behind in the hurried flight (most of the guns having been spiked), and in levelling their fortifications; then Washington set out for New York, to which place he thought General Howe was also

leading his troops. But the general had taken them to Halifax in the first instance, to await the arrival of his brother, Admiral Lord Howe, with reinforcements.

Meanwhile, in England, there was difficulty in raising the number of soldiers required for the war, and it was done by paying very large sums to the petty German princes, who in return furnished men. They made the best terms possible for themselves, demanding the most exorbitant sums. This plan first suggested to the Americans the idea, which they afterwards carried into such good effect, of gaining foreign assistance for themselves.

General Howe, while retaining a large part of his troops at Halifax, sent a strong detachment into South Carolina, under General Clinton, and another to Canada, under General Burgoyne. To meet these two expeditions, Congress sent General Lee to South Carolina, and placed General Putnam in his stead at New York; and the command in Canada was given to General Thomas, as the health of General Schuyler was not sufficiently strong to allow of his undertaking it.

Washington, in writing of Lee at this time, says, "He is the first in military knowledge and experience we have in the whole army. He is zealously attached to the cause; honest and well meaning, but rather fickle and violent, I fear, in his temper. However, as he possesses an uncommon share of good sense and spirit, I congratulate my countrymen on his appointment to the South."

On April 13th Washington arrived at New York, with his wife. Almost the first news which reached him there was of the total defeat of the Canadian expedition under General Thomas. General Carleton had made an unexpected sortie, which had caused the retreat of the

American forces, whose resources were already nearly exhausted from illness and want of ammunition.

Washington was summoned to Philadelphia, to a meeting of Congress, to discuss this disastrous news. He was anxious about leaving New York, and arranged a careful system of alarm signals before he did so.

"We expect a bloody summer in New York and Canada," he wrote to his brother Augustine; "and I am sorry to say we are not, either in men or arms, prepared for it. However, it is to be hoped that, if our cause is just, as I most religiously believe it is, the same Providence which has in many instances appeared for us, will still go on to afford its aid."

General Thomas died of small-pox in June, and General Sullivan succeeded him. He brought fresh courage and strength to the unfortunate Americans in Canada, but it was only a temporary rally; the northern Provincial army was entirely defeated by General Burgoyne, and had to beat a hasty retreat to Crown Point, by General Schuyler's orders.

In New York there was, meanwhile, secret plotting being carried on between the Tories of the town and the British troops. They hoped, by sudden surprise, to overpower the Americans—it was even said, to kill Washington; and there were suspicions that some of those who were in his employ were involved in the plot. One of these traitors was discovered and hung.

While these events were troubling the internal peace of Washington's camp, a fleet appeared in the bay, bringing the English troops from Halifax, with reinforcements also of Highland troops. They anchored, to the number of 130 ships, off Staten Island, and seemed to make no effort to advance up the Hudson River. Washington knew that General Howe, who was on board the *Greyhound*, was only

awaiting the arrival of his brother, Lord Howe, from England, with the reinforcements from that country and from Germany, before commencing an attack. On the 2nd of July he issued an order to the American troops, bidding them to prepare for "a momentous conflict." The next day he wrote to Congress, mentioning the arrival of the vessels, and begging for a necessary supply of flints, which he had asked for some time before. "Of lead," he says, "we have a sufficient supply for the whole campaign, taken off the houses here."

At Philadelphia, meanwhile, Congress had been holding a debate which ended in a declaration that "the United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States."

This was the question which had been agitating the hearts of Americans for some time. The young strength which was in them had first expressed itself in dissatisfaction with the existing Government of the parent country; but now, when war had begun to show them how much they had to depend upon of their own, and that they were not in any way so dependent upon England as they had imagined they were, the yearning for an individual life became strong in them—it was no longer a Declaration of Rights for which they pleaded, but a Declaration of Independence which they asserted.

The Declaration, which is still read in America on every 4th of July, commenced with these words:—

"When, in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have united them with another, and to assume among the powers of the earth the separate and equal station to which the laws of nature, and of nature's God, entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation.

"We hold these truths to be self-evident: That all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; that to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed; that whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or abolish it, and to institute new government, laying its foundation on such principles, and organising its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness. Prudence, indeed, will dictate that governments long established, should not be changed for light and transient causes; and, accordingly, all experience hath shown that mankind are more disposed to suffer while evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed," &c. &c.

It then goes on to state how the wrongs of America had become insufferable, and to justify that country by a long catalogue of the oppressive acts of the king and people of England. It concludes thus:—

"We must, therefore, acquiesce in the necessity which denounces our separation, and hold them, as we hold the rest of mankind, enemies in war, in peace friends.

"We therefore, the representatives of the United States of America, in general Congress assembled, appealing to the Supreme Judge of the world for the rectitude of our intentions, do, in the name and by authority of the good people of these colonies, solemnly publish and declare that these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States; that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British Crown, and that all political connection between them and the State of Great Britain is, and ought to be, totally dissolved; and that, as free and independent States, they have full power to levy war, conclude peace, contract alliances, establish commerce, and to do all other acts and things which independent States may of right do. And for the support of this Declaration, with a firm reliance on the Divine Providence, we mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honour."

The Declaration was read by Washington to his troops, and forwarded by him to General Ward, to be

read to the troops at Boston. The people of New York received it with great joy, and expressed their joy somewhat childishly, by pulling down a leaden statue of King George III., in the Bowling Green, and melting it, to be used for bullets "in the cause of independence." Washington reproved some of the soldiers who were said to have joined in this amusement. Any demonstration of this kind was displeasing to his dignified and serious view of the present state of affairs. "The general hopes and trusts," he said, "that every officer and man will endeavour so to live and act as becomes a Christian soldier, defending the dearest rights and liberties of his country."

On the 12th of July a man-of-war which arrived off Staten Island was saluted by the guns of all the ships which had been waiting so long; and then the people of New York knew that the decisive time had arrived, and that Lord Howe had come. In a letter which Washington wrote to Congress two days after this event, there is an account of a curious little incident which he appears anxious to explain to those to whom he felt himself responsible.

Lord Howe sent a letter addressed to "George Washington, Esq.," which he was very anxious should be received; but Washington, after consulting with his friends, refused to receive it unless it was addressed to him as "General Washington." "I would not," he says, "upon any occasion sacrifice essentials to punctilio; but in this instance, the opinion of others concurring with my own, I deemed it a duty to my country and my appointment to insist upon that respect which, in any other than a public view, I would willingly have waived."

In the midst of the immediate interests which surrounded him, Washington was obliged to give some of his thoughts

and attention to settling the rival claims of General Gates and General Schuyler. Congress had appointed General Gates to the command of the attacking army in Canada, but General Schuyler was in command of the northern army; and now that the Americans, under General Sullivan, had retreated from Canada, Schuyler considered that it came within his control. This made Gates angry; and General Sullivan had tendered his resignation, in consequence of Gates being put over him. Congress endeavoured to induce all to be at peace with one another, and to work hand in hand. But Washington must have felt sorely the difference between the way in which these men regarded their interests and self-importance, and the slight value which he set upon his own. Jealousies also arose in the army between the different regiments, which called forth some strong protests from the commander. "The general most earnestly entreats the officers and soldiers to consider the consequences; that they can in no way assist our enemies more effectually than by making divisions among ourselves; that the honour and success of the army, and the safety of our bleeding country, depend upon harmony and good agreement with each other; that the provinces are all united to oppose the common enemy, and all distinctions sunk in the name of an American. To make this name honourable, and to preserve the liberty of our country, ought to be our only emulation; and he will be the best soldier and the best patriot who contributes most to this glorious work, whatever be his station, or from whatever part of the Continent he may come. Let all distinctions of nation, countries, and provinces, therefore, be lost in the generous contest who shall behave with most courage against the enemy, and the most kindness and good-humour to each other."

As an example of the daily annoyances which tried the life of Washington, we may mention the conduct of a band of Connecticut light horse. They offered their services to the commander-in-chief; but he told them that there was not forage enough for their horses, and that it was foot soldiers he required. They at first consented to remain as foot soldiers, but in a few days grew weary of doing foot soldiers' work, and requested their dismission. Washington wrote to them somewhat angrily:—

"GENTLEMEN,—In answer to yours of this date, I can only repeat what I said to you last night, and that is, that if your men think themselves exempt from the common duty of a soldier—will not mount guard, do garrison duty, or service separate from their horses—they can no longer be of any use here, where horse cannot be brought into action, and I do not care how soon they are dismissed."

The Connecticut cavalry, accordingly, mounted their horses and rode away.

General Lee, about this time, obtained a victory in defending Sullivan's Island and Charleston, against Sir Henry Clinton and Sir Peter Parker, who tried to land troops at these places. This raised the spirits of all. Washington wrote word to Schuyler that "Sir Peter Parker and his fleet got a severe drubbing," and told his army that the general hoped every soldier and officer would imitate this generous example, and even outdo it. "With such a bright example before us, we shall be loaded with a double share of shame and infamy if we do not acquit ourselves with courage, and manifest a determined resolution to conquer or to die."

Amongst Washington's orders issued at this time was the following: "That the troops may have an opportunity of attending public worship, as well as to take some rest after the great fatigue they have gone through, the general in

future excuses them from fatigue duty on Sundays, except at the ship-yards, or on special occasions, until further orders. The general is sorry to be informed that the foolish and wicked practice of profane cursing and swearing, a vice heretofore little known in an American army, is growing into fashion. He hopes the officers will, by example as well as influence, endeavour to check it, and that both they and the men will reflect that we can have little hope of the blessing of Heaven on our arms, if we insult it by our impiety and folly. Added to this, it is a vice so mean and low, without any temptation, that every man of sense and character detests and despises it."

The time was now drawing on for the great contest. Washington's last preparations were made; his papers were packed, and Mrs. Washington was sent to Philadelphia for safety. The women and children and helpless persons of New York also were as far as possible removed, for their piteous appeals went to the kindly heart of Washington at once. Then followed the famous battle of Long Island.

CHAPTER XII.

In order to understand this battle, it is necessary for us to consider the position of New York. At the mouth of the Hudson River there is a group of islands, the principal of which are Manhattan, Long Island, and Staten Island. They are all near to the mainland. Manhattan very nearly joins it. Long Island is separated from the mainland by the Sound, and from Manhattan by the East River. Staten Island is about three-quarters of an hour's sail south-west from New York. New York city is built on the southern part of Manhattan Island. Brooklyn is exactly opposite to it, on Long Island, with a quarter of a mile of river between the two. The only means of going from one to the other is by ferries, but a bridge is being erected.

The ships commanded by Admiral Howe, and filled with British reinforcements, had most of them dropped anchor off Staten Island, and the soldiers were encamping there. The Americans were occupying New York, and were also anxious to maintain their position at Brooklyn, as from those heights New York was commanded. They had raised considerable fortifications at Brooklyn and in the immediate vicinity, but had neglected to place guards in all the passes of the hill-country beyond it. The command of all these works had been given to General Greene, but he was unfortunately taken ill, and unable to give any information as to how much he had done. On August 21st it was discovered that the British troops on Staten Island were in movement. News

came to Washington that they were embarking in large numbers for Long Island, where they were evidently preparing for a great engagement. The next day guns heard from the south-west extremity of Long Island told that they had landed; and already the Americans had begun to retreat before them, setting fire to stacks in their way, with an intention of deterring the enemy. Washington sent over six battalions to Brooklyn at once, as he said that the enemy intended to make an attack on the American works at Brooklyn. He gave these directions to the men he sent:—

"The enemy has now landed on Long Island, and the hour is fast approaching on which the honour and success of this army, and the safety of our bleeding country will depend. Remember, officers and soldiers, that you are free men, fighting for the blessings of liberty; that slavery will be your portion, and that of your posterity, if you do not acquit yourselves like men. . . . . Be cool, but determined. Do not fire at a distance, but wait for orders from your officers. It is the general's express orders, that if any man attempt to skulk, lie down, or retreat without orders, he be instantly shot down as an example."

Sir Henry Clinton was in command of the British troops. Lords Cornwallis and Percy, General Howe, General Grant, and Sir William Erskine were with him. They landed with about 10,000 troops, at a place called Gravesend. Between them and the lines of Brooklyn there was a range of hills, through which three roads were the only passes. Two of these roads were guarded by the Americans; the third was not.

Washington was filled with anxiety. It was impossible that he could draw off all his troops from New York, because in this case the British ships would immediately go down the

Narrows and take the city, and the American army would be hemmed in between two fires on Long Island. He sent over General Putnam to take command at Brooklyn, and went there himself as often as he could, to strengthen the works and encourage the men. General Putnam did not know how much General Greene had done in the way of defending the outposts of Brooklyn. A few days of skirmishing between the two armies took place. There was a reinforcement of two regiments of Hessians, under General de Heister and Count Donop; and then Sir Henry Clinton by a bold manœuvre carried the day. He determined to force the pass of the Bedford Hills, and "turn the left of the American advanced posts." Meanwhile General Grant was to attack them on the right; and General de Heister, with his Hessians, in the centre.

Sir Henry Clinton's march through the hills was to be done with the utmost secrecy, and at night, that the guard of the pass might be surprised and overpowered. But such extreme caution was not necessary, for, unfortunately for the Americans, this Bedford Pass was the third road—the one which they had not thought it necessary to guard—and the English advance was perfectly easy. The American outposts were attacked and defeated, and a terrible destruction took place amongst their troops; for Sir Henry Clinton's plan having succeeded in all particulars, the soldiers outside the Brooklyn lines were shut off from all possibility of retreat, and were cut to pieces in the woods of Long Island. General Sullivan and Lord Stirling were taken prisoners by the English.

Washington arrived at Brooklyn in time to witness the catastrophe, but not to prevent it. As he saw Lord Stirling, with a small number of men, bravely attacking Lord Corn-

wallis, to cover the retreat of a portion of his troops, who were to reach the lines by wading over a creek at a place called Yellow Mills, he wrung his hands in agony, crying, "Good God, what brave fellows I must this day lose!"

"The struggle became desperate on the part of the Americans. Broken and disordered, they rallied in a piece of wood, and made a second attack. They were again overpowered with numbers. Some were surrounded and bayoneted in a field of Indian corn; others joined their comrades who were retreating across the marsh." The English had now nearly gained the lines. "The grenadiers were within musket-shot. Washington expected they would storm the works, and prepared for a desperate defence. But Sir Henry Clinton stopped his troops when they would have dashed on at the works." An English historian, writing of this affair, says, "By such ill-timed caution, arising probably from an over-estimate of the insurgents' force, the English general flung away the fairest opportunity of utterly destroying or capturing the flower of the American army."

The next two days were days of fearful anxiety to Washington. The Americans had lost about 2,000 men, the English about 300; and he had no idea what the next move on Sir Harry Clinton's part would be. For forty-eight hours Washington was hardly off his horse, and never closed his eyes.

At last, on the 29th, which was a very foggy day, news was brought that there was a great stir amongst the ships off Staten Island. Several of them were in full sail up the Narrows. Washington took alarm at this, and felt sure that they intended entering East River, getting between Brooklyn and New York, and thus cutting off the chance of the American army's retreat from Long Island. He called a

hasty council of war, and determined to attempt at once a retreat from the Brooklyn lines. The extreme of caution and quiet was necessary, that the English might not discover what was being done. The men in the front of the works were to remain at their posts until the very last, that the English might not find out that the lines were deserted. The fog favoured the Americans; it covered the boats, in which they crossed East River, from the English view.

The embarkation proceeded silently and rapidly. But a woman from her house on the shore was watching the unusual movements of the troops. Her husband was a friend to the Royalist cause, and had been sent to New Jersey on that account. When she had watched long enough from her window, the figures of the soldiers looming through the fog, in rapid succession filling the boats and ferrying over from Brooklyn to New York, she began to think there was mischief astir, and she sent a negro off as fast as she could, to tell the English generals of what was happening. The negro went on his way, and came first to an outpost of the Hessians, where he was detained. He could not at all make them understand what he wanted, so he was locked up as a suspicious character all night. Meanwhile Washington's plan was succeeding perfectly. In the words of the English historian already quoted, "It was a most difficult and delicate operation, in the face of a victorious enemy . . . . yet the Americans not merely removed their troops in safety, but carried with them their military stores and cannon, except only a few heavy pieces, which, as the ground was soaked by continued rain, could not be dragged along. With such silence and good order was everything conducted, that their last boat had pushed from

the shore and was crossing the river before the British had discovered their retreat."

Once a catastrophe was very near at hand. Washington had given strict orders that General Mifflin with his men should remain in the front of the lines until all others were embarked. "Somebody blundered," and General Mifflin and his men arrived at the water's edge too soon. Washington was in despair—should the attention of the English be attracted to the emptiness of the Brooklyn works at that time, all was lost! General Mifflin had to take his men back again to bide their time. Even then there had been an interval of nearly an hour, which might easily have given them all into the hands of the English, had they been aware of what was going on. When the morning came, and Mrs. Rapelye's negro was brought out and questioned, all was discovered, too late; the lines were empty—the English were only in time to fire off their muskets over the water at the retreating boats.

But the American army "was quite unnerved by its disaster." "Our situation is truly distressing," wrote Washington to the President of Congress on September 2nd. "The check our detachment sustained on the 27th ultimo has dispirited too great a proportion of our troops, and filled their minds with apprehension and despair. The militia, instead of calling forth their utmost efforts to a brave and manly opposition, in order to repair our losses, are dismayed, intractable, and impatient to return. Great numbers of them have gone off—in some instances almost by whole regiments, by half ones, and by companies at a time. . . . . With the deepest concern, I am obliged to confess my want of confidence in the generality of the troops. . . . Till of late I had no doubt in my own mind of defending this place;

nor should I have yet, if the men would do their duty, but this I despair of."

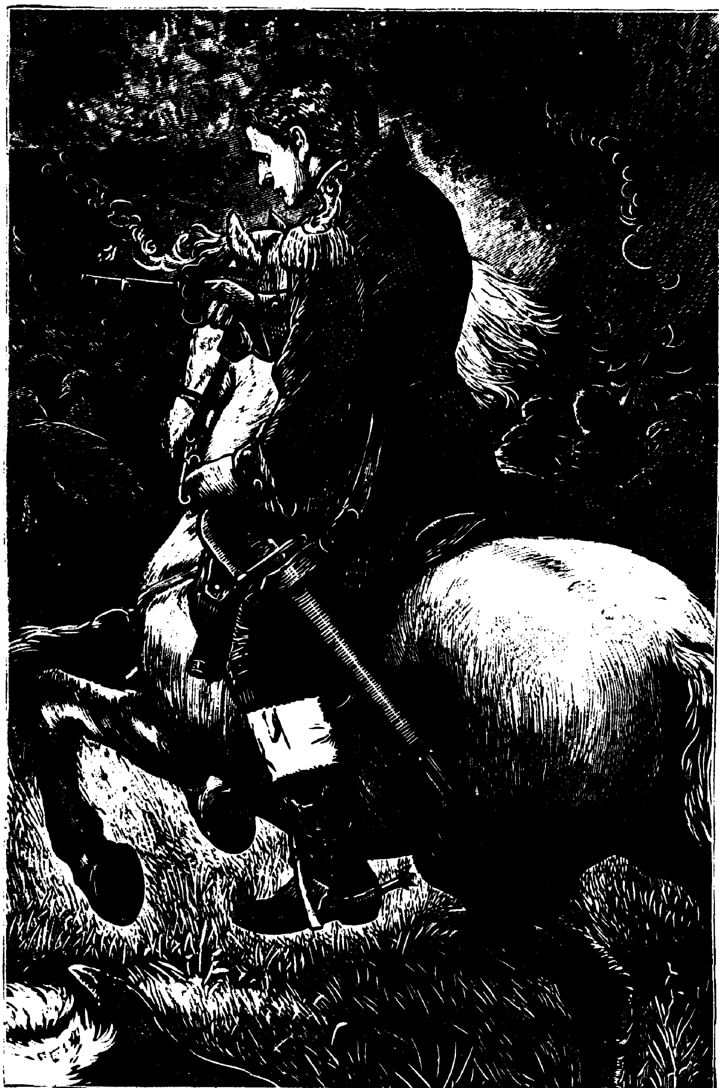
Just at this time Lord Howe made an attempt at negotiation. He said he would be glad to have things peaceably settled; that the Americans should have redress of the wrongs of which they complained, but that they must return to their allegiance to England. He met John Adams, Dr. Franklin, and some other members of Congress, at a house on Staten Island; but nothing could be arranged. Affairs had now gone too far in America. The States had asserted independence, and could not go back to allegiance. They no longer claimed anything from England, except to have their entire freedom from her government acknowledged; and for this they were determined to fight.

We may, perhaps, wonder why they did not put an end to the war which devastated their country; and whether their object would not have been brought about by peaceable means if they had been content to wait longer. It might have been so; but the time had come in the history of nations when this nation was to stand alone, and it seems to have been carried on by an irresistible tide of fate.

It is probable, at any rate, that if the Revolution had not happened at this period, there would not have been a Washington to lead it. No such leader seems to have arisen since in America. No other so great, because no other so free from self-seeking; no other so lasting, because no other so pure; no other so strong, because no other so patient; no other so successful, because no other so comprehensive.

The attempts at peace made by Lord Howe were rejected, and the war went on.

The situation of the Americans at New York was be-



"Are these the men with whom I am to defend America?"—*p.* 127.

coming most dangerous, and Washington felt that it was his duty to leave the city, for if Manhattan Island were surrounded by the enemy, no escape would be possible. He caused the sick and wounded to be carefully removed, he made every preparation that was possible for their security: his own headquarters were then moved to King's Bridge. "Men-of-war were seen coming up East River from Staten Island. . . . . About eleven o'clock in the morning a heavy cannonading on the city of New York from the British commenced, and two divisions of troops, under Sir Henry Clinton and General Donop, came over from Long Island in boats and began to land." The American militia retreated ignominiously. Washington Irving thus describes the scene:—"The breastworks were manned by militia who had recently served at Brooklyn. Disheartened by their late defeat, they fled at the first advance of the enemy. Two brigades of Putnam's Connecticut troops, Parsons' and Fellow's, which had been sent that morning to support them, caught the panic, and, regardless of the commands and entreaties of their officers, joined in the general scamper.

"At this moment Washington, who had mounted his horse at the first sound of the cannonade, came galloping to the scene of confusion. Riding in among the fugitives, he endeavoured to rally and restore them to order. All in vain; at the first appearance of sixty or seventy red-coats, they broke again, without firing a shot, and fled in headlong terror. Losing all self-command at the sight of such dastardly conduct, he dashed his hat on the ground in a transport of rage. 'Are these the men,' he cried, 'with whom I am to defend America?' In a paroxysm of passion and despair, he snapped his pistols at some of them, threatened others with his sword, and was so heedless of

his own danger that he might have fallen into the hands of the enemy, who were not eighty yards distant, had not an aide-de-camp seized the bridle of his horse, and absolutely hurried him away.

"It was one of the rare moments of his life when the vehement element of his nature was stirred up from its deep recesses. He soon recovered his self-possession, and took measures against the general peril. The enemy might land another force about Hell Gate, seize upon Harlem Heights, the strong central position of the island, cut off all retreat of the lower divisions, and effectually sever his army. In all haste, therefore, he sent off an express to the forces encamped above, directing them to secure that position immediately; while another express to Putnam ordered an immediate retreat from the city to those heights. It was, indeed, a perilous movement. Had the enemy followed up their advantage, and seized upon the heights before they were thus occupied, or had they extended themselves across the island, from the place where they had effected a landing, the result might have been most disastrous to the Americans. Fortunately they contented themselves for the present with sending a strong detachment down the road along the East River leading to the city, while the main body, British and Hessians, rested on their arms."

Putnam accomplished his move, and took up the desired position on Harlem Heights. Washington with his troops was encamped in some strong works on King's Bridge, which connected Manhattan with the mainland. In one skirmish which took place with the British, the Americans repulsed them, which raised the spirits of the commander; and after this there was a cessation in the hostilities for some few weeks, which much astonished Washington, but which

gave him time to make representations to Congress of the inefficient state of the army, and to have it put on a better footing before the re-enlistment, which was rapidly drawing near. The only event which seemed of importance during this pause, was the burning of a large part of New York. This was said to be the work of incendiaries, and they were caught and hanged by the British, who were in possession of the place.

At last General Lee joined the main part of the army, and, by his strong advice, the camp was moved from Harlem and King's Bridge, where there was still the chance of being surrounded and cut off by the enemy, to White Plains, which was farther north, on the mainland Fort Washington on Manhattan Island was strongly manned, as was also Fort Lee, which was on the mainland, exactly opposite, and admirably situated for the defence of Fort Washington. All else was removed. At White Plains, Washington was encamped on high ground facing the east; but when General Lee joined him they rode out together to discuss a better site for the encampment. Lee pointed to a height on the north. "Yonder," said he, "is the ground we ought to occupy." "Let us go, then, and view it," replied Washington. They were gently riding in that direction when a trooper came spurring up with his panting horse. "The British are in the camp, sir!" he cried. "Then, gentlemen," said Washington, "we have other business to attend to than reconnoitring." Putting spurs to his horse, he set off for the camp at full gallop, the others spurring after him.

Arrived at headquarters, he was informed by Adjutant-General Reed that the picket-guards had all been driven in, and the enemy were advancing, but that the whole American

army was posted in order of battle. "Gentlemen," said Washington, turning calmly to his companions, "you will return to your respective posts, and do the best you can."

There was a short and sharp fight, in which the British again gained the day, and the possession of an eligible height, called Chatterton's Hill; but the Americans pleased their commander by fighting bravely in many instances, and making a better stand than they had done for some time previously. Washington passed the night in strengthening his position; his works looked quite formidable in the morning light. "They were, in fact, made of the stalks of Indian corn, or maize, taken from a neighbouring corn-field, and pulled up with the earth clinging in masses to the large roots. The roots of the stalks, and earth on them, placed on the works, answered the purpose of sods and fascines. The tops being placed inwards, as the loose earth was thrown upon them, became as so many trees to the work, which was carried up with a dispatch scarcely conceivable."

The English were evidently preparing for another attack. On the night of the 31st Washington moved all his troops about five miles off, to Northcastle; and on the 2nd of November the British troops were entirely removed from White Plains. What General Howe's intention was, Washington could not gather, but he imagined that it was to enter the Jersey States. He had meanwhile written to General Greene, advising him to withdraw all men and stores from Fort Washington, as the distance between it and the main body of the army rendered its safety a matter of great doubt. He left it, however, to General Greene to decide upon the wisdom of this scheme, and General Greene decided against it. On the 12th of November Washington moved his army over the Hudson to the Jersey States, to the camp at Haven-

sack, but he himself went to Fort Lee, as his chief anxiety at present was the fate of Fort Washington. He had been mistaken about the intention of General (or as he was by this time entitled) Sir William Howe, who had camped at King's Bridge, for the purpose of taking Fort Washington. This was accomplished on the 16th, "but it was attacked from four different points, by an overpowering force. It was manned altogether by about 3,000 men. Washington, from the opposite side of the Hudson, saw the fight without being able to join it. He saw that there was brave fighting among his men, and for some time was hopeful of their success. Then he saw Colonel Cadwalader's men assailed in flank, the line broken, and overpowered by numbers, and he gave up all for lost. The worst sight of all was to behold his men cut down and bayoneted by the Hessians while begging quarter. It is said so completely to have overcome him that he wept like a child." Shortly afterwards he saw the American flag of stars and stripes taken down, and the British flag flying in its place; and then he heard of the surrender which had taken place. In writing to his brother Augustine afterwards of the event, he says, "This is a most unfortunate affair, and has given me great mortification, as we have lost not only 2,000 men that were there, but a good deal of artillery, and some of the best arms we had; and what adds to my mortification is that this post, after the last ships went past it, was held contrary to my wishes and opinion, as I conceived it to be a very hazardous one."

When General Lee heard of it, he said, "Oh, general, why would you be persuaded by men of inferior judgment to your own?"

CHAPTER XIII.

Now that Fort Washington was taken, there was no need for retaining a garrison in Fort Lee, which had been chiefly useful as a guard for the former. Washington, therefore, gave orders for the removal of the men and ammunition to be effected as soon as possible, and himself went back to the camp at Havensack. Here he was soon greeted by the news that the enemy had crossed the Hudson, 6,000 strong, under Lord Cornwallis, and were approaching the American quarters.

There was nothing left for it but for Washington to beat a retreat, which he did, falling back successively on Brunswick, upon Princeton, and then on Trenton, which was close to the Delaware River, the boundary between New Jersey and Pennsylvania. Meanwhile he sent urgent letters to Lee, who was in command of the forces at North-castle, to bring him reinforcements as soon as possible, for he had only about 3,000 available troops with him, and they were dispirited and uncertain.

Lee's conduct at this time seems to have been almost insulting to his commander. He delayed in sending the men required, or in coming himself, and a correspondence which he held with Adjutant-General Reed, of a most unfriendly character to the general, fell by accident into Washington's hands. Lee's former successes had made him vain, and Washington's want of success had moved him to contempt. He seemed to feel himself a greater man than

his chief, and was not inclined to obey his orders. What the consequences of this neglect proved to him, and who was the wiser man remains to be shown by the sequel.

Washington's great fear was that the British troops would reach Philadelphia, and occupy the city before he could save it. He therefore more earnestly urged that General Lee would join him, and sent most of the stores and the baggage across the Delaware River. News reaching him that Lord Cornwallis was rapidly gaining on him, he took his troops also over the Delaware River, and then destroyed all the boats which he had used, and caused all other boats to be destroyed for seventy miles up the river. When Lord Cornwallis came to the water's edge there were no boats for him. He made an attempt to cross the river higher up, but the American troops had been so effectually posted along the opposite bank that he found this was impossible; and so he took the main part of his army back to New Brunswick, caused the left flank of the river to be guarded by some German soldiers, and made up his mind to wait until the Delaware was frozen, and he could cross on the ice.

"Do come on," wrote Washington again to Lee; and by this time Lee had slowly begun to move. He had no idea of being hurried. He wrote back to Washington: "I heard you were strongly reinforced; can't I do more good by attacking the British troops in the rear? I cannot persuade myself Philadelphia is their object." Again Washington wrote: "I have so frequently mentioned our situation, and the necessity of your aid, that it is painful for me to add a word on the subject."

Lee came leisurely on, halting at Morristown, then marching to Vealtown, about eight miles distant, leaving his troops there, and going with a small guard to a tavern at

Baskingridge, three miles off. Here he was joined by a Major Wilkinson, who had brought a letter from General Gates. "About four o'clock in the morning Wilkinson arrived at the general's quarters. He was presented to him as he lay in bed, and delivered to him the letter of General Gates. . . . . Lee, naturally indolent, lingered in bed until eight o'clock. He then came down in his usual slovenly style, half-dressed, in slippers and blanket coat, his collar open, and his linen apparently of some days wear. After some inquiries about the campaign in the North, he gave Wilkinson a brief account of the operations of the main army, which he condemned in strong terms, and in his usual sarcastic way. He wasted the morning in altercation with some of the militia, particularly the Connecticut light horse, "several of whom," says Wilkinson, "appeared in large full-bottomed wigs, and were treated very irreverently. One wanted forage, another his horse shod, another his pay, a fourth provisions, &c., to which the general replied, 'Your wants are numerous; but you have not mentioned the last—you want to go home, and shall be indulged, for you do no good here.' They did not sit down to breakfast till ten o'clock. After breakfast Lee sat writing a reply to General Gates, in which, as usual, he indulged in sarcastic comments on the commander-in-chief. . . . . While Lee was writing, Wilkinson was looking out of a window down a lane, about a hundred yards in length, leading from the house to the main road. Suddenly a party of British dragoons turned a corner of the avenue at a full charge. 'Here, sir, are the British cavalry!' exclaimed Wilkinson. 'Where?' replied Lee, who had just signed his letter. 'Around the house!' for they had opened fire, and surrounded it.

"'Where is the guard? The guard, why don't they fire?'

Then, after a momentary pause, 'Do, sir, see what has become of the guard.'

"The guards, alas! unwary as their general, and chilled by the air of a frosty morning, had stacked their arms, and repaired to the south side of a house on the opposite side of the road, to screen themselves, and were now chased by the dragoons in different directions. In fact, a man who had visited the general the evening before, to complain of the loss of a horse taken by the army, having found where Lee was to lodge and breakfast, had ridden eighteen miles in the night to Brunswick to give the information, and had piloted back Colonel Harcourt with his dragoons.

"The women of the house would fain have concealed Lee in a bed, but he rejected the proposition with disdain. Wilkinson heard a voice declare, 'If the general does not surrender in five minutes, I will set fire to the house.' After a short pause, the threat was repeated with a solemn oath. Within two minutes he heard it proclaimed, 'Here is the general; he has surrendered.'

"There was a shout of triumph; but a great hurry to make sure of the prize before the army should arrive to the rescue. A trumpet sounded the recall to the dragoons, who were chasing the scattered guards. The general, bareheaded, and in his slippers and blanket coat, was mounted on Wilkinson's horse, which stood at the door, and the troop clattered off with their prisoner to Brunswick. In three hours the booming of cannon in that direction told the exultation of the enemy."

Wilkinson rode off with the news to General Sullivan, who was at Pluckamin; and the general on hearing what he had to say, determined to join the commander-in-chief as soon as possible.

Washington meantime remained on the opposite bank of the Delaware, waiting for reinforcements. "It was the darkest hour of America, and to most men it seemed as if all was over. But the faith and firmness of Washington did not falter." He wrote to Congress at this time, earnestly begging for more power with the troops; so many measures were necessary, the time for which was lost by the delay of applying to Congress. "It may be said," he wrote, "that this is an application for powers that are too dangerous to be intrusted. I can only add that desperate diseases require desperate remedies; and I with truth declare that I have no lust after power; that I wish with as much fervency as any man upon this wide extended continent for an opportunity of turning the sword into the ploughshare. But my feelings as an officer and a man have been such as to force me to say that no person ever had a greater choice of difficulties to contend with than I have. It is needless to add that short enlistments, and a mistaken dependence upon militia, have been the origin of all our misfortunes and the great accumulation of our debt. . . . . Can anything (the exigency of the case may indeed justify it) be more destructive to the recruiting service than giving ten dollars bounty for six weeks' service of the militia, who come in you cannot tell how, go you cannot tell when, and act you cannot tell where; consume your provisions, exhaust your stores, and leave you at last at a critical moment. These, sir, are the men I am to depend upon ten days hence; this is the basis on which your cause will and must for ever depend, till you get a large standing army sufficient to oppose the enemy. . . . . If any good officers will offer to raise men upon Continental pay and establishment in this quarter, I shall encourage them to do so, and regiment them when they have

done it. If Congress disapprove of this proceeding, they will please signify it, as I mean it for the best. It may be thought that I am going a good deal out of the line of my duty to adopt these measures or to advise thus freely. A character to lose, an estate to forfeit, the inestimable blessings of liberty at stake, and a life devoted, must be my excuse."

Congress acceded to Washington's wishes, and the army was in a certain measure reinforced. General Sullivan, with Lee's men, joined the commander-in-chief, as did also General Gates, with men from the north, but the number was still small; however, Washington was determined to make a push with it. Lord Cornwallis had gone back to New York, General Howe was also there; a German commander, Colonel Rahl, had charge of the foreign troops in the Jerseys, who were concentrated at Trenton, and were spending their time in ravaging the country around. Washington determined to make a bold attack on them.

It was Christmas-eve. The German troops were asleep in their camp, and did not see or hear anything which could rouse their suspicions; the weather was bitterly cold, ice was floating on the Delaware River, and the wind was blowing keenly. On the water's edge crowds of soldiers were gathered, filling boats as fast as they could, and making their way through the blocks of floating ice to the opposite shore; every movement was silent and cautious. One figure was to be seen anxiously watching the embarkation till the last boat had crossed; the face was careworn and grave, the firm lips were set with a strong purpose, the keen deep-set eyes were scrutinising every action most carefully. But at last the heavy guns were all carried over, and Washington formed his army into two columns, and set out for Trenton at four o'clock on the Christmas morning. By

this time the snow was coming down, driving in the faces of the soldiers as they marched, and freezing as it fell. Two men dropped amongst their comrades, frozen to death. At about eight o'clock the troops came near to the village. A man was chopping wood by the road-side.

"Where is the Hessian picket?" Washington asked, as he rode up to him.

"I don't know," was the surly reply.

"You may tell," said Captain Forest, of the Artillery, "for that is General Washington."

The aspect of the man changed in an instant. Raising his hands to heaven, "God bless and prosper you!" said he. "The picket is in that house, and the sentry stands near that tree."

A few minutes more, and the German cry of "Der feind! der feind! Heraus! heraus!" was resounding everywhere. Washington, with one column of his army, was advancing from one side; General Sullivan, in command of the other, was advancing at the lower end of the town. "The attacks, as concerted, were simultaneous; the outposts were driven in; they retreated, firing from behind houses. The Hessian drums beat to arms; the trumpets of the light horse sounded the alarm; the whole place was in an uproar. Some of the enemy made a wild and undirected fire from the windows of their quarters, others rushed forth in disorder, and attempted to form in the main street; while dragoons, hastily mounted and galloping about, added to the confusion. Washington advanced with his column to the head of King Street, riding beside Captain Forest, of the Artillery. When Forest's battery of six guns was opened, the general kept on the left and advanced with it, giving direction to the fire. His position was an exposed one,

and he was repeatedly entreated to fall back, but all such entreaties were useless.

"Colonel Rahl, when he discovered the peril he was in, was in despair, but appears to have behaved with great bravery. He collected what men he could, and getting them out of the town, led them to an orchard which was near. It was thought by some of them that he would fall back upon the nearest town to Trenton, and endeavour to make a stand; but he could not bear the idea of retreat, and determined to make one desperate effort to retake Trenton. 'All who are my grenadiers, forward,' cried he, and went back like a storm upon the town."

The wild rash effort was made, but he gave his life for it; a musket shot wounded him, and he fell from his horse. His men, dismayed at the loss of their leader, surrendered almost immediately, and Washington was triumphant. It was the first success which he had had for a long time, and it came at a time when some encouragement was sorely needed.

As a large part of the troops had not been able to cross the river on account of the ice, Washington determined not to attempt garrisoning Trenton, but to recross the Delaware with their prisoners and the captured arms and stores. Colonel Rahl was carefully tended at the house of a Quaker; he died almost immediately after the battle of Trenton. Washington visited him just before his death, and gave him a promise, which seemed to be the greatest comfort he could have, that his grenadiers should be treated with kindness.

Colonel Cadwalader and Colonel Reed, who had not been able to effect their landing at the same time as Washington, arrived later on the Trenton side of the Delaware.

Colonel Donop, who was in command of the Hessians at Bordentown, came out to meet them, but no action took place. The Americans bewildered the German troops by several feints ; and at last Cadwalader wrote to Washington, telling him how very possible it seemed to him that by co-operative action the British troops might be completely driven out of the Jerseys. Washington accordingly re-crossed the Delaware with his troops, but the frozen state of the river made it the work of two days to do so. This gave the British time to draw in their scattered cantonments, and assemble their whole force at Princetown.

General Howe, who was at New York, when he heard of the affair at Trenton, stopped Lord Cornwallis, who was just embarking for England, and sent him back with all speed to the Jerseys. Washington had drawn his army up on one side of the little river Assunpink, and on the 2nd of January received notice that Lord Cornwallis with his troops was close at hand. The American outposts were driven back across the Assunpink, but when towards sunset Lord Cornwallis himself arrived on the banks of that stream and tried to cross, he was repulsed several times. Washington was stationed near the bridge, on a white horse, cheering on his men and directing them. At last the English troops gave up their attack for the night, and lighted their fires. The Americans pulled up the fences in the fields around, and also lighted fires. Lord Cornwallis was advised to go on fighting, and at any rate to capture Washington while he had the chance ; but he said it was not worth while. He pointed out the desperate situation of the Americans ; hemmed in on a narrow piece of land, with the Delaware River behind them, impassable for hurrying troops, because of the floating ice, and the strong English force before them.

It would be easy enough work for the next day; they would "bag the fox in the morning," when the tired troops had had a good night's rest.

It was an anxious hour for Washington. The situation was desperate; as he watched the camp-fires burning on either side of the narrow stream which formed such a slight barrier between the hostile troops, it seemed well-nigh hopeless. What remained for to-morrow but a wholesale slaughter of his army, the capture or death of himself, the loss of America's independence?

Then came a flash of genius—one of those inspirations which come in the darkest hours of need. A short space of earnest thought on his own part, a council of officers called, and it was decided that by a circuitous road the troops should set out in the direction of Princetown that night. Washington felt sure, from the strength of the forces with Cornwallis, that not many could be left at Princetown, and a bold push for that place might save them.

The British troops slept. The last things they saw were the American camp-fires burning brightly, and by their light they could see the figures of the guard and sentries standing near the bridges and fords; the last thing they heard was the sound of the American hammers working at the defences for the next day's encounter: but the baggage and the main part of the army were already "stealing with Quaker-like silence over what was called the Quaker Road." When the morning came, guards and sentries were gone, the camp-fires were smouldering out, the sound of the stream was all that was to be heard, and the Americans were miles away.

Washington found more troops than he had expected in the neighbourhood of Princetown. The 17th, under Colonel Mawhood, cut its way through the American ranks, and

joined Lord Cornwallis; the 40th and 55th were repulsed by Washington, and driven back upon Brunswick, leaving 100 dead and 300 prisoners. Washington was in the thickest of the fight, making his men very fearful for his safety by his boldness. An officer wrote of him a few days after, "Our army love their general very much, but they have one thing against him, which is the little care he takes of himself in action."

He did not go to Princetown, as he intended, but fell back first on Pluckamin, and then on Morristown. "This position among the hills was not easy of access, yet well provided with supplies. Thence sending out detachments, he overran and reduced nearly the whole of the Jerseys."

Thus for the time Philadelphia was saved, and the Jerseys, which had shown a tendency to join the Royalist cause, and to receive the British in their province with friendliness, now joined the conquering side. All through the country red rags had been tied on the doors as a sign of attachment to the Royalist cause. When the American troops passed along the roads they found the inhabitants busily engaged in pulling off the red rags, and were received with enthusiasm and kindness. Of all his Jersey possessions, Sir William now only preserved Amboy and Brunswick; but he did not seem to mind this, and rested on his arms at New York for several months. This brought the first campaign to an end.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE two armies were at rest during the winter. General Howe occupied quarters at New York; Washington remained at Morristown. A few skirmishes were all that occurred. But the late successes of the commander had renewed the confidence of Congress, and they gave him larger powers than he had had before. A vote was passed, December 27, 1776, to the effect that Congress "having maturely considered the present crisis, and having perfect reliance on the wisdom, vigour, and uprightness of General Washington, do hereby resolve—

"That General Washington shall be, and he is hereby vested with full, ample, and complete powers to raise and collect together, in the most speedy and effectual manner, from any or all of the United States, sixteen battalions of infantry, in addition to those already voted by Congress," &c.

In this work Washington was steadily engaged through the long months of winter. He had many applications from foreigners for employment in the cause of American independence; amongst others, a Pole of high birth, Thaddeus Kosciusko, came to the general. He had left his own country in deep grief, and had brought a letter of introduction from Dr. Franklin to Washington.

"What do you seek here?" said the commander-in-chief.

"To fight for American independence."

"What can you do?"

"Try me."

Washington made him his aide-de-camp, and he was afterwards raised to the rank of colonel in the Engineers, and did much valuable service for America. The Marquis de La Fayette was another who joined the American cause. His name became as well known throughout the United States as it was afterwards in the history of the French Revolution. Hearing by chance, at a dinner-party in Metz, an English duke speaking of the American "revolt" and the Declaration of Independence, the thought came into his mind that he would go out to the States and offer himself to Washington's army, which he considered was proving devotion to a just and noble cause. He left his young wife, to whom he had only just been married, and sailing at once for America, made application to Congress for employment, saying in his note, "After my sacrifices, I have the right to ask favours: one is, to serve at my own expense; the other, to commence by serving as a volunteer." Congress gave him the rank of major-general in the army of the United States.

Washington met him at a public dinner in Philadelphia, and seems to have been much struck with the young marquis, who was then only twenty years of age, and had shown such a strong zeal for the cause of independence. A warm friendship commenced between them, which continued throughout their lives; but many in the American army were jealous of the rank which was conferred on the young Frenchman, and the preference which the commander-in-chief showed for him.

Meanwhile in England a variety of opinions were held as to the war. On May 30, 1777, Lord Chatham came from his sick room, "still swathed in flannels," to move an address to the Crown, lamenting the unnatural war against

the British colonies in America, and beseeching "his Majesty to take the most speedy measures for arresting it, upon the only just and solid foundation, namely, the removal of accumulated grievances." "You cannot conquer the Americans!" he cried. "You talk of your powerful forces to disperse their army; why" (and here he raised and showed the support to his gouty limbs) "I might as well talk of driving them before me with this crutch. . . . You have ransacked every corner of Lower Saxony; but 40,000 German boors can never conquer ten times the number of British freemen. They may ravage—they cannot conquer. . . . You have been three years teaching them the art of war, and they are apt scholars. What you have sent are too many to make peace, too few to make war. If you did conquer them, what then? You cannot make them respect you. . . . You have said to America, 'Lay down your arms;' and she has given you the Spartan answer, 'Come and take them.' . . . My proposal," he went on, "is specific—the redress of all their grievances, and the right to dispose of their own money. This is to be done instantaneously. I will get out of my bed to move it on Monday." He then proceeded to show how inexpedient it would be on the part of England to allow a treaty of alliance to be signed between America and France, without an effort at reconciliation. "We are the aggressors," he said. "We have invaded them. We have invaded them as much as the Spanish Armada invaded England. Mercy cannot do harm; it will seat the king where he ought to be—throned in the hearts of his people."

Perhaps that eloquence came too late; certainly it was exerted in vain.

Washington, during the spring, had received large rein-

forcements, but he was not able to keep such a strong part of his forces by his own side, as the British planned an attack on the United States to be made from Canada, and it was therefore necessary to reinforce the army in that part to a considerable extent.

In May he moved his men, about 8,000 strong, from Morristown to Middlebrook. Sir William Howe came to Brunswick in June. Washington did not know what his next move would be; but Morristown was strongly fortified, and intercepted the progress of the British to Philadelphia. Suddenly Sir William seemed to change his plans. He gave up the intention of reaching Philadelphia by land, but determined to do so by sea. He sailed up the Chesapeake River, and landed his troops at the Head of Elk. Washington, meanwhile, having heard of the appearance of the fleet at the Capes of Delaware, marched his troops from Morristown to Germantown, six miles distant from Philadelphia, making them pass through the streets of that city on their way. "Great pains were taken to make the display as imposing as possible. All were charged to keep to their ranks, carry their arms well, and step in time to the music of the drums and fifes collected in the centre of each brigade. . . . To give them something of a uniform appearance, they had sprigs of green in their hats." Washington rode at the head of the troops, with the Marquis La Fayette by his side.

They passed on to Wilmington, where the two creeks of Christiana and Brandywine join. Sir William Howe's army was not far from the spot; he had hoped by this scheme to draw off Washington's troops to the south, to leave the northern part unprotected, and give General Burgoyne, who was in command of the American expedition, an easy victory, and also to gain one himself. Washington deter-

mined to attempt a general action in defence of Philadelphia; his army was drawn up along the eastern side of the Brandywine at daybreak on the 11th of September. "Sir William Howe had formed his troops in two divisions—the one under General Knyphausen, to advance and stand firm in front (of the stream); the other, under Earl Cornwallis, to pass round by the forks of the Brandywine (a distance of seventeen miles), and take the enemy in flank. The latter march, though long and toilsome, was executed by Cornwallis ably and successfully; towards four in the afternoon he charged the American right and rear, while at the same time, at the sound of the firing, their front was assailed by Knyphausen. Under these circumstances, the discomfiture of the Americans was complete; they retreated in great confusion, and by different routes, leaving the British masters of the field." This is Washington's own account, written at midnight, from Chester, whither he had retreated when the battle was over:—

"To the President of Congress.

"Sir,—I am sorry to inform you that in this day's engagement we have been obliged to leave the enemy masters of the field. Unfortunately, the intelligence received of the enemy's advancing up the Brandywine, and crossing at a ford about six miles above us, was uncertain and contradictory, notwithstanding all my pains to get the best. This prevented me from making a disposition adequate to the force with which the enemy attacked us on our right; in consequence of which, the troops first engaged were obliged to retire before they could be reinforced. In the midst of the attack on the right, that body of the enemy which remained on the other side of Chad's Ford, crossed it, and attacked the division there under the command of General Wayne, and the light troops under General Maxwell, who, upon a severe conflict, also retired. The militia, under the command of General Armstrong, being posted at a ford two miles below Chad's, had no opportunity of engaging.

"But though we fought under many disadvantages, and were, from

the causes above mentioned, obliged to retire, yet our loss of men is not, I am persuaded, very considerable—I believe much less than the enemy's. We have lost seven or eight pieces of cannon, according to the best information I can at present obtain. The baggage, having been previously moved off, is all secure, saving the men's blankets, which being at their backs, many of them doubtless are lost. I have directed all the troops to assemble behind Chester, where they are now arranging for this night. Notwithstanding the misfortune of the day, I am happy to find the troops in good spirits, and I hope another time we shall compensate for the losses now sustained. The Marquis de La Fayette was wounded in the leg, and General Woodford in the hand; divers other officers were wounded, and some slain; but the numbers of either cannot now be ascertained. I have the honour to be, &c.

"P.S.—It has not been in my power to send you earlier intelligence, the present being the first leisure moment I have had since the action."

Directly after the defeat at Brandywine, Congress retired from Philadelphia, reassembling at Lancaster, and afterwards moving to Yorktown. Philadelphia had fallen into the hands of the British, in spite of an earnest effort on Washington's part to rally his troops and save it. This object was chiefly frustrated by the want of shoes amongst his men. In his letter to Congress he says, "The strongest reason against being able to make a forced march is the want of shoes. . . . At least a thousand men are barefooted, and have performed the marches in that condition. . . . . If there are any shoes or blankets to be had in Lancaster, or that part of the country, I earnestly entreat you to have them taken up for the use of the army." Another reason which Washington gave for his want of success was, that he was in a part of the country where the people were so much attached to the royal cause that he could obtain no tidings of the movements of the enemy. "Under such circumstances, the British general found himself enabled to cross one of the lower fords without opposition, and to throw

himself between Washington and Philadelphia. On the morning of September 26th, the vanguard, headed by Earl Cornwallis, took peaceable possession of the latter city, their band of music playing as they entered 'God Save the King.'" General Howe then encamped his troops at Germantown.

Washington determined to make a "sudden blow, and endeavour to recover Philadelphia. Marching all night in several columns, his troops appeared before Germantown at sunrise on October 4th. On they came, with their bayonets fixed. The British, taken by surprise, were thrown into great disorder, which the Americans hoped to improve to a complete victory; but, as it chanced, the fog was so thick—and it grew thicker from the firing—as to cause confusion and uncertainty among themselves. Several of their regiments mistook one another for British; they were seized with panic, and fled with precipitation, leaving their opponents masters of the field and victors of the day."

Washington, in writing of it to his brother, said, "Many valuable officers of ours were wounded, and some killed. In a word, it was a bloody day. Would to Heaven I could add that it had been a more fortunate one for us!"

Speaking of Washington's conduct amidst the perplexities of this confused battle, General Sullivan writes: "I saw with great concern our brave commander-in-chief exposing himself to the hottest fire of the enemy, in such a manner, that regard for my country obliged me to ride to him and beg him to retire. He, to gratify me and some others, withdrew to a small distance, but his anxiety for the fate of the day soon brought him up again, where he remained till our troops had retreated."

When the American Commissioners were afterwards in

Paris, discussing a treaty of alliance, a French officer said, "Your troops behaved well on several occasions; but nothing has struck me so much as that General Washington should have attacked and given battle to General Howe. To bring an army raised within a year to this, promises everything."

After the battle of Germantown, Washington took his troops to White Marsh, where they occupied a strong position, within fourteen miles of Philadelphia. General Howe, from the land, and Admiral Howe, from the water, then attacked the American forts on the Delaware. Fort Mercer was bravely defended by General Greene; and Colonel Donop (who had commanded the Hessians both on Long Island and on the banks of the Delaware, near Trenton) received his death wound. "This is finishing a noble career early," he said, sadly, when he found his death approaching. "I die the victim of my own ambition, and of the avarice of my sovereign."

The Delaware forts were, however, at last reduced by the British, and they opened the communication between that river and Philadelphia, from which Washington had been so anxious to cut them off.

In December Howe gathered all his forces, and tried to draw Washington out from White Marsh: but Washington would not be drawn from his strong position, which he was prepared to defend if attacked; and, after a few skirmishes, General Howe gave up the attempt, and sought his winter quarters in Philadelphia. The condition of Washington's army by this time was most destitute; the cold weather had set in severely, but many of the men had no blankets, and they tracked their way in blood on the freshly-fallen snow, as they marched over it with their shoeless feet.

The place which Washington had chosen for his winter

quarters was called Valley Forge, on the west side of the river Schuylkill, about twenty miles from Philadelphia, in Chester county. It was a piece of wooded country; and when the troops arrived there, they had to cut down trees, clear the ground, and build their own huts. It was a dreary encampment, but Washington's own brave endurance set a noble example to his men. He laid their case as strongly as he could before Congress, and urged them for supplies. Mutiny was threatened amongst some of the troops, who had been for days without any meat; and Washington wrote to the President, "Unless more vigorous exertions and better regulations take place in that line immediately, the army must dissolve. . . . Had a body of the enemy crossed the Schuylkill this morning, as I had reason to expect, the divisions which I ordered to march and meet them could not have moved."

Just at this time a complaint was made to Congress by the Council of Pennsylvania against Washington, for seeking winter quarters, instead of keeping on hostilities and remaining in open field. This caused the fierce temper, which was more quickly roused for the wrongs of others than for his own, to blaze out in an angry letter to Congress.

Of the commissariat he wrote: "Though I have been tender heretofore in giving any opinion, or lodging any complaints . . . yet, finding that the inactivity of the army, whether for want of provisions, clothes, or other essentials, is charged to my account, not only by the common vulgar, but by those in power, it is time to speak plain in exculpation of myself. With truth, then, I can declare that no man, in my opinion, ever had his measures more impeded than I have by every department of the army. . . . As a proof of the little benefit derived from a clothier-general, and as a

further proof of the inability of the army under the circumstances of this to perform the common duties of soldiers (besides a number of men confined to hospital for want of shoes, and others in farmers' houses on the same account), we have, by a field return this day made, no less than two thousand eight hundred and ninety-eight men now in camp unfit for duty, because they are barefoot or otherwise naked. . . . For want of blankets, numbers have been obliged, and still are, to sit up all night, instead of taking comfortable rest in a natural and common way. We find gentlemen, without knowing whether the army was really going into winter quarters or not . . . reprobating the measure as much as if they thought soldiers were made of stocks or stones, and equally insensible of frost and snow. . . . I can assure those gentlemen that it is a much easier and less distressing thing to draw remonstrances in a comfortable room, by a good fireside, than to occupy a cold, bleak hill, and sleep under frost and snow, without clothes or blankets. However, although they seem to have little feeling for the naked and distressed soldiers, I feel superabundantly for them, and from my soul I pity those miseries which it is neither in my power to relieve or prevent. . . . There is as much to be done in preparing for a campaign as in the active part of it. Everything depends upon the preparation that is made in the several departments, and the success or misfortunes of the next campaign will more than probably originate with our activity or supineness during this winter."

CHAPTER XV.

It will be well now to glance at the state of affairs in the North, though, as Washington was not personally concerned in that campaign, a detailed account of it is not necessary to the story of his life. As has been said before, part of the plan of the British campaign of this year was an attack to be made on the Northern States from Canada. The command of this enterprise was given to General Burgoyne, who set out for Ticonderoga from Crown Point at the end of June. His general orders were: "The army embarks to-morrow to approach the enemy. The services required of this particular expedition are critical and conspicuous. During our progress, occasions may occur in which nor difficulty, nor labour, nor life are to be regarded. This army must not retreat."

The army was 7,000 strong, partly composed of Germans, and with them several hundreds of Indians. The Germans were commanded by General Riedesel, but General Burgoyne was the chief commander. "There was an excellent train of brass artillery provided." Sir Henry Clinton, in charge of the regiments at New York, was to bring aid to General Burgoyne, and co-operate with him if necessary.

The Americans drew off from Ticonderoga as the English army approached; but though some of them were able to join General Schuyler, a good many "were routed and cut to pieces in skirmishes at Huberton and Fort Anne."

General Burgoyne then set out for Fort Edward; but the route he took was very difficult, and had been made more so by the Americans, who had cut down large trees, and left them lying across the road. The English troops had to make forty bridges in the course of their march. When they reached Fort Edward, they found that this also had been deserted by the Americans, who had gone lower down the Hudson. General Burgoyne then secured the communications by Lake George, that he might receive supplies from Canada. At Fort Edward he made a bridge of rafts over the Hudson, and sent over a division of his army, under General Frazer, to take position on the heights of Saratoga. Another detachment of mixed troops, German, English, Indian, and Canadian, he sent to Bennington, under Colonel Baum, to seize some supplies which he heard the Americans had at that place. This expedition was completely frustrated, and the British defeated, by Colonel Stark; the loss of the Americans was small, and their gain in "hope and self-reliance" very considerable. The British lost 200 killed, and 700 prisoners.

Congress, meanwhile, had thought to give a more effectual leader to the northern army than the brave General Schuyler in the person of General Gates, whom they sent to supersede Schuyler.

"General Schuyler received him with the noble courtesy to which he had pledged himself;" told him what he had done, what he had meant to do; said that he had signified to Congress his intention of remaining with the army, and rendering what help he could; and begged that General Gates would call on him at any time for any advice he could give him. Gates seems to have treated him with a very small amount of deference. He had arrived in great spirits, and

meant to hold for himself the credit of any victory that might be gained.

General Burgoyne had not been prepared for the way in which the inhabitants of the country, in the midst of which he found himself with his army, would rise to arms; it prevented his gaining any definite idea of the strength of his enemy. "Many a hardy yeoman, hearing of the Britishers' advance, waited for no further summons; he took down his gun from the wall, he drew forth his horse from the stable, and rode off at once to the scene of danger." At last Burgoyne crossed the Hudson, with all his troops, to Saratoga. General Gates, with the Americans, had taken up his position in front of Stillwater, in an encampment which had been planned by the Pole, Kosciusko, under a low range of hills called Behmus's Heights. On the 19th of September there was a partially successful attack made by the British though bravely withstood by General Arnold. On the 7th of October another attack was made; and, owing to the spirited conduct of General Arnold, who, without any special command, and in spite of a jealous desire by General Gates to keep him back from action, led on the troops, the Americans gained a victory. General Frazer was mortally wounded; and so great was the advantage gained by the Americans, that General Burgoyne was forced to retreat to Saratoga. Here he was surrounded by the American army; his further retreat was quite cut off, and all communication with Sir Henry Clinton's division became impossible. His men, having marched through drenching rain, were completely worn out, and nothing was left but to capitulate. He called a council of war, and decided upon doing this. General Gates proposed that all the British soldiers should become prisoners of war. This Burgoyne indignantly refused;

and at last the terms decided upon were, that "the British troops were to march out of the camp with artillery, and all the honours of war, to a fixed place, where they were to pile their arms at a word of command from their own officers. They were to be allowed a free passage to Europe, on condition of not serving again in the present war. The army was not to be separated, especially the men from the officers. Roll-calling and other regular duties were to be permitted; the officers were to be on parole, and wear their side-arms. All private property to be sacred; no baggage to be searched or molested."

A vivid account of this time has been given by the Baroness de Riedesel, who was with her husband during the campaign, having two or three young children also with her. An Englishwoman, Lady Harriet Acland, had accompanied them, and hearing her husband was wounded, and a prisoner in the hands of the Americans, she set out with a letter of recommendation to General Gates from General Burgoyne, to search for him and nurse him. She was received with kindness and respect by General Gates.

Baroness Riedesel, meanwhile, had remained with the British troops. She had gone through the long wet march with them, sleeping upon straw with her little children. At Saratoga she had to shelter herself and her children in a cellar for six days. When the capitulation was signed she was sent for by her husband, and joined him in the American camp. "Nobody," she says, "treated us with disrespect, but, on the contrary, greeted us, and seemed touched at the sight of a captive mother with her children. . . . . When I drew near the tents, a good-looking man advanced towards me, and helping the children from the calash, kissed and caressed them. He then offered me his arm, and tears

trembled in his eyes. 'You tremble,' said he; 'do not be alarmed, I pray you.'

"'Sir,' cried I, 'a countenance so expressive of benevolence, and the kindness you have evinced towards my children, are sufficient to dispel all misapprehensions.' He then ushered me into the tent of General Gates, whom I found engaged in friendly conversation with General Burgoyne. . . . . All the generals remained to dine with General Gates. The gentleman who had received me with so much kindness came and said to me, 'You may find it embarrassing to be the only lady in such a large company of gentlemen; will you come with your children to my tent, and partake of a frugal dinner, offered with the best will?'

"'By the kindness you show to me,' returned I, 'you induce me to believe that you have a wife and children.' He informed me that he was General Schuyler. He regaled me with smoked tongues, which were excellent, with beefsteaks, potatoes, fresh butter, and bread. Never did a dinner give more pleasure than this. . . . . That my husband was out of danger was still a greater joy. After dinner, General Schuyler begged me to pay him a visit at his house in Albany, where he expected General Burgoyne would also be his guest."

The capitulation of Burgoyne was signed and executed on October 17th. Soon afterwards the British evacuated the forts Ticonderoga and Independence. The vessels of war that had been going up the Hudson by direction of Sir Henry Clinton, on hearing the news, retreated to New York. The success of the American arms was attributed to General Gates, but seems more rightly to belong to the officers who served with him, and who acted with so much spirit on their own responsibility. General enthusiasm, however, was

awakened for Gates, and he became the idol of the army, and almost of the nation for the time.

Washington, meanwhile, was being harassed by public inefficiency, and by private treachery. He had sent some of his best troops to aid Gates, saying, "If the cause is advanced, indifferent is it to me where or in what quarter it happens."

While adulation and fame were being heaped on Gates for his success, Washington was enduring failure at Valley Forge—pleading for supplies for his forlorn troops, bearing with them the privations which they had to bear, and silently suffering, as only a man of his nature could suffer, from the scarcely-concealed taunts and ill-feeling of some of those around him.

He became aware that a plot was being made amongst his officers—and had even obtained great ascendancy in Congress—to get the command taken from him, and given to the successful Gates. This plot was called the Conway Cabal. General Conway was an Irishman, who had taken service under Washington, and was jealous of the military rank bestowed on some of the foreigners who had joined the American army.

When the cabal came to Washington's knowledge (though he had already suspected it from the disrespect shown to him by General Gates, who made no official communications to him as commander-in-chief, but sent them direct to Congress), he contented himself by writing the following note to General Conway :—

"9th November, 1777.

"SIR,—A letter which I received last night contained the following paragraph : In a letter from General Conway to General Gates, he says, 'Heaven has been determined to save your country, or a weak general and bad counsellors would have ruined it.'

"I am, Sir, your humble servant,

"GEORGE WASHINGTON."

This letter produced a general explosion. The result was the ultimate failure of the intrigue in the army, and of the party in Congress which had favoured it. Conway resigned his commission; and when, several months afterwards, wounded in a duel, and supposing himself to be dying, he wrote to Washington thus:—

"SIR,—I find myself just able to hold the pen during a few minutes, and take this opportunity of expressing my sincere grief for having done, written, or said anything disagreeable to your Excellency. My career will soon be over, therefore justice and truth prompt me to declare my last sentiments. You are, in my eyes, the great and good man. May you long enjoy the love, veneration, and esteem of these States, whose liberties you have asserted by your virtues.

"I am, with the greatest respect, yours,

"THOMAS CONWAY."

But meanwhile Washington had much to bear. His prudence in not exposing the national cause to entire defeat, or risking the lives of his men by opposing them to forces which he knew must conquer them, was contrasted unfavourably with the energy and dash of the northern army; and an expedition was planned by Gates for an attack on Montreal, without consulting him at all. The first news he received of it was from his friend La Fayette. Being offered the command, La Fayette was inclined to refuse it indignantly. This Washington would not allow him to do, but made him go back to York Town to receive his instructions from Gates.

At dinner with Gates, "La Fayette 'showed his flag.' Towards the end of the meal, when many toasts had been given, the young marquis said that one had been omitted which he wished to propose. Glasses were filled, and he gave, 'The Commander-in-Chief of the American armies;' but the toast was received without cheering."

La Fayette accepted the command, but considered himself under the immediate orders of Washington. He did not expect great results from the expedition. Writing to his friend and chief, he said, "I go on very slowly; some times drenched by rain, sometimes covered with snow, and not entertaining many handsome thoughts about the projected incursion into Canada. Lake Champlain is too cold for producing the least bit of laurel; and if I am not starved, I shall be as proud as if I had gained three battles."

Neither Washington nor he was much surprised that the expedition failed, and that La Fayette was recalled to Valley Forge.

Mrs. Washington arrived at her husband's headquarters in February. It is clear that Washington was not in comparatively greater comfort there than his suffering troops, from a letter which she wrote to one of her friends, in which she says, "The general's apartment is very small. He has had a log cabin built to dine in, which has made our quarters much more tolerable than they were at first."

So the long winter went by; and, meanwhile, the news of Burgoyne's defeat had spread consternation in England, and had led her enemy France, to acknowledge the independence of the States, and enter into an alliance with the Americans. "In May two treaties were brought over to Congress, signed in Paris by M. Girard, on the part of France, and by Silas Deane, Benjamin Franklin, and Arthur Lee, on the part of the United States. One was of amity and commerce, the other of defensive alliance."

The 6th of May was set apart as a fête day in the Valley Forge camp. There were thanksgivings read, guns fired, and shouts of "Long live the King of France!" "Long live the friendly European powers!" "Hurrah for the American

States!" A great public dinner followed, at which Washington presided; and at five o'clock, when he retired with his staff, there were such enthusiastic shouts of "Long live General Washington!" that it was shown, though he "might have jealous rivals in the army, and bitter enemies in Congress, the soldiers loved him, and the large heart of the nation beat true to him."

Soon after this event, Sir William Howe was recalled from the command which he had held, and Sir Henry Clinton was put in his place. England about this time sent out commissioners to negotiate terms of peace with America; but though in each attempt increasing concessions were made, they did not keep pace with the increasing demands of America, and the commission failed.

Lord Carlisle, one of the commissioners, in writing home on the subject, said, "I enclose you our manifesto, which you will never read. 'Tis a sort of dying speech of the commission. . . . . Everything is upon a great scale upon this continent. The rivers are immense, the climate violent in heat and cold, the prospects magnificent, the thunder and lightning tremendous. The disorders incident to the country make every constitution tremble. We have nothing on a great scale with us but our blunders, our misconduct, our ruin, our losses, our disgraces, and misfortunes."

Orders were given for the British to evacuate Philadelphia. Sir Henry Clinton was there with the effective part of his troops. Their heavy baggage had been already shipped for New York. Washington watched his movements narrowly, and prepared his army for action. For some time he had been having them instructed in military tactics and manœuvring, by a foreigner named Baron Steuben, and

they had become a much more disciplined and well-regulated army than formerly.

An exchange of prisoners had been effected, by which General Lee had been brought back, and also Colonel Ethan Allen. Allen retired to his home; but Lee remained with the troops, setting up his opinion as before against that of the commander-in-chief, and "resuming his old habit of cynical supervision."

When Washington expressed an opinion that the enemy was about to cross the Jerseys from Philadelphia, Lee took a contrary one; however, doubts were set at rest by the troops under Sir Henry Clinton crossing by night the Delaware River, just where the Schuylkill joins it, and landing on the Jersey shore.

Washington immediately sent General Arnold, who had been wounded, and was therefore unfit for active service, to take possession of Philadelphia, and moved his men from Valley Forge to Coryell's Ferry, on the Delaware.

The British then came on to Mount Holly, and afterwards pressed towards Brunswick; but finding Washington's troops were before him in that way, Sir Henry Clinton turned round again to embark at Sandy Hook, on the sea-coast, where the Raritan falls into the sea. Washington brought up his men to within a few miles of the enemy, and watched their movements. The troops were drawn up near Monmouth Court House, and a pitched battle followed, under the blazing heat of a midsummer sun, which was so intense that several men on both sides dropped dead without a wound. Washington had put General Lee in a position of trust, to lead the advance of the army. This is the account the commander gives of the way, in which Lee, who trusted so much in his own ability, kept that charge:—

"General Lee, having the command of the van of the army, consisting of full 5,000 chosen men, was ordered to begin the attack next morning, so soon as the enemy began their march, to be supported by me; but, strange to tell! when he came up with the enemy, a retreat commenced—whether by his order or from other causes is now a matter of inquiry. A retreat, however, was the fact, be the causes what they may; and the disorder arising from it would have been fatal to the army, had not that bountiful Providence, which has never failed us in the hour of distress, enabled me to form a regiment or two, of those that were retreating, in the face of the enemy, and under their fire; by which means a stand was made long enough—the place through which the enemy was pursuing being narrow—to form the troops that were advancing upon an advantageous piece of ground in the rear. Here our affairs took a favourable turn, and from being pursued, we drove the enemy back over the ground they had followed, and recovered the field of battle. . . . In the morning we expected to renew the action; when, behold, the enemy had stolen off silently in the night, after having sent away their wounded."

This was a very mild account of what had happened. When Washington met Lee in full retreat, the fierce temper, which he generally kept down with such a strong hand, had mastered him, and he had spoken to him in great anger. Lee's answers were short and disrespectful. That night, as Washington rested under a tree with La Fayette, he discussed what this conduct of the general's could mean. The next day Lee was put under arrest, and a court-martial sat upon him; the sequel to which was, that Lee was found guilty on three charges: 1st, disobedience of orders,

in not attacking the enemy on the 28th of June, agreeably to repeated instructions; 2nd, misbehaviour before the enemy on the same day, by making an unnecessary, disorderly, and shameful retreat; 3rd, disrespect to the commander-in-chief, in two letters, dated the 1st of July and 28th of June. He was suspended from service for a year, but quitted the army instantly, and spent a great part of his remaining days in abusing Washington.

Sir Henry Clinton had this time stolen a march on Washington, who knew it was impossible to overtake him. He therefore spared his troops any further pursuit in the intense heat; and Sir Henry Clinton made his way to Sandy Hook, at which place Admiral Howe's ships were waiting, and took them off to New York, where the British army "encamped in three divisions on Staten Island, Long Island, and the island of New York."

The next news which reached Washington was that a French fleet had come to his assistance, under the command of Count d'Estaing, who wrote to him as soon as he had anchored at the mouth of the Delaware: "I have the honour of imparting to your Excellency, the arrival of the king's fleet, charged by his Majesty with the glorious task of giving to his allies, the United States of America, the most striking proofs of his affection. Nothing will be wanting to my happiness, if I succeed in it. It is augmented by the consideration of concerting my operations with a general such as your Excellency; the talents and great actions of General Washington have ensured him, in the eyes of all Europe, the title truly sublime of 'Deliverer of America.'"

These fair words were not worth very much. An attack which the new allies undertook against Rhode Island came to nothing. A sea-fight with Lord Howe was prevented by a

violent storm, and D'Estaing said that his ships were so much injured, he must go to Boston to refit, which gave great offence to the Americans; and in November the count sailed for the West Indies, to pursue exclusively French objects, so that the aid which had been so much rejoiced over and counted upon was a mere name.

La Fayette at this period went back to France, and used whatever influence he possessed on behalf of his American friends at the French Court. Meanwhile the British army at New York had been so much reduced, that any operations on a large scale were impossible. A large number of men had been ordered to the West Indies, to Halifax, and to Bermuda; and Sir Henry Clinton, save for a few skirmishes, remained passive with the rest.

Washington's headquarters during the winter and spring had been at Middletown, and as the summer drew on he went to West Point. He seems to have been going through his usual difficulties about the supplies for his army, and the insufficient pay of his officers. A bold attack made by General Wayne—commonly known as Mad Anthony—on Stony Point (a fort which had been taken by the British), in which he made 500 English prisoners, raised the spirits of the commander. At Paulus Hook, also, some success was gained; and Washington thought the prospects of his army looked brighter, when he took up his summer quarters at West Point. How much his spirits had risen is shown by a letter of invitation which he wrote at this time to Doctor Cochrane, the surgeon-general to the army:—

"DEAR DOCTOR,—I have asked Mrs. Cochrane and Mrs. Livingstone to dine with me to-morrow; but am I not in honour bound to apprise them of their fate? As I hate deception, even when the imagination only is concerned, I will. . . . . Since our arrival at

this happy spot, we have had a ham, sometimes a shoulder of bacon, to grace the head of the table; a piece of roast beef adorns the foot, and a dish of beans or greens, almost imperceptible, decorates the centre. When the cook has a mind to cut a figure, which I presume will be the case to-morrow, we have two beefsteak pies, or dishes of crabs, in addition, one on each side of the centre dish, dividing the space and reducing the distance between dish and dish to about six feet, which without them would be twelve feet apart. Of late he has had the surprising sagacity to discover that apples will make pies; and it is a question if, in the violence of his efforts, we do not get one of apples instead of having both of beefsteaks. If the ladies can put up with such entertainment, and will partake of it on plates once tin, but now iron (not become so by the labour of scouring), I shall be happy to see them."

Having to receive the French Minister soon afterwards, Washington wrote, "It was not my intention to depart from that plain and simple manner of living which accords with the real interest and policy of men struggling under every difficulty for the attainment of the most inestimable blessing of life—*liberty*."

When the French fleet went away, Washington felt that it was open to Sir Henry Clinton to carry his army by sea into the Southern States. He therefore despatched troops to Charleston in November and December; and on the 26th of that month Sir Henry Clinton, with Lord Cornwallis, also embarked troops for Charleston, leaving the garrison of New York under the charge of Lieutenant-General Knyphausen.

Washington took up his headquarters for the winter at Morristown; and dreary and hard as the winter at Valley Forge had been, it did not seem so hard as this. It was specially severe weather, and food and clothing were very scarce. "The army was on half-allowance for weeks; some-

times without meat, sometimes without bread, sometimes without both." On January 8th Washington wrote, "For a fortnight past the troops, both officers and men, have been almost perishing with want. Yet," he adds, feelingly, "they have borne their sufferings with a patience that merits the approbation, and ought to excite the sympathies, of their countrymen."

What the people of Jersey could do for the soldiers, they did willingly and kindly. "Provisions came in with hearty good-will from the farmers in Mendham, Watham, Hanover, and other rural places, together with stockings, shoes, coats, and blankets; while the women met together to knit and sew for the soldiery." One farmer's wife is specially mentioned for her patriotism in this respect—"a Mrs. Anne Kitchel, who, from her potato-bin, granary, and meal-bag, had always some comfort for the patriot soldiers. When unable to billet them in her house, a large kettle, filled with meat and vegetables, was hung over the fire, that they might not go away hungry."

CHAPTER XVI.

"The coldest winter that had ever been known" in that region seemed to paralyse and freeze the energies of the United States army. Some of the rivers were frozen so firmly that the heaviest artillery could pass over the ice. The utmost efforts seemed to be necessary only to keep the soldiers from starving. General Greene, writing at this time, said, "The army has not four days' provisions of meat in the world. . . . . The great man is confounded at his situation, but appears to be silent and reserved."

Hard as defeat and failure had been to Washington, they were not so hard to bear as the sight of his suffering troops; and matters seemed almost to have come to the worst with him at this time. But in April, 1780, he received the following letter from the Marquis de La Fayette, who had just entered Boston harbour:—

"April 27, 1780.

"Here I am, my dear general, and, in the midst of the joy I feel in finding myself again one of your loving soldiers, I take but the time to tell you that I came from France on board a frigate which the king gave me for my passage. I have affairs of the utmost importance, which I should at first communicate to you alone. In case my letter finds you anywhere this side of Philadelphia, I beg you will wait for me, and do assure you a great public good may be derived from it. To-morrow we go up to the town, and the day after I shall set off, in my usual way, to join my beloved and respected friend and general.

"Adieu, my dear general. You will easily know the hand of your young soldier."

Washington answered him with a glad heart: "I most

sincerely congratulate you on your safe arrival in America, and shall embrace you with all the warmth of an affectionate friend when you come to headquarters, where a bed is prepared for you."

The news that La Fayette brought was, that a French fleet had sailed for America in April, conveying a body of troops, under the Count de Rochambeau, to co-operate with the American army, and to be entirely under the command of Washington. This was cheering news for the general, who, in addition to all the hardships of the winter, was full of anxiety about the state of affairs in the South.

Sir Henry Clinton's troops, which sailed from New York at Christmas, had a stormy passage, were seven weeks at sea, lost nearly all their cavalry horses, but at last—in the middle of February—arrived before Charleston, in South Carolina, and commenced its siege. The army which Washington had despatched thither under General Lincoln had made good use of the delay, to prepare defences, but the English were too strong for them. An inland force, which was being gathered for their relief, was cut off by Colonel Tarleton, with a body of English cavalry, at Monk's Corner; and "having thus provided against the chances of relief, Sir Henry Clinton pushed the siege of Charleston with vigour and success. At last, on the 11th of May, the Americans declared themselves willing to accept the terms of capitulation which they had formerly refused. The articles were signed next day, and the English took possession of the town. The Americans who laid down their arms on this occasion, marching out with certain honours of war, were upwards of 5,000."

Sir Henry Clinton, having gained possession of this important city, was now anxious to secure the entire

province. The Royalist cause was easily revived amongst some of the inhabitants, though others made a stout resistance. But early in June the English general received news of the French reinforcements which were coming to the assistance of America, and he therefore embarked with some of his troops for New York, leaving the rest of them, under Lord Cornwallis, to undertake the subjection of North Carolina, and then carry the war into Virginia.

Washington despatched a force, under Baron de Kalb, to the help of the Southern States; and shortly afterwards General Gates was appointed to take the command in that quarter.

Meanwhile General Knyphausen had been making an attack from New York upon the Jerseys. Washington's attention was needed in that direction, and he moved his troops carefully from place to place, watching the movements of the British troops. All that they succeeded in doing, however, on this occasion, was burning some villages, and destroying the town of Springfield. A strong resistance was made at the latter place, but unsuccessfully, by General Greene. One incident mentioned of the American fighting here is amusing. A Presbyterian chaplain, named Caldwell (whose wife had been killed in one of the villages by an English musket shot), was most vigorous during the fight. Finding that the American soldiers needed wadding for their guns, he went down to the chapel and collected a number of copies of Watts's Hymns, and brought them back, saying eagerly as he distributed them, "Here, my boys, put Watts into them." But the enemy gained the day, and captured and burnt Springfield—though they did nothing else—and retreated over their bridge of boats to Staten Island immediately afterwards.

While this sudden invasion had been engrossing the attention of Washington, the expedition against North Carolina had been commenced by Lord Cornwallis. He was met by stronger resistance than had been shown in South Carolina. The people were of a different race, being chiefly Presbyterian Scotch-Irish, who were determined to stand for their rights. The country favoured them; so much of it consisted of wide dismal swamps. These seemed impassable to strange armies, but in the centre of them were broad green "savannahs," or fertile plains, to which the inhabitants, who knew them, could retire for shelter and defence.

A number of North Carolinians, following a man called Sumter, armed themselves with curious weapons of all sorts—"old mill-saws were converted into broad-swords; knives, at the ends of poles, served for lances, while the country housewives gladly gave up their pewter dishes to be melted down and cast into bullets for such as had fire-arms. . . . . The gallant exploits of Sumter were emulated in other parts of the country; and the partisan war thus commenced was carried on with an audacity, that soon obliged the enemy to call in their outposts, and collect their troops in large masses."

De Kalb's reinforcements were delayed on account of the want of provisions. On the 25th of July General Gates joined him, and took the command. He ordered the army to march on, in spite of the want of provisions; and for some time the subsistence of the soldiers, in their march through the dreary swamps, was on the lean wild cattle which they occasionally killed in the woods, and when they could not get these, on green Indian corn, unripe apples, and peaches.

Lord Rawdon, a brave young English officer, had, by the

orders of Lord Cornwallis, taken his stand at Camden; and Lord Cornwallis joined him with 3,000 men. There was a battle at Camden, which resulted in the defeat of the Americans, and the death of the brave Baron de Kalb.

Gates, no longer vain-glorious and conceited, wrote deprecatingly of his defeat to Washington: "If I can yet render good service to the United States, it will be necessary it should be seen that I have the support of Congress and your Excellency; otherwise, some men may think they please my superiors by blaming me, and thus recommend themselves to favour. But you, sir, will be too generous to lend an ear to such men, if such there be, and will show your greatness of soul rather by protecting than slighting the unfortunate."

In October General Gates was superseded in command of the southern army by General Greene; but we read of him in November, gathering some of his scattered men round him at Hillsborough, humbled and sad, but greater in heart and courage than in the successful days of Saratoga. A deep trouble came on him at this time, in the death of his only son; and the letter that Washington wrote to him, of sympathy, and assurance of his undiminished confidence in his zeal and capacity, and his readiness to give him the command of the left wing of his army as soon as he could join him, showed him that his trust in the greatness of Washington's soul was not unfounded. It is said that Gates was found walking up and down his room in the greatest agitation, pressing this letter to his lips; and when he could find words, he declared that it had given him greater comfort than he had ever hoped to feel again.

In July the French fleet arrived off Rhode Island. Sir Henry Clinton made a plan for cutting them off before they

could land their troops and unite with the Americans; but he failed to hinder their landing, and was only successful in blockading the fleet in Newport harbour. The French army had to stay to defend the fleet, so that both were practically useless to the Americans for some time.

We have now to turn to one of the saddest stories in the annals of the American War; and as it is an essential part of the history of Washington, it will be necessary to give it somewhat in detail.

General Benedict Arnold had been left in command at Philadelphia when Sir Henry Clinton had quitted that town. His wounds unfitted him for more active service, and unfortunately for him, his life in Philadelphia was not of the best kind for such a character as his. He became very luxurious and extravagant, and by his foolish conduct incurred the blame of Washington and Congress. The commander's sentence of reprimand was very kindly expressed. He said, "Our profession is the chastest of all. Even the shadow of a fault tarnishes the lustre of our finest achievements. I reprehend you for having forgotten that, in proportion as you had rendered yourself formidable to our enemies, you should have been guarded and temperate in your deportment towards your fellow-citizens. Exhibit anew those noble qualities which have placed you on the list of our most valued commanders. I will myself furnish you, as far as it may be in my power, with opportunities of regaining the esteem of your country."

But, mildly as this was expressed, Arnold resented it deeply. He had just married the daughter of a Royalist, and his heart began to turn towards the Royalist cause. The want of stability and real greatness became apparent in

his character. He had been an adventurer from the first, a man loving himself more than his country; and now that matters looked so unfavourable for America, he may have thought it safest to attach himself to that which he believed to be the winning side. Whatever the cause of his treachery may have been, the fact was that he commenced a correspondence with Sir Henry Clinton, signing his letters "Gustavus," and giving him all the information that he could about the American army. Sir Henry kept up the correspondence on his side by his aide-de-camp, Major John André, who also wrote in a disguised hand, and signed himself "John Anderson."

Washington, all unsuspecting the good faith of the man who had fought so bravely for America, gave Arnold the command of the fort at West Point, on the Hudson River, north of New York. It was an important post, and one that required vigilant guard, as it was the key to the highlands, and to the upper part of the Hudson. Arnold, for his own purposes, had eagerly sought this charge; and in August he took his place, writing to Sir Henry Clinton at the same time that he would betray the fort to him after Washington had taken his forces to King's Bridge, where he intended to concert with the French troops a plan for attacking New York.

Arnold then told the English general that he would wish to have a personal interview with André, in order to arrange the final details of his treachery; he required money to get him out of his difficulties, and requested that the price of his betrayal should be sent to him by André. André came to him at night from the English ship *Vulture*, which was lying in the Hudson River. The meeting took place in a thicket at the foot of a mountain

called the Long Clove. When the two men parted, Arnold gave André a pass:—

"Permit Mr. John Anderson to pass the guards to the White Plains, or below if he chooses, he being on public business, by my direction. B. ARNOLD."

He also gave him plans of the works and defences at West Point for Sir Henry Clinton, which he made him hide between his stockings and his feet. They parted when it was nearly daybreak; but the boatman who had brought him refused to take André back to the *Vulture*, and it was necessary for him, on horseback and with a guide, to make his way to New York. He put aside his military coat, and dressed in a citizen's dress; and in this disguise, with the fatal papers in his boots, set out on his way.

He was attacked by three soldiers on the road. At first he thought they belonged to the Royalist cause, and confessed that he was a British officer; he soon found that they were American militia-men, and that he was a prisoner. It was in vain that he produced Arnold's pass; they had searched him and found the plans in his boots, and said directly that he was a spy. They took him to Colonel Jameson, commanding at North Castle, who caused him to be safely secured; on looking at the plans, which had no name attached to them, he sent them at once to Washington, and at the same time wrote in all good faith to Arnold, at West Point, giving an account of the capture of André.

Washington, meanwhile, had been to Hartford, in Connecticut, to meet the French commander, and had told Arnold that he would call at West Point on his way back. Arnold was expecting him to breakfast at his house, which was on the banks of the river, on the opposite side to West Point. Washington was on his way thither with the Marquis de

La Fayette and Colonel Knox, when it struck him that he would turn aside to examine two redoubts. La Fayette hinted that Mrs. Arnold would be waiting breakfast. "Ah, marquis!" said Washington, "you young men are all in love with Mrs. Arnold. Ride on, if you like, and tell her not to wait for me." However, both La Fayette and Colonel Knox remained with him, and the message was sent by the aide-de-camp, Colonel Hamilton, who sat down to breakfast with the Arnolds, and was present when Colonel Jameson's letter for General Arnold arrived.

Arnold glanced at its contents. The moment was a fearful one to him, but he did not lose his presence of mind. He beckoned his wife up to her own room, and then told her that they must part at once; that he was a ruined man, and must fly for his life. He left her in a faint on the floor, went down-stairs again to his guests, and told them that he was required at the fort at West Point immediately, to make preparations for the reception of Washington; and then, slipping out to his own hall door, mounted the horse of Colonel Jameson's messenger that was standing there, and, riding hard down a path (which is still called Arnold's path), arrived at the landing-place, where his own barge with six men was lying, and made his escape in it to the ship *Vulture*, where he was received by the English.

Washington arrived at his house very soon after the traitor had left it. Being told that Arnold had gone to West Point, he and his companions took a very hurried breakfast, and started for the fortress with the rest of his party, excepting Colonel Hamilton, who remained at Arnold's house.

As the boat moved off towards West Point, Washington said, "Well, gentlemen, I am glad on the whole that General

Arnold has gone before us, for we shall now have a salute, and the roaring of the cannon will have a fine effect among the mountains." Yet, as they drew nearer and nearer to the beach, they heard no sound, they saw no sign of welcome.

"What!" said Washington. "Do they not intend to salute us?"

Just then an officer was observed wending his way down among the rocks. He met the barge as it touched the shore; and on perceiving the commander-in-chief, asked pardon for his seeming neglect, since, as he said, he was taken wholly by surprise.

"How is this, sir?" inquired Washington, no less astonished. "Is not General Arnold here?"

"No, sir," replied the officer; "he has not been here these two days, nor have I heard from him within that time."

"This is extraordinary!" said Washington. "Since, however we are come, though unexpectedly, we must look round a little, and see in what state things are with you." So saying, he proceeded to examine the works.

Colonel Hamilton, meanwhile, had received at Arnold's house the despatch that Colonel Jameson had sent to Washington, containing the plans which Arnold had given André. He opened the letter, and saw directly what had happened. When Washington came back to dinner, he drew him aside and showed him the proofs of Arnold's treachery.

Washington was calm and quiet; he betrayed nothing of the feelings which must have frozen his heart as he discovered the plot. To La Fayette alone he told what he had heard, with the wistful, heart-wrung words, "Whom can we trust now?" But he turned to those with him, when dinner was announced, and said, "Come, gentlemen, since Mrs.

Arnold is unwell, and the general is absent, let us sit down without ceremony."

Yet the wound was none the less deep and sore that it was hidden; and in judging Washington's subsequent conduct this must be remembered, that the shock of Arnold's treachery was one from which the high-minded and honourable commander would especially suffer. He has been accused of want of mercy to André; but it was hardly to be wondered at, that a man deceived by the friend in whom he had trusted should have become hard and stern upon all matters connected with that deception.

When Arnold was safe on the *Vulture* he wrote to Washington, still trusting in the heart so immeasurably greater than his own, and begged him to defend his innocent wife. At the same time he endeavoured to excuse himself for what he had done, by saying that he did not approve of the alliance with France, and that he did not think his country had sufficiently appreciated his services.

Washington did all that was in his power for Mrs. Arnold, who was almost beside herself with the shame and sorrow which had fallen upon her. She joined her husband at New York, and afterwards went to England.

It was on André that the anger of the American army fell; and it is his fate for which Washington has been so often blamed.

Major André was a young officer of French birth, though serving in the British army. He was a universal favourite; handsome, cultivated, refined, and of an unfailing courage. He had undertaken his dangerous enterprise for the sake of military glory only; "the thanks of his general and the approbation of his king were all the reward that he sought."

Colonel Jameson sent him to Washington, under the

charge of Major Tallmadge, who was charmed with the frankness and courtesy of his prisoner. As they rode together, André questioned him as to what would probably be his fate. Tallmadge did not at first like to tell him, but at last answered him by reminding him of the story of a Captain Hale, who had been his (Tallmadge's) schoolfellow. Hale had gone in disguise to Brooklyn, after the retreat from Long Island, to ascertain the strength and probable movements of the British army, and was taken prisoner. "Do you remember the sequel of this story?" said Tallmadge. "Yes," said André; "he was hanged as a spy. But surely you do not consider his case and mine alike?"

"Yes, precisely similar," was the answer; "and similar will be your fate."

André had hardly thought this possible. He pleaded Arnold's encouragement to him; but the facts that weighed against him were that he had been captured in disguise, bearing treasonable papers concealed on his person, and travelling under a false name.

Sir Henry Clinton wrote urgently to Washington for his release, but Washington remained inexorable. He summoned a board of officers to decide André's fate, amongst whom were Generals Greene, Stirling, and Lawrence, La Fayette, and Baron Steuben.

They condemned him to suffer death as a spy. André met the result with manly firmness. "I foresee my fate," said he; "and though I pretend not to play the hero, or to be indifferent about life, yet I am reconciled to whatever may happen, conscious that misfortune, not guilt, has brought it upon me."

He wrote to Sir Henry Clinton, begging him not to

blame himself for what had happened to him, and asking him to take care of the interests of his mother and three sisters.

To the very last Sir Henry exerted himself to obtain his release, but in vain. It is said, indeed, that Washington offered to spare him if Arnold were given up, but this Sir Henry indignantly refused.

On the 1st of October André was hanged. He had earnestly pleaded to be shot as a soldier; but hanging was the death awarded to spies, and it was in that capacity he was put to death, therefore his request was denied. His last words to Colonel Scammel, in whose charge he had been, were, "I pray you to bear me witness that I meet my fate like a brave man." He died with a courage which was worthy of a better cause than that in which he had been employed. At first he was buried in America, but his remains were afterwards taken up and transferred to Westminster Abbey, where a monument was raised to him.

Such were the facts of André's sad story. It is hard to judge Washington upon them; the greatness of his character may well make us shrink from criticism of a special act. In calmly reviewing the circumstances, it would be difficult to say wherein he did wrong; but if he was unmerciful, if he repressed the nobler feelings of his nature, in carrying out this sentence of death, let us remember, in judging him, that he was undergoing the shock of treachery, and such a shock has the power of paralysing the most merciful, of rendering bitter the sweetest part of human nature. And if it be that this story of André's death is a blot in the annals of the War of Independence, let the stain for ever cling to Arnold, the betrayer, and not to Washington, the betrayed.

CHAPTER XVII.

In November the French Marquis de Chastellux paid a visit to Washington's camp. He has left a very full account of his reception there, and the impression which the great American leader made upon him. "The goodness and benevolence which characterise him," he says, "are felt by all around; but the confidence he inspires is never familiar—it springs from a profound esteem for his virtues, and a great opinion of his talents. . . . . It is interesting to see him in the midst of the general officers of his army. *General* in a republic, he has not the imposing state of a marshal of France, who gives the order; *hero* in a republic, he excites a different sort of respect, which seems to originate in this sole idea, that the welfare of each individual is attached to his person. . . . . Brave, without temerity; laborious, without ambition; noble, without pride; virtuous, without severity: he seems always to stop short of that limit where the virtues, assuming colours more vivid, but more changeable and dubious, might be taken for defects."

The winter was now coming on, and the French remained at Newport. Washington made his headquarters at New Windsor, on the Hudson River, and stationed troops at Morristown, Pompton, West Point, and Albany.

In December there was a mutiny amongst the men quartered at Morristown. General Wayne, who commanded them, was not much surprised at it; "poorly clothed, badly fed, and worse paid," he says, "some of them not having

received a paper dollar for near twelve months; exposed to winter's piercing cold, to drifting snows, and chilling blasts, with no protection but old worn-out coats, tattered linen overalls, and but one blanket between three men." Added to this hard living, they were refused their discharge, when the time of their service was over. On New Year's-day they revolted. "General Wayne endeavoured to pacify them; they were no longer to be pacified by words. He cocked his pistols; in an instant their bayonets were at his breast. 'We love, we respect you,' cried they; 'but you are a dead man if you fire. Do not mistake us, we are not going to the enemy; were they now to come out, you would see us fight under your orders with as much readiness as ever.'" Wayne sent news of the mutiny to Washington, and the news soon spread farther. It reached Sir Henry Clinton, who took advantage of it to promise free pardon from the king to all mutineers who would join the Royal cause. But the mutineers said that they declined to be "Arnolds;" the emissaries of Sir Henry were hanged, and the President of Congress came himself to the dissatisfied soldiers, entered into their grievances, and gave them redress. So this gathering cloud was dispersed; and another of the same sort which arose amongst the Jersey troops, Washington put down with a high hand.

The chief interest of the war seemed now to lie in the South. Sir Henry Clinton, knowing that Washington's intention was, as soon as possible, to make an attack on New York, endeavoured to distract him from this scheme by sending a force into Virginia. This force he put under the command of the traitor Arnold, who had been made brigadier-general in the British army, and had received a sum of upwards of £6,000 as the price of his villany.

When some one said of him to Washington that "he must be suffering the torments of a mental hell!" Washington answered, "He wants feeling. From some traits of his character, which have lately come to my knowledge, he seems to have been so hackneyed in villainy, and so lost to all sense of honour and shame, that while his faculties will enable him to continue his sordid pursuits there will be no time for remorse." "What would they do with me if they took me?" asked Arnold of an American prisoner. And the answer was, "They would cut off the leg wounded in the service of your country, and bury it with the honours of war; the rest of you they would hang."

To meet Arnold's force, Washington sent La Fayette with 1,200 men to Virginia, in March. The French ships also, having got free from the blockade in Newport harbour, by the help of a storm which drove away the British fleet, sailed for the shore of Virginia, in order to be able to help La Fayette; but this expedition accomplished nothing of any note.

Meanwhile, in the south, Lord Cornwallis having received large reinforcements from Sir Henry Clinton, had been "carrying on a most active winter campaign." But he had no inconsiderable foe to meet, in the army which was reviving under the leadership of General Greene.

The first event of the campaign cheered Greene. Lord Cornwallis had detached Colonel Tarleton, with 1,000 men, horse and foot, to pursue and rout the American division of light troops, under General Morgan. On the 7th of January, 1781, Tarleton came up with the enemy, at a place called the Cowpens. He impetuously led his troops on to an attack, though his men were much exhausted. "He succeeded in throwing into confusion the first and second lines of the Americans; but they quickly rallied, and became

assailants in their turn. The wayworn English were altogether overpowered.. Tarleton and the cavalry made their escape from the field, but the infantry were all either slain or taken prisoners, the number of these being 500. The action at the Cowpens gave lustre to the American arms. It surprised and mortified, but did not dispirit, Lord Cornwallis."

The next action took place near Guildford Court House. It was fought on the 15th of March, and was well contested; but at length the Americans—consisting, in part, of raw militia—were utterly defeated, and driven from the field, leaving behind their artillery and upwards of 300 dead.

Lord Cornwallis, after this victory, stationed himself with his men at Wilmington; while Greene resolved to fall back upon South Carolina, where Lord Rawdon remained at Camden, with troops for the defence of Charleston. Lord Cornwallis, after three weeks' rest at Wilmington, marched into Virginia, and joined Arnold.

Meanwhile Washington had remained at New Windsor, and news came to him, from the Count de Barras, who had just landed at Boston, that the French admiral, Count de Grasse, with twenty ships, having on board reinforcements of land troops, had sailed from the West Indies, and might be expected in July or August.

Washington had hoped, with the Count de Rochambeau, to have made a successful attack on New York, but found it too well guarded, and so drew up his forces at Dobbs' Ferry, on the Hudson River, to await the arrival of his allies. The French were drawn up close to him. "It was a lovely country for a summer encampment; breezy hills, commanding wide prospects; umbrageous valleys, watered by bright pastoral streams—the Broux, the Spraine, and the

Nepcran—and abounding with never-failing springs. The French encampment made a gallant display along the Greenburgh Hills. Some of the officers—young men of rank, to whom this was all a service of romance—took a pride in decorating their tents, and forming little gardens in their vicinity. 'We have a charming position, among the rocks and under magnificent tulip trees,' writes one of them, the Count Dumas. General Washington was an object of their enthusiasm. He visited the tents they had so gaily embellished; for, with all his gravity, he was fond of the company of young men. They were apprised of his coming, and set out on camp-tables plans of the battle of Trenton, of West Point, and other scenes connected with the war. The greatest harmony prevailed between the armies." Washington used his leisure time in eagerly petitioning Congress for more men. "Unable to advance with prudence beyond my present position," he writes, "while, perhaps, in the general opinion, my force is equal to the commencement of operations against New York, my conduct must appear, if not blamable, highly mysterious, at least. . . . . The fulfilment of my engagements must depend upon the degree of vigour with which the executives of the several States exercise the powers with which they have been vested, and enforce the laws lately passed for filling up and supplying the army."

Stirring news arrived at the end of July, which wrought a material change in Washington's plans. The French frigate *Concorde* arrived at Newport, bringing despatches from Admiral the Count de Grasse, saying that he was to leave the West Indies early in August, that he had nearly thirty ships with him having troops on board, and that he was sailing for the Chesapeake.

Washington immediately foresaw what was to be done. The attack on New York must be given up, and he must concentrate his forces in the south; joining the French army in Virginia, and striking a blow for the Southern States. He wrote to La Fayette, to tell him of his plans, and charged him to cut off any retreat which the enemy might attempt through Carolina.

At last the long game, which had been played with so many moves on both sides, was drawing to a close, and Washington saw his way to giving an embarrassing check to the enemy; though even he hardly dared to hope that it was "checkmate." He was determined to lead this expedition in person, and to take with him 2,000 troops, leaving the rest to guard West Point and the Hudson.

The whole plan was kept in the closest secrecy. When the army began to move, it did not know in which direction it was to be ultimately taken. It first arrived at King's Ferry, and crossed the Hudson; and the Americans marched towards Springfield, and the French towards Trenton. One who was with the army wrote, "Our destination has been for some time matter of perplexity, doubt, and uncertainty. Bets have run high on one side that we were to occupy the ground marked out on the Jersey shore, to aid in the siege of New York; and on the other, that we are stealing a march on the enemy, and are actually destined to Virginia, in pursuit of the army under Cornwallis." Later, he observes, "Our destination can no longer be a secret; Cornwallis is, unquestionably, the object of our present expedition. . . . . His Excellency, General Washington, having succeeded in a masterly piece of generalship, has now the satisfaction of leaving his adversary, Sir Henry Clinton, to ruminate on his own mortifying situation, and to

anticipate the perilous fate which awaits his friend, Lord Cornwallis, in a different quarter."

As soon as Sir Henry Clinton knew what was happening, he tried to draw off Washington's attention, by sending Arnold to make an attack in Connecticut on New London. Arnold was successful in his part of the mission; he left the town in flames—his last act in the American War—but Sir Henry Clinton's hope that Washington might be diverted from his purpose, failed of effect.

On the 2nd of September Washington and his troops passed through Philadelphia. The procession was two miles in length—way-worn men, covered with dust, and ragged in appearance. Next day the French passed through the city, looking very different; they stopped outside the gates, and brushed the summer dust off their gay uniforms, and appeared brilliant and gay enough to please the crowds which were watching from the windows to give them welcome.

Washington had news from La Fayette that Lord Cornwallis, by Sir Henry Clinton's orders, had concentrated his forces at York Town, a small place above the Chesapeake, "situated on a projecting bank on the south side of York River, opposite a promontory called Gloucester Point." Here Cornwallis had proceeded to fortify himself, waiting until Sir Henry Clinton should come, in October, to make his promised attack from the Chesapeake. Lord Cornwallis thought himself very secure, because he believed that La Fayette's troops were the only ones in that region, and he did not dream of having much to fear from them; he even offered to send Sir Henry Clinton some troops, if he needed them at New York. He guessed nothing of the manner in which the meshes of the enemy's net were being drawn in around him.

La Fayette wrote to Washington—not knowing that he was, at the head of the American army, so near him—saying, "I hope you will come yourself to Virginia; and that if the French army moves this way, I will have, at least, the satisfaction of beholding you myself at the head of the combined armies."

Washington, meanwhile, was getting anxious about Count de Grasse and the French troops, and it was a great relief to his mind when he heard that the French fleet was actually anchored in the Chesapeake, and that 3,000 troops had landed under Marquis St. Simon. The general instantly wrote to the Count de Grasse, telling him that the plan at present "was for the van of the two armies to embark and fall down the Chesapeake, form a junction with the troops under Marquis St. Simon and La Fayette, and co-operate in blocking up Cornwallis in York River, so as to prevent his retreat by land, or his getting any supplies from the country."

As there was a slight delay in the embarkation of the troops at the Head of Elk, Washington took advantage of it to get a peep at his old home, Mount Vernon. He had not been under its roof for six years, though he had kept up a weekly correspondence with his agent during all that time, "regulating all the affairs of his rural establishment with as much exactness as he did those of the army."

He arrived at Mount Vernon alone and late at night; but the next day he entertained the Count de Rochambeau and General de Chastellux there. On the 12th he tore himself away from this well-loved home; and, knowing that a desperate enterprise was before him, he must have wondered, as he took his last look at it, whether he should ever be there again, and live once more in the dream of

peace which for fifteen years of his life that home had been to him.

In order to understand the desperate situation of Lord Cornwallis, it is necessary to know something of the situation of York Town. On the coast of Virginia, Chesapeake Bay forms a wide estuary, and into this bay there run from the mainland several large rivers, which are all so wide at the mouth that they form estuaries also. These large rivers are the Potomac and Rappahannock in the north, and York River and James River in the south. York Town was built on York River, where it was navigable for large ships; and Gloucester Point was a fort on the other side of York River, just opposite York Town.

Towards the end of August, Lord Cornwallis had news of the coming of the French fleet, and began to find out the danger which was surrounding him. He tried to make a retreat to the Carolinas; but when he examined all the places round him he found it was too late, for he was completely hemmed in. York River was full of French ships, so was James River. Williamsburg, the nearest large town, was a stronghold of Americans. Retreat was hopeless; there was nothing left to do but to strengthen York Town as much as possible, and to write urgently to Sir Henry Clinton for help.

A sea-fight at the entrance of the Chesapeake, between the Count de Grasse and Admiral Graves, who commanded the British fleet, made a short delay in the movements of Washington's forces; but the British admiral found the French force stronger than he had supposed, and after the fight, on September 7th, steered again for New York.

On September 18th it was arranged that a conference should take place between Washington and the French

commanders, De Rochambeau and De Chastellux, with the French Admiral de Grasse, on board the admiral's ship, *Ville de Paris.* The admiral sent a little English ship called the *Queen Charlotte*, which he had captured between Charleston and New York, to bring the generals to him, and they sailed down James River and came to him at Cape Henry, at the mouth of Chesapeake Bay, where the French fleet lay at anchor.

Washington and his companions were received by the admiral "with great ceremony and naval and military parade." They dined on board the *Ville de Paris*, and went back to their own little ship at sunset, when they were given a grand parting salute from the French guns. Owing to stormy weather, the generals did not get back to Williamsburg until the 22nd; and when they arrived there they were greeted with news which somewhat confused their new-made plans. They heard that another English force had arrived at New York, under Admiral Digby, which increased the numbers of English troops almost to that of their enemies. The Count de Grasse suggested that he would leave one or two of his vessels to guard York River, and go with the rest towards New York, either to meet the fleet if it had sailed for the south, or to blockade it in New York harbour. Washington, whose hopes seemed to be now all centred in the attack on York Town, begged him most earnestly to give up this scheme, as without the co-operation of the French fleet he feared that his well-laid plans might all be in vain. The count at length gave in to his persuasions, and ordered a large part of his fleet to York River.

Lord Cornwallis sent an urgent despatch to Sir Henry Clinton, from York Town. "This place is in no state of defence. If you cannot relieve me soon, you must expect

to hear the worst." On the same day that the American and French armies took up their position before York Town, he received a letter from Sir Henry Clinton, bidding him hold out manfully, for that he himself, with the English admiral, and twenty-three ships, would sail on October 5th for his relief.

On hearing this, Cornwallis drew all his troops together inside the town, and gave up his outer defences. Washington immediately made his men take possession of the deserted outworks. On the night of the 25th of September "he and his staff bivouacked in the open air. He slept under a mulberry tree, the root serving for his pillow."

"By the 1st of October, the line of the besiegers, nearly two miles from the works at York Town, formed a semicircle, each end resting on the river, so that the investment was complete;" and a strong detachment of French, under General Choisy, was sent across the river to cut off the land communication between Gloucester Point and the country. Work had now begun in earnest; the Americans had commenced their first parallel, and had thrown up two redoubts, which were cannonaded by the English from the town. "Washington was superintending the works, when a shot struck the ground close by him, throwing up a cloud of dust. Mr. Evans, the army chaplain, who was standing by him, was greatly agitated. Taking off his hat, and showing it covered with sand, "See here, General," he exclaimed. "Mr. Evans," said Washington, with grave pleasantry, "you had better carry that home and show it to your wife and children."

The distress for supplies became great in Cornwallis's army; but every chance of procuring them was cut off, and his case grew desperate. On the 9th the parallel was

completed; two batteries were opened from it, and General Washington put the match to the first gun.

Governor Nelson, of Virginia, who had been doing a good part towards the American army, by raising money on his own security for their needs, was asked what was the best part of York Town to cannonade. "He pointed to a large, handsome house, on rising ground, as the probable head quarters of the enemy." It was his own. The same Governor Nelson had an old uncle in the town, whose two sons were serving with Washington. The commander sent a message with a flag of truce to Lord Cornwallis, to beg that Mr. Secretary Nelson might be allowed to leave the town. With genuine English courtesy and good feeling, the request was granted; and the father joined his two sons and his nephew, who had been watching for the return of the messenger as if their own lives had hung upon the answer which he brought. The news which the old man had to tell of the havoc which the batteries were making—how they had destroyed several houses, and driven Lord Cornwallis out of his head quarters—was encouraging to the Americans.

The days that followed were days of noise and glare over the devoted little town. The roar of cannon and the red fire of the bursting shells were incessant by day and night. Some of the shells went beyond the town, and burst in the river, "throwing up columns of water." Lord Cornwallis held out bravely, in hope of the promised relief from New York, but it did not come.

On the night of the 14th the Americans and French determined to storm two British redoubts, from which a dangerous fire was kept up upon them. The Americans, commanded by La Fayette, stormed one of the works, and the French the other. The Americans were headed by

Colonel Hamilton, who had been one of Washington's aides-de-camp.

Washington, with General Knox, was watching the assault. Those around him were afraid for his safety, and tried to draw him away from his post of observation. One of his aides-de-camp ventured to remark that the situation was very much exposed. "If you think so," replied Washington, gravely, "you are at liberty to draw back." And he continued to watch until the redoubts were taken, when he drew a long breath, and, turning to General Knox, said, "*The work is done, and well done!*"

The second parallel was completed, and still no help came to the brave Cornwallis. The ships had not sailed from New York on the 5th of October. One last effort he made to take his army across York River, to land at Gloucester Point, push his way through General Choisy's force, and go round by Maryland to New York. He got sixteen large boats ready, and at night the embarkation commenced, as secretly as possible. A number of troops actually landed at Gloucester Point; but a wild, stormy night was fatal to the daring plan. The boats were driven apart, there was great difficulty in collecting them; and then all that could be accomplished before daylight was bringing back the troops that had crossed successfully once more to York Town, to await their fate. That fate was now sealed. Nothing was left to Lord Cornwallis but, for the sake of his reduced garrison, to surrender on the best terms he could. On the morning of the 17th of October he sent a flag of truce to Washington, proposing "a cessation of hostilities for twenty-four hours; and that two officers should be appointed by each side to meet and settle terms for the surrender of the posts of York and Gloucester."

The preliminaries took two days to arrange; and on the 19th the English army, under Lord Cornwallis, surrendered to the Americans, and the English ships of war and transports to the French.

General Lincoln (who had been obliged to surrender Charleston, and had recently been exchanged amongst prisoners of war) was appointed by Washington to receive the colours and submission from the English. It is said, and not much to be wondered at, that when the British soldiers passed along the lines of American and French drawn up to receive them, their faces were lowering and sullen, and they threw down their muskets with an angry clash, and "violence enough to break them."

On that very day the promised fleet sailed from New York. On the 24th it arrived off the capes of Virginia; and on the 29th Sir Henry Clinton, hearing that his delay had been fatal, and that Lord Cornwallis had capitulated, sailed back again to the place from which he came.

So ended the siege of York Town, which was really the conclusion of the American War of Independence. On the 24th of November the news reached England. Lord George Germaine went to tell Lord North of it, and was asked afterwards how the Prime Minister took it. "As he would have taken a cannon-ball in his heart," said Lord George; "he opened his arms, exclaiming wildly, as he paced up and down the room, 'Oh, God! it is all over, it is all over!'"

But by the 27th of November, when Parliament met, Lord North was sufficiently recovered to urge his measures again. "A melancholy disaster," he said, "has occurred in Virginia; but are we therefore to lie down and die? No! It ought rather to rouse us into action; it ought to impel, to urge, to

animate: for by bold and united exertions everything may be saved; by dejection and despair everything must be lost." They should strive "to preserve the rights and legislative authority of Parliament."

Then Edmund Burke burst forth, passionately: "Good God, Mr. Speaker, are we yet to be told of the *rights* for which we went to war? Oh, excellent rights! Oh, valuable rights! Valuable you should be, for we have paid dear at parting with you! Oh, valuable rights, that have cost England thirteen provinces, four islands, a hundred thousand men, and more than seventy millions of money! Oh, wonderful rights, that have lost to Great Britain her empire on the ocean, her boasted grand and substantial superiority, which made the world bend before her! Oh, estimable rights, that have taken from us our rank among nations, our importance abroad, and our happiness at home; that have taken from us our trade, our manufactures, and our commerce! . . . Oh, wonderful rights, that are likely to take from us all that yet remains!"

CHAPTER XVIII.

When the army broke up before York Town, Washington sent a large reinforcement to General Greene, who was still in South Carolina. His success there had not been complete, though he had made a hard fight at Eutaw Springs. But Washington was most anxious that he should gain possession of South Carolina, or, at any rate, keep the enemy within Charleston, and therefore sent him 2,000 troops.

The French troops under the Marquis de St. Simon sailed away early in November. La Fayette went home to France. The rest of the French army encamped for the winter at Williamsburg, and the American army in the Jerseys and on the banks of the Hudson, to be ready for active work in the next year, should it be necessary. Lord Cornwallis sailed for New York on parole; and the British prisoners of war were taken to Winchester, in Virginia, and Fredericktown, in Maryland. Thus all the actors in the scenes at York Town dispersed off that stage; and Washington went to the death-bed of his step-son, John Parke Custis—that same "Jacky Custis" with whom he had "gone a-hunting" in the peaceful years gone by. John Custis was only twenty-eight when he died, and left a widow and four little children. Washington adopted the two youngest of them, to make his wife's home less lonely after her only son's death. After visiting Mount Vernon, the commander-in-chief went to Philadelphia to wait upon Congress. He was received by them with distinguished honours—such honours as are always heaped upon the successful. Wash-

ington used his influence to urge upon Congress the necessity of not relaxing their efforts in keeping the army together, and being ready for whatever might happen in the coming year; for he was by no means sure that England would make peace, and he was much afraid that the country would be inclined, after its temporary success at York Town, to relax all further effort, which might still be fatal to the freedom of America.

About this time he received a letter from the representative of a certain party in the army, which roused in him the indignation that an unworthy suggestion was always sure to meet, when it came in contact with his pure and high mind. The army was discontented; neither men nor officers had been paid their dues; there was scarcely sufficient food for them; and if there was a speedy peace they saw no prospect before them but that of being cast on the world penniless. It was this state of things which was represented to Washington by Colonel Nicola, who went on to say that the army attributed its grievances to the existing form of American government; that monarchy would be the best remedy; that to no one could they look with so much confidence to rule over them wisely, as to him who had already guided them "through difficulties apparently insurmountable by human power, to victory and glory," even to Washington himself; and that it would not be very difficult to bestow on him the title of king, which might have many advantages. To smaller minds, the prospect might have been dazzlingly attractive. Washington answered it thus:—

"To Colonel Lewis Nicola.

"Newbury, May 22, 1782.

"Sir,—With a mixture of great surprise and astonishment, I have read with attention the sentiments you have submitted to my perusal.

Be assured, sir, no occurrence in the course of the war has given me more painful sensations than your information of there being such ideas existing in the army as you have expressed, and I must view with abhorrence and reprehend with severity. For the present the communication of them will rest in my own bosom, unless some further agitation of the matter shall make a disclosure necessary. I am much at a loss to conceive what part of my conduct could have given encouragement to an address which to me seems big with the greatest mischiefs that can befall my country. If I am not deceived in the knowledge of myself, you could not have found a person to whom your schemes are more disagreeable. At the same time, in justice to my own feelings, I must add that no man possesses a more sincere wish to see ample justice done to the army than I do; and as far as my powers and influence in a constitutional way extend, they shall be employed to the utmost of my abilities to effect it, should there be any occasion. Let me conjure you, then, if you have any regard for your country, concern for yourself or posterity, or respect for me, to banish these thoughts from your mind, and never communicate, as from yourself or any one else, a sentiment of the like nature.

"I am, Sir, your most obedient servant,

"GEORGE WASHINGTON."

During the year 1782 there was a cessation of hostilities, and Washington's chief occupation was that of keeping before Congress the wants of the army, and the necessity for strict military precautions being kept up, in case that peace was not concluded. Sir Henry Clinton had been succeeded in command by Sir Guy Carleton, and Sir Guy seemed anxious to make the Americans understand that negotiations for peace were going on in England, though the necessary Acts had not as yet passed through Parliament. Meanwhile, through the long winter, the discontent of the army grew stronger; anonymous addresses were circulated, calling on the American soldiers to make a stand for their rights, to demand them with firmness and resolution, being prepared to enforce their demand with threats, and, if necessary, with

violent action. Washington acted with his usual caution and tact; he called a meeting of all the officers, and told them he felt it necessary to lay his sentiments before them. "If," he said, "my conduct heretofore has not evinced to you that I have been a faithful friend to the army, my declaration of it at this time would be equally unavailing and improper. But as I was amongst the first who embarked in the cause of our common country; as I have never left your side one moment, but when called from you on public duty; as I have been the constant companion and witness of your distress, and not among the last to feel and acknowledge your merits; as I have ever considered my own military reputation as inseparably connected with that of the army; as my heart has ever expanded with joy when I have heard its praises, and my indignation has arisen when the mouth of detraction has been opened against it; it can scarcely be supposed at this last stage of the war I am indifferent to its interests." Then, promising to use all his influence with Congress on their behalf, and impressing upon them that Congress was fully prepared to settle all their claims, he went on: "Let me conjure you, in the name of our country, as you value your own sacred honour, as you respect the rights of humanity, and as you regard the military and national character of America, to express your utmost horror and detestation of the man who wishes, under any spurious pretences, to overturn the liberties of our country, and who wickedly attempts to open the flood-gates of civil discord, and deluge our rising empire in blood." To prove that he had authority for the promises which he was making in the name of Congress, he produced a letter from the Hon. Joseph Jones, a member of that body. After he had read a few words of the letter, Washington apologised to his

audience for pausing to put on his spectacles, saying, with a smile which touched every one, "I have grown grey in your service, and now I find I am growing blind." When he left the assembly to deliberate on the address he had made, they moved resolutions which perfectly satisfied him, and so tranquillity was restored to the army.

In January of 1783, peace with England was signed at Paris. In March a letter from La Fayette announced the good news to Congress; and a few days after Sir Guy Carleton informed Washington, by letter, that he was ordered to proclaim a cessation of hostilities by land and sea. On the 19th of April, the anniversary of the opening of the war at Lexington, the proclamation of peace was read to the army, and Washington desired that the chaplains of the several brigades should give public thanks that God had "caused the rage of war to cease among the nations."

Nothing now remained but to disband the soldiers, whom the General proudly named "The Patriot Army," and for whom he asked Congress that they might be allowed each man to take his arms with him, as trophies, to be hung up in the various soldiers' homes.

Amongst the officers, who had become personally attached to Washington and to each other, during the long eight years of common anxiety and suffering, there was great sadness when the time of parting came; and, as a link to bind themselves together, they founded a society, to be called the Order of Cincinnati, in memory of the great Roman leader, who came from his agricultural life to the help of his country, and returned to the plough when the need for his help was past. The device of this order was made, the design being a golden American eagle, suspended

by a broad blue ribbon, edged with white, to signify the union of America with France. Washington was chosen president, and all French officers who had served in the United States were invited to join it.

In June Washington wrote to the governors of the different States, on the subject of the disbanding of the army, and his own retirement from office as commander-in-chief. "The great object," he wrote, "for which I had the honour to hold an appointment in the service of my country, being accomplished, I am now preparing to resign it into the hands of Congress, and to return to that domestic retirement, which, it is well known, I left with the greatest reluctance—a retirement for which I have never ceased to sigh, through a long and painful absence, and in which, remote from the noise and trouble of the world, I meditate to pass the remainder of life in a state of undisturbed repose." He then went on to say that, before he took leave, he wished to give his final blessing to that country in whose service he had spent the prime of his life, and for whose sake he had consumed so many anxious days and watchful nights.

"The citizens of America, placed in the most enviable condition, as the sole lords and proprietors of a vast tract of continent, comprehending all the various soils and climates of the world, and abounding with all the necessaries and conveniences of life, are now, by the late satisfactory pacification, acknowledged to be possessed of absolute freedom and independency. They are, from this period, to be considered as the actors on a most conspicuous theatre, which seems to be peculiarly designed by Providence for the display of human greatness and felicity. . . . . Heaven has crowned all its other blessings, by giving a fairer oppor-

tunity for political happiness than any other nation has ever been favoured with. Nothing can illustrate this more forcibly than a recollection of the happy conjuncture of times and circumstances under which our republic assumed its rank among the nations. The foundation of our empire was not laid in the gloomy age of ignorance and superstition, but at an epoch when the rights of mankind were better understood and more clearly defined than at any former period. The researches of the human mind after social happiness have been carried to a great extent; the treasures of knowledge acquired by the labour of philosophers, sages, and legislators, through a long succession of years, are laid open for our use, and their collected wisdom may be happily applied in the establishment of the forms of government. The free cultivation of letters, the unbounded extension of commerce, the progressive refinement of manners, the growing liberality of sentiment, and, above all, the pure and benign light of Revelation, have had a meliorating influence on mankind, and increased the blessings of society. At this auspicious period the United States came into existence as a nation; and if their citizens should not be completely free and happy, the fault will be entirely their own. . . . . This is the time of their political probation; this is the moment when the eyes of the whole world are turned upon them; this is the moment to establish or ruin their national character for ever."

He then goes on to describe what he considers to be the "Four Pillars of the State:"—"First, an indissoluble union of the States under one federal head; and a perfect acquiescence of the several States in the full exercise of the prerogative vested in such a head by the Constitution. Second, a sacred regard to public justice, in discharging

debts and fulfilling contracts made by Congress, for the purpose of carrying on the war. Third, the adoption of a proper peace establishment, in which care should be taken to place the Union on a regular, uniform, and efficient footing; the militia of the country being considered the palladium of our security, and the first effectual resort in case of hostility. Fourth, a disposition among the people of the United States to forget local prejudices and policies, to make mutual concessions, and to sacrifice individual advantages to the interests of the community." These four things he called "Pillars of the State," and, he added, "liberty is the basis."

After laying the claims of the army, which was being dissolved, before the governors of the various States, he concludes by bidding farewell to his public life, and says that he leaves these parting words as a legacy to the country he loves so much: "I now make it an earnest prayer that God would have you and the State over which you preside in His holy protection; that He would incline the hearts of the citizens to cultivate a spirit of subordination and obedience to Government, to entertain a brotherly affection and love for one another, for their fellow-citizens of the United States at large, and particularly for brethren who have served in the field; and, finally, that He would most graciously be pleased to dispose us all to do justice, to love mercy, and to demean ourselves with that charity, humility, and pacific temper of mind which are the characteristics of the divine Author of our blessed religion, and without whose example in those things we can never hope to be a happy nation."

His farewell to the army, on November 2nd, was equally earnest, though more simple: "To the various branches of the army the general takes this last and solemn opportunity

of professing his invariable attachment and friendship. He wishes more than bare professions were in his power—that he was really able to be useful to them all in future life. . . . And being now to conclude these his last public orders, to take his ultimate leave in a short time of the military character, and to bid a final adieu to the armies he has so long had the honour to command, he can only offer in their behalf his recommendations to their grateful country, and his prayer to the God of armies. May ample justice be done them here; and may the choicest of Heaven's favours, both here and hereafter, attend those who, under the Divine auspices, have secured innumerable blessings for others! With these wishes, and this benediction, the commander-in-chief is about to retire from service. The curtain of separation will soon be drawn, and the military scene to him will be closed for ever."

On the 25th of November, 1783, Sir Guy Carleton gave up New York, and embarked for Nova Scotia; and Washington, with Governor George Clinton, entered the city the same day.

On the 4th of December the commander was to take his final leave of the officers of the army, as he was to go from New York to Annapolis, where Congress was assembling. "His battles over, his country freed, his great work of liberation complete, the general laid down his victorious sword. . . . About noon on the 4th of December a barge was in waiting at Whitehall Ferry to convey him across the Hudson. The chiefs of the army assembled at a tavern near the ferry, and there the general joined them. Seldom as he showed his emotion outwardly, on this day he could not disguise it. He filled a glass of wine and said, 'I bid you farewell with a heart full of love and gratitude, and wish your latter days may be as pros-

perous and happy as those past have been glorious and honourable.' Then he drank to them. 'I cannot come to each of you to take my leave,' he said, 'but shall be obliged if you will each come and shake me by the hand.' General Knox, who was nearest, came forward, and the chief, with tears in his eyes, embraced him. The others came one by one to him, and took their leave without a word. A line of infantry was formed from the tavern to the ferry; and the general, with his officers following him, walked silently to the water. He stood up in the barge, taking off his hat and waving a farewell, and his comrades remained bare-headed on the shore till their leader's boat was out of sight."*

On his way to Congress, Washington stopped at Philadelphia, to settle his accounts with the Comptroller of the Treasury. It has been already noticed that he entirely declined to receive any payment as commander, and we recall the words in which he accepted the post from Congress: "As no pecuniary consideration could have tempted me to accept this arduous employment, at the expense of my domestic ease and happiness, I do not wish to make any profit from it. I will keep an exact account of my expenses; those, I doubt not, they will discharge, and that is all I desire." His accounts, from the commencement of the war to the 13th of December, were laid before the Comptroller. "They were all in his own handwriting, and kept in the clearest and most accurate manner, each entry being accompanied by a statement of the occasion and object of the charge. . . . The account was of money actually expended in the progress of the war; not for arrears of pay, for Washington accepted no pay. Indeed, on the final adjustment of his

* Thackeray.

accounts, he found himself a considerable loser, having frequently, in the hurry of business, neglected to credit himself with sums drawn from his private purse in moments of exigency. The schedule of his public account furnishes not the least among the many noble and impressive lessons taught by his character and example. It stands a touchstone of honesty in office, and a lasting rebuke on that lavish expenditure of the public money too often heedlessly, if not wilfully, indulged by military commanders."

When Washington arrived at Annapolis, the 23rd of December was the day fixed for him to resign his commission to Congress. Writing to Baron Steuben on the morning of that day, he said, "This is the last letter I shall write while I continue in the service of my country. The hour of my resignation is fixed at twelve to-day, after which I shall become a private citizen on the banks of the Potomac."

The ceremony took place in the Great Hall of Congress. The hall was crowded; ladies clustered in the galleries, citizens in the body of the building. The members of Congress were seated, with their heads covered. Washington, with two of his aides-de-camp, came into the hall at twelve o'clock, and sat in the place prepared for him. When he was told that Congress was ready to receive his communication, he rose and said: "Mr. President,—The great events on which my resignation depended having at length taken place, I have now the honour of offering my sincere congratulations to Congress, and of presenting myself before them to surrender into their hands the trust committed to me, and to claim the indulgence of retiring from the service of my country. Happy in the confirmation of our independence and sovereignty, and pleased with the opportunity afforded the United States of becoming a re-

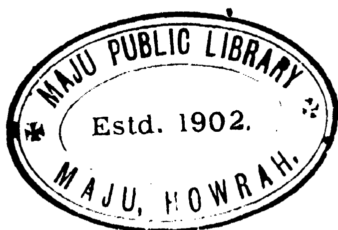
spectable nation, I resign with satisfaction the appointment I accepted with diffidence—a diffidence in my abilities to accomplish so arduous a task, which, however, was superseded by a confidence in the rectitude of our cause, the support of the supreme power of the Union, and the patronage of Heaven. . . . . I consider it as an indispensable duty to close this last solemn act of my official life by commending the interests of my dearest country to Almighty God, and those who have the superintendence of them to His holy keeping. Having now finished the work assigned me, I retire from the great theatre of action; and bidding an affectionate farewell to this august body, under whose orders I have so long acted, I here offer my commission, and take my leave of all the employments of public life."

He then handed to Congress his commission; that commission which he had accepted with modesty, which he had preserved stainless, and had executed with patience and heroism. The president replied as he received it: "The United States in Congress assembled receive with emotions too affecting for utterance the solemn resignation of the authorities under which you have led their troops with success through a perilous and doubtful war. Called upon by your country to defend its invaded rights, you accepted the sacred charge before it had formed alliances, and whilst it was without funds or government to support you. You have conducted the great military contest with wisdom and fortitude, invariably regarding the rights of the civil power through all disasters and changes. . . . You have persevered till these United States, aided by a magnanimous king and nation, have been enabled, under a just Providence, to close the war in freedom, safety, and independence, on which happy event we sincerely join you in

congratulations. . . . For you we address to God our earnest prayers, that a life so beloved may be fostered with all His care; that your days may be as happy as they have been illustrious, and that He will finally give you that reward which this world cannot give."

Many were in tears as the general left the hall.

The next day was Christmas-eve, and Washington hurried to Mount Vernon, determined to spend Christmas in his own home, for war was over, and the time of "peace and good-will" remained to him.



PART III.

WASHINGTON THE FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE AMERICAN REPUBLIC.

"Love thyself last: cherish those hearts that hate thee,
Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not:
Let all the ends thou aim'st at, be thy country,
Thy GOD's, and truth's."—*Henry VIII.*, *Act* 3, *Scene* 2.

PART III.

CHAPTER XIX.

FROM Mount Vernon, Washington wrote to General Knox that he felt "like a traveller who had reached his destination, after treading many a painful step with a heavy burden on his shoulders, and from his house-top looked back over the windings of the road by which he had come." Truly, the road had been a perilous and a weary one. From the time when he had accepted the command of the American army, "without haste, without rest," he had travelled it. Far away in the distance lay the siege of Boston, with its tale of hidden anxiety, and final triumph; then the fatal battle of Long Island, and the midnight escape; the hazardous retreat through the Jerseys; the brilliant Christmas enterprise on Trenton; the night-march on Princetown; the desolate camp at Valley Forge, with its privation and sorrow, its darkness of mistrust and contempt; the hard winter at Morristown; the gleam of light which came from the first news of the alliance with France, followed by the bitterness of Arnold's treachery, the sternness of André's death; and, finally, the triumph at York Town, which had led to honourable peace. This was the path by which he had travelled, bravely treading down every obstacle; having for his goal, the freedom of his country; for his daily occupation, the welfare of his brother-men.

Had his life ended here, it would have been a glorious one. "I will not repine," he said; "I have had my day." But the day was not ended because its morning heat and toil

were over; the mellowed sunshine of its evening was also to be used in the cause of his country.

The life at Mount Vernon was quiet and cheerful, as Washington's letters seem to show. Writing to La Fayette, in February, he said, "At length, my dear marquis, I am become a private citizen on the banks of the Potomac, and under the shadow of my own vine and fig-tree. Free from the bustle of a camp, and the busy scenes of public life, I am solacing myself with those tranquil enjoyments of which the soldier who is ever in pursuit of fame; the statesman whose watchful days and sleepless nights are spent in devising schemes to promote the welfare of his own, perhaps the ruin of other countries, as if this globe were insufficient for us all; and the courtier who is always watching the countenance of his prince, in hopes of catching a gracious smile, can have very little conception. . . . . Envious of none, I am determined to be pleased with all; and this, my dear friend, being the order of my march, I will move gently down the stream of life until I sleep with my fathers."

In speaking of the army, further on in the same letter, he says, "I must do Congress the justice to declare that, as a body, I believe there is every disposition in them, not only to acknowledge the merits, but to reward the services of the army. There is a contractedness, I am sorry to add, in some of the States, from whence all our difficulties on this head proceed; but it is to be hoped that the good sense and perseverance of the rest will ultimately prevail, as the spirit of meanness is beginning to subside."

He ends with a most cordial invitation to La Fayette to come and visit him at Mount Vernon. In the autumn of the same year, La Fayette accepted this invitation; and shortly after, Washington wrote to the Marchioness de La

Fayette, "I have obtained a promise, which the marquis has ratified to Mrs. Washington, that he will use his influence to bring you with him to this country whenever he shall visit it again. When the weight of so powerful an advocate is on our side, will you, my dear marchioness, deny us the pleasure of your accompanying him to the shores of Columbia? In offering our mite, we can only assure you that endeavours shall not be wanting on our part to make this new world as agreeable to you as rural scenes and peaceful retirement are competent to."

A letter which was written about this time to one of his nephews is worth quoting, from the fact of its being so

"Rich in saving common sense."

"DEAR BUSHROD,—You will be surprised, perhaps, at receiving a letter from me; but if the end is answered for which it is written, I shall not think my time misspent. Your father, who seems to entertain a very favourable opinion of your prudence, and I hope you merit it, in one or two of his letters to me, speaks of the difficulty he is under to make you remittances. Whether this arises from the scantiness of his funds, or the extensiveness of your demands, is matter of conjecture with me. I hope it is not the latter, because common prudence and every other consideration which ought to have weight in a reflecting mind are opposed to your requiring more than his convenience and a regard to his other children will enable him to pay; and because he holds up no idea in the letter which would support me in the conclusion."

After warning him of the inexperience of youth, and "the vices and dangers of large cities," he advises him to work hard at his profession of law, and to avoid dissipation.

"The company in which you will improve most will be least expensive to you. . . . . It is easy to make acquaintances, but very difficult to shake them off. . . . . Be courteous to all, but intimate with few; and let those few be well tried before you give them your confidence. True friendship is a plant of slow growth, and must

undergo and withstand the shocks of adversity before it is worthy of the appellation.

"Let your heart feel for the afflictions and distresses of every one, and let your hand give in proportion to your purse; remembering always the estimation of 'the widow's mite,' but that it is not every one who asketh that deserveth charity. All, however, are worthy of the inquiry, or the deserving may suffer.

"Do not conceive that fine clothes make fine men, any more than fine feathers make fine birds. A plain genteel dress is more admired, and obtains more credit than lace and embroidery, in the eyes of the judicious and sensible.

"The last thing I shall mention is the first in importance, and that is, to avoid gaming. . . . . It is the child of avarice, the brother of iniquity, and the father of mischief. It has been the ruin of many worthy families, the loss of many a man's honour, and the cause of suicide. To all those who enter the lists it is equally fascinating. The successful gamester pushes his good fortune till it is overtaken by a reverse. The losing gamester, in hopes of retrieving past misfortunes, goes on from bad to worse, till, grown desperate, he pushes at everything, and loses his all. . . . .

"Perhaps you will say, 'My conduct has anticipated the advice, and not one of the cases applies to me.' I shall be heartily glad of it. It will add not a little to my happiness to find those to whom I am so nearly connected pursuing the right walk of life. . . . .

"I am, dear Bushrod, your affectionate uncle,

"GEORGE WASHINGTON."

We are reminded in some of the aphorisms contained in this sensible letter of the rules drawn up in his own early life, and of the ponderous lessons of Sir Matthew Hale's Commentaries—the old-fashioned book which Washington always kept by him, for his mother's sake.

This Bushrod Washington, in whose welfare he took such a grave and kindly interest, was the son of his brother Augustine, and the heir to whom he left Mount Vernon.

It is pleasant to think of the Chief's life in the home he loved so much—receiving his friends, enlarging his house for

them, planting and improving his estate. He wrote to New York for balsams, to Europe for vines; he made entries in his diary of the buds on the thorn-trees showing early in January, of his planting ivy in February, of planting hemlock trees in March, of sowing holly-berries in April. He rode about the banks of the Potomac in quest of young elms, ash trees, white-thorn, willows, and lilacs. "He sows acorns and buck-eye nuts, brought by himself from the Monongahela; he opens vistas through the pine-groves, commanding distant views through the woodlands; he twines round his columns scarlet honeysuckles, which his gardener tells him will blow all the summer. His careworn spirit freshens up in these employments. With him Mount Vernon is a kind of idyl."

It was as hospitable a house as ever; even more so, perhaps, as the claims on its hospitality increased with Washington's numerous acquaintance, both American and foreign, and many of the guests were strangers, who obtained letters of introduction, that their curiosity might be satisfied with a sight of the great man who had done so much for America. Presents, too, came to him from curiously various places. The King of Spain sent him some rare asses from the royal stable; La Fayette sent him a pack of deer-hounds, the marchioness worked him a masonic apron; Louis XVI. and Frederick the Great sent their portraits; Congress caused statues to be put up in his honour; artists flocked to Mount Vernon, imploring leave to take his likeness. Had he been a man to whom popularity was dear, he might have spent his life in being fêted and courted; but, as he said himself, he "did not entertain a wish beyond living and dying an honest man on his own farm." His wife and the two little grandchildren, Nelly and Washington

Custis, were constantly with him. In engaging Mr. Lear as tutor to the little grandson and secretary to himself, Washington wrote, "Whoever comes into my family in the blended character of preceptor to the children and clerk or private secretary to me, will sit at my table, will live as I live, will mix with the company who resort to the house." And Mr. Lear, who joined the family group at this time, was the last man who held Washington's hand, and the friend to whom his last words were spoken.

A French guest who stayed at Mount Vernon, wrote of Mrs. Washington: "Everything about the house has an air of simplicity; the table is good, but not ostentatious, and no deviation is seen from regularity and domestic economy. She superintends the whole, and joins to the qualities of an excellent housewife the simple dignity which ought to characterise a woman whose husband has acted the greatest part on the theatre of human affairs, while possessing that amiability, and manifesting that attention to strangers which makes hospitality so charming."

A gracious, kindly, little old lady, who was constantly knitting, is the picture that is left to us of Washington's wife; a woman who had known sorrow in the loss of her children, who had borne hardship at Valley Forge, who had been the brave and true wife of a patriot through all, and who had now settled down into a peaceful life, with her husband re-united to her, and the voices of little children sounding in her home, to comfort her for the other voices that were silent. It was no wonder that from this quiet happiness Washington should write to one of his French friends, "I never expect to draw my sword again; I can scarcely conceive the cause that would induce me to do it. My time is now occupied by rural amusements, in which I have great satisfaction, and

my first wish is (though it is against the profession of arms, and would clip the wings of some of our young soldiers who are soaring after glory) to see the whole world in peace, and the inhabitants of it as one band of brothers, showing who should contribute most to the happiness of mankind." Nelly Custis, his adopted child, said of him, "I have sometimes made him laugh heartily from sympathy with my joyous spirits, but he was a silent, thoughtful man. He spoke little generally—*never of himself*. I never heard him relate a single act of his life during the war." This last fact about him has been noticed by several writers. Bishop White said of him, "I know no man who so carefully guarded against the discoursing of himself or of his acts, or of anything that pertained to him." When Dr. Craik asked Washington to furnish some one who wanted to write his memoirs with a few materials, he refused, saying, "I had rather leave it to posterity to think and say what they please of me, than by any act of mine have vanity or ostentation imputed to me."

Of very few great men is there such a scanty fund of anecdote remaining as of Washington, but this can be accounted for by the harmony and due proportions of his character. Anecdotes most frequently are furnished by some peculiarity or idiosyncrasy. One enthusiastic visitor to Mount Vernon relates that he was suffering from a severe cold, and that when a bad fit of coughing came on in the night, the curtains of his bed were gently drawn aside, and he saw Washington standing beside him with a bowl of hot tea in his hand. Another writer tells of Washington's entrance into a ball-room in the country. Every tongue became silent, and an awe fell upon the company. The great man looked round him sadly, wondering at his own power

of checking the general mirth, and he went away to another room; but when the laughter and talk began again, he stole back on tiptoe to the dancing-room, and stood hidden behind the half-open door, enjoying it. These hardly amount to anecdotes, but they are at least human touches in the picture which remains to us of the great commander.

In 1785 he received the news of the death of General Greene, which seems to have been a real grief to him. "He was a great and good man!" was the way in which the general summed up the character of one who had been a brave soldier and a true friend to himself through all the Revolutionary War. "Thus," he says, "some of the pillars of the Revolution fall; others are mouldering by insensible degrees. May our country never want props to support the glorious fabric!"

CHAPTER XX.

But that glorious fabric of which Washington spoke was not in a safe condition. The same Government which had served to administrate the affairs of a nation at a crisis of war, when there was one common interest for every State, failed to unite the various interests of a nation at peace, and after the exertions of the protracted years of the struggle for independence, there was a reaction of exhaustion, and almost of impotence. "Local prejudices and policies" were rife, causing one State to quarrel with another, and Congress was as "a house divided against itself." It was absolutely necessary that power should be vested somewhere, and the difficulty was in deciding where it was to be. It was not unnatural that a body of men left to arrange the affairs of a republic, without any precedent by which to frame their Government, should find it difficult so to act as to satisfy a people impoverished by war, and the almost entire cessation of commerce which that war had entailed. As yet no permanent revenue had been formed, and the loans and dues of the years of warfare were unpaid. Each State, it is true, supported its own executive power, but this was done with difficulty; and there was great unwillingness, and even a want of means, to meet the demands of the national Confederation. The claims of the army were not satisfied, and foreign loans pressed heavily; the confidence of foreign countries was destroyed, and they would not enter into treaties of commerce which were not likely to be

carried into effect. A general decay of trade, the rise of imported merchandise, the fall of produce, and an uncommon decrease of the value of lands ensued.

Dissatisfaction and panic reigned in the States. A serious insurrection was threatened in Massachusetts. Representations from all classes of society of the inefficiency of the present executive powers poured in upon Congress. The merchants, especially, claimed to be heard, as they said the commerce of the country was being diverted into foreign channels, and nothing but ruin lay before them, unless some better scheme of government could be devised. "From the high ground on which we stood, we are descending into the vale of confusion and darkness," wrote Washington, as he watched this disastrous state of things from Mount Vernon. Two or three months later he writes, "I have ever been a friend to adequate powers in Congress, without which it is evident to me we never shall establish a national character, or be considered as on a respectable footing by the powers of Europe. We are either a united people under one head for federal purposes, or we are thirteen independent sovereignties, eternally counteracting each other." Again, "We have errors," he said, "to correct. We have probably had too good an opinion of human nature in forming our Confederation. . . . I do not conceive that we can exist long as a nation without lodging somewhere a power which will pervade the whole Union in as energetic a manner as the authority of the State Governments extends over the several States. . . . Things cannot go in the same strain for ever. It is much to be feared, as you observe, the better kind of people, being disgusted with their circumstances, will have their minds prepared for any revolution whatever; we are apt to run from one extreme

to another. . . . What a triumph for the advocates of despotism to find that we are incapable of governing ourselves, and that systems founded on the basis of equal liberty are merely ideal and fallacious! Would to God that wise measures may be taken to avert the consequences we have but too much reason to apprehend! Retired as I am from the world, I frankly acknowledge I cannot feel myself an unconcerned spectator; yet, having happily assisted in bringing the ship into port, and having been fairly discharged, it is not my business to embark again on the sea of troubles. Nor could it be expected that my sentiments and opinions would have much weight in the minds of my countrymen. They have been neglected, though given as a last legacy in a most solemn manner. I then, perhaps, had some claims to public attention; I consider myself as having none at present."

In October, 1786, he wrote of the insurrection at Massachusetts: "I am mortified beyond expression when I view the clouds that have spread over the brightest morn that has ever dawned upon any country. You talk, my good sir, of employing influence to appease the general tumults in Massachusetts. . . . Influence is not government. Let us have a Government by which our lives, liberties, and properties will be secured, or let us know the worst at once. Under these impressions, my humble opinion is that there is a call for decision."

In November he writes, "Fain would I hope that the great and most important of all subjects, the Federal Government, may be considered with that calm and deliberate attention which the magnitude of it so critically and loudly calls for. Let prejudices, unreasonable jealousies, and local interests yield to reason and liberality. Let us

look to our national character, and things beyond the present moment. . . . Without an alteration in our political creed, the superstructure we have been seven years in raising, at the expense of so much treasure and blood, must fall. We are fast verging to anarchy and confusion."

It was indeed a critical time for America; a time fraught with greater danger from internal weakness and indecision, than any period of the Revolutionary War had been. Carlyle says, "No time need have gone to ruin, could it have found a man great enough, a man wise and good enough; wisdom to discern truly what the time wanted; valour to lead it on the right road thither—these are the salvation of any time." And such a man America found in Washington. He saw that what the country needed was, to have its Government centralised. During the war, as the interest of the country had been a common interest, Congress had been able to wield its power for the common good; but now that the interest was dividing itself into different channels, it was necessary to increase this unity of power. Every State had its own internal government, and its own laws of commerce. Before this country could regard itself as a nation, with a national and confederated Government, it was essential that there should be a community of laws.

The first effort made towards effecting this purpose was at Mount Vernon, where some friends of Washington's had met to consult about the formation of two companies to undertake the navigation of the Potomac and James rivers. This plan would greatly increase the commerce of Virginia and Maryland; and Washington urged that it should not be undertaken as a local enterprise, but subject to national laws, and proposed that there should be a convention of as many States as could be induced to join together to submit legisla-

tion for the proposed scheme to the approval of Congress. This was the first effort towards making national laws of commerce. General Washington was elected president of both companies. He was offered a hundred and fifty shares in each, as a tribute of gratitude from his countrymen. He declined them, saying that what he did he did for the love of his country, and not for personal gain; and he asked that the money might be devoted to founding a college on each of the two rivers.

The idea of a convention between the States for strengthening and reforming the Government was one which spread rapidly. Though undertaken in such a quiet way at first, it ended in twelve States arranging a convention to meet in Philadelphia, in May, 1787, "for the sole and express purpose of revising the Federal system, and correcting its defects." Washington at first declined to have any part in the deliberation of this convention, but it was urged upon him so much to become a delegate for Virginia, that he felt it as much his duty as it had been twelve years before to leave Mount Vernon for public life.

The convention deliberated from May till September, with Washington as its president, and the result of the deliberation was the present Constitution of America. The form which was drawn up commenced with these words: "We, the people of the United States, in order to form a more perfect union, establish justice, ensure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defence, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity, do ordain and establish this Constitution for the United States of America."

The articles then declared that the legislative power should be vested in a Congress, to consist of two parts—a Senate and

a House of Representatives. The Representatives to be elected by the people, every two years; their number to be determined by the size of the State represented. The Senators to be chosen by the legislature of the separate States, and to hold office for six years—two for each State. The executive power was to be vested in a President, who was to hold office for four years. There was also to be a Vice-President, and both were to be chosen by electors appointed by vote in each State. The judicial power was to be vested in one supreme court, and inferior courts ordained from time to time by Congress. All debts contracted during the Confederation were to be valid under this Constitution. The agreement of nine States was to ratify the Constitution.

On September the 17th this Constitution was drawn up and solemnly signed by those present. "When the business was done," says Washington, in his diary, "the members adjourned to the city tavern, dined together, and took a cordial leave of each other; after which, I returned to my lodgings, did some business with and received the papers from the Secretary of the Convention, and retired to meditate on the momentous work which had been executed."

The scheme of the Constitution was submitted to Congress, and then sent to each separate State, to be ratified by the people. It took nearly a year for this to be carried out, during which year Washington remained at Mount Vernon, anxiously watching the effect upon the country of the proposed scheme. It was crowned with a success beyond that for which he and his friends had hoped, and, in spite of some opposition, was adopted; "thereby," says Washington, "in all human probability, laying a lasting foundation for tranquillity and happiness, when we had but too much

reason to fear that confusion and misery were coming rapidly upon us."

It was arranged that in January the people were to elect a President, and that the new Government was to meet in the month of March, in the city of New York.

When the election took place, the votes were found to be almost unanimous for George Washington.

CHAPTER XXI.

WASHINGTON was thus elected first President of the United States of America. In writing to La Fayette on the subject, he says:—

"I shall assume the task with the most unfeigned reluctance, and with a real diffidence; for which I shall probably receive no credit from the world. If I know my own heart, nothing short of a conviction of duty will induce me again to take an active part in public affairs, and in that case, if I can form a plan for my own conduct, my endeavours shall be unremittingly exerted, even at the hazard of former fame or present popularity, to extricate my country from the embarrassments in which it is entangled through want of credit, and to establish a general system of policy, which, if pursued, will ensure permanent felicity to the commonwealth. I think I see a path, clear and direct as a ray of light, which leads to the attainment of that object. Nothing but harmony, honesty, industry, and frugality are necessary to make us a great and happy people. Happily, the present posture of affairs, and the prevailing disposition of my countrymen, promise to co-operate in establishing those four great and essential pillars of public felicity."

To General Knox he wrote, "In confidence, I tell you (with the world it would obtain but little credit) that my movements to the chair of government will be accompanied by feelings not unlike those of a culprit who is going to the

place of his execution, so unwilling am I, in the evening of a life nearly consumed in public cares, to quit a peaceful abode for an ocean of difficulties, without that competency of political skill, abilities, and inclination which are necessary to manage the helm. I am sensible that I am embarking the good name of the people, and a good name of my own, on this voyage, but what returns will be made for them Heaven alone can foretell. Integrity and firmness are all I can promise: these, be the voyage long or short, shall never forsake me, although I may be deserted by all men."

On April 16th he left Mount Vernon, to obey the call of his country. Stopping at Alexandria, which he regarded in some measure as his own town, he was entertained at a large public dinner, where the mayor, in the name of the townspeople, took a touching farewell of him. Washington, who had just parted from the home he loved so much, and from his mother, whom he never expected to see again, was too deeply moved to speak many words. "From an aching heart I bid all my affectionate friends and kind neighbours farewell," he said, in conclusion of the short address he made.

His progress through the country was most triumphant. Wherever he went there were bells rung, guns fired, cheers from the populace, crowds of citizens anxious to see him. At Chester a splendid white horse was led out for him, upon which he was to make his entry into Philadelphia. The welcome he received at Trenton is thus described by Washington Irving:—

"It was on a sunny afternoon when he arrived on the banks of the Delaware, where, twelve years before, he had crossed in darkness and storm, through clouds of

snow and drifts of floating ice, on his daring attempt to strike a blow at a triumphant enemy. Here, at present, all was peace and sunshine; the broad river flowed placidly along, and crowds awaited him on the opposite bank, to hail him with love and transport. . . . . We may remember Washington's gloomy night on the banks of the Assunpink, which flows through Trenton; the camp-fires of Cornwallis in front of him, the Delaware, full of floating ice, in the rear, and his sudden resolve on that midnight retreat which turned the fortunes of the campaign. On the bridge crossing that eventful stream, the ladies of Trenton had caused a triumphal arch to be erected. It was entwined with evergreens and laurels, and bore the inscription, 'The defender of the mothers will be the protector of the daughters.' At this bridge the matrons of the city were assembled to pay him reverence; and, as he passed under the arch, a number of young girls, dressed in white, and crowned with garlands, strewed flowers before him, singing an ode expressive of their love and gratitude."

At New York he was received by General Knox and Governor Clinton. A guard of honour was also waiting for him, but Washington said that for the future he would prefer to have no guard except the love of his fellow-citizens. Every mark of enthusiasm attended his entrance into the city where he was to be made President, but the effect was rather to sadden and overpower the mind of Washington. In his diary he notes the pageant in passing, and says that "the display of boats, the decorated ships, the roar of the cannon, and the cheers of the people" were as painful as they were pleasing to him.

On the 30th of April the great ceremony took place. At nine o'clock in the morning there were solemn services

in all the churches, to ask God's blessing on the new Government. At twelve o'clock the troops assembled before the door of Washington's house, and he drove in a state coach to the Senate Chamber. He was received here by John Adams, the Vice-President, and the Chancellor, Mr. Robert Livingstone, and brought forward on to a balcony, where he could be seen by the people who filled the street, the windows, and the roofs of the houses all around. A large Bible lay on a table covered with crimson velvet, in the balcony.

Washington stepped forward, and stood before the people. A shout arose from them as they caught sight of him. He was the people's man, the one they had chosen to guide them and help them—this simple soldier, with no insignia of rank about him, dressed in dark-brown cloth, with a sword by his side, and the story of his great patient life written in his face.

John Adams stood on his right hand, the Chancellor on his left; and near him were some of the friends who had gone through so much suffering with him, General Knox, Colonel Hamilton, Baron Steuben, &c.

The Chancellor advanced and read the oath:—

"I do solemnly swear that I will faithfully execute the office of President of the United States; and will, to the best of my ability, preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution of the United States."

Washington's hand lay on the open Bible while these words were repeated; then, stooping reverently and kissing the Bible, he said, "I swear, so help me God."

The Chancellor came forward to the front of the balcony, and cried, "Long live George Washington, President of the United States!" A flag waved at the top of the hall, and at

this signal the guns were fired, the bells rang, and the people shouted.

The President then, in a trembling voice, made his inaugural address in the Senate House, and afterwards "went, with all the assemblage, on foot to St. Paul's Church."

The day was ended with illuminations and fireworks.

It was no sinecure which Washington had undertaken, in becoming the chief man in the United States. At first he was overwhelmed with visits, so that no time was left to him for his necessary work. To remedy this evil, he made arrangements to hold levees twice a week, for the purpose of receiving mere visits of ceremony; and certain days were to be set apart for the entertainment of company at dinner.

It has sometimes been said that, as President, Washington lived in grander style than accorded with the simple republican form of government which America had chosen; but this impression seems chiefly to have arisen from the beauty of the horses which he rode and drove. The manner in which he and Mrs. Washington (who joined him at New York) both lived themselves and entertained their guests seems to have been extremely simple. The President of Congress had been in the habit of entertaining largely. One of the guests who was at Washington's first dinner-party said, "It was the least showy dinner I had ever seen at the President's table. . . . . After dinner and dessert were finished, one glass of wine was passed round, and there were no toasts." One of the newspapers of the day said, "The President is determined to pursue that system of regularity and economy in his household which has always marked his public and private life."

Washington, in defending himself from the charge of

pomposity and a love of show, writes to one of his friends: "To please every one was impossible; I therefore adopted that line of conduct which combined public advantage with private convenience, and which, in my judgment, was unexceptionable in itself. That I have not been able to make bows to the taste of poor Colonel B—— (who, by-the-bye, I believe, never saw one of them), especially, too, as upon those occasions they were indiscriminately bestowed, and the best I was master of, is to be deplored; would it not have been better to throw the veil of charity over them, ascribing their defects to the stiffness of age, or to the unskilfulness of my teacher, rather than to pride, and dignity of office, which, God knows, has no charms for me? For I can truly say I had rather be at Mount Vernon with a friend or two about me than to be attended at the seat of Government by the officers of state and the representatives of every power in Europe."

In another letter he says, "In our progress towards political happiness my station is new, and, if I may use the word, I walk on untrodden ground. There is scarcely any part of my conduct which may not hereafter be drawn into precedent. There is scarcely an action the motive of which may not be subject to a double interpretation. Under such a view of the duties inherent in my arduous office, I could not but feel a diffidence in myself on the one hand, and an anxiety for the community that every new arrangement should be made in the best possible manner on the other."

Mrs. Washington made a kind and courteous hostess; but she spoke of the position to which she had been raised as "a new and unwished-for situation," and added, "I little thought, when the war was finished, that any circumstances

could possibly happen which would call the General into public life again. I had anticipated that from that moment we should be allowed to grow old together in tranquillity and solitude. That was the first and dearest wish of my heart, but in that I have been disappointed. . . . . I am still determined to be cheerful, and to be happy in whatever situation I may be; for I have also learnt from experience that the greater part of our happiness and misery depends upon our dispositions, and not upon our circumstances. We carry the seeds of the one or the other about with us in our minds wherever we go."

Washington's public life was interrupted at its outset by a very severe illness, which threatened his life. Great alarm was felt for his safety; he alone seemed to feel no fear. He asked the doctor one day to tell him the truth concerning his state. "Do not flatter me," he said; "I am not afraid to die, and, therefore, can bear the worst." The doctor told him that he was in great danger, but that he had hopes of him. Washington answered, "Whether to-night or twenty years hence makes no difference. I know that I am in the hands of a good God." Mrs. Washington, writing of this time, says, "The severe illness with which the President was attacked some weeks ago, absorbed every other consideration in my care and anxiety for him. During the illness, the kindness which everybody manifested, and the interest which was universally taken in him, was very affecting to me. He seemed less concerned himself as to the event han, perhaps, almost any other person in the United States."

Before the President had quite recovered, his mother died, at Fredericksburg. She was eighty-two years of age. Washington said he had felt sure when he said good-bye to

her on his way to New York that it was a final leave; she was then ill, and he did not expect to see her again. She had been very much averse to her son's military life, and had constantly said, "Ah! George had better have stopped at home and cultivated his farm." But though she was not proud, or elated by his success, she admitted that "he had been a good son, and, she believed, had done his duty as a man;" and this to her calm and simple mind was all that was necessary.

As soon as Washington was well enough, he went to Mount Vernon for change of air, and afterwards made a tour in the Southern States.

Public affairs required his closest attention, and caused him great anxiety. It was some time before the States became at all unanimous in their acceptation of the new form of government; and there was always an opposing party ready to pick flaws in everything that was done. The Government had to be freshly organised. A Department of War, a Department of Foreign Affairs, and a Treasury were among the first things to be instituted.

America's relations to foreign powers were embarrassing. Spain was endeavouring to injure its commerce in the south, and would not for some years negotiate. France, who had been such a powerful ally to the new country, endeavoured to gain undue influence over it, on the score of alliance. Great Britain, though nominally at peace with the States, was in perpetual altercation with them on the subject of the treaty which existed between the two countries, but which both sides declared had not been duly executed. Added to this, the Indians began to give great disquiet to the Americans, and were supposed to be urged on by Spanish

and British emissaries; and most of the tribes assumed a threatening attitude. It was feared that there would be war on the frontier; but Washington, who in his early life had had considerable experience of these tribes, used it skilfully now, and brought a number of Indian chiefs to New York, where he established a successful treaty with them, in spite of the efforts of the Spanish envoys from Florida to prevent it.

In France strange events were taking place, in which some of those who had fought for American independence were principal actors. The selfishness of Louis XIV., and the brutality of Louis XV., had roused the flame of revolution, which blazed forth in the reign of Louis XVI. On July 13th, 1790, the people of Paris rose, and plundered the arsenal of the Invalides. On the 14th, under La Fayette, they stormed the Bastille; "and a National Guard of bourgeoisie took Paris under its protection."

La Fayette sent the key of the Bastille to Washington, with a picture of the ruins of the building. He wrote, "Permit me, my dear General, to offer you a picture representing the Bastille, such as it was some days after I had given orders for its demolition. I make you homage also of the principal key of this fortress of despotism. It is a tribute which I owe to you, as son to my adopted father, as aide-de-camp to my general, as missionary of liberty to its patriarch."

"Washington received the key with reverence, as a 'token of the victory gained by Liberty over Despotism;' and it is still preserved at Mount Vernon." But the President foresaw the dangers in store for France. Writing in October, 1789, he said, "Great temperance, firmness, and foresight are necessary in the movements of the National

Assembly. To forbear running from one extreme to another is no easy matter; and should this be the case, rocks and shoals, not visible at present, may wreck the vessel, and give a higher-toned despotism than the one which existed before."

In January, 1790, Congress assembled. The Government was now fully organised, and Washington had many important points to bring before it. The debts of the nation weighed heavily on his mind. He felt the importance of a united effort for discharging them; but there was a discontented spirit in the Eastern States, which it was extremely difficult to meet, and the session altogether was an anxious and troubled one. In the autumn of the same year there was a disastrous campaign against the Indians of the Wabash and Miami tribes, who had taken no part in the treaty executed with Washington. In March, 1791, an expedition against them was planned, under the command of General St. Clair. Washington, from his old experience in the days of General Braddock, knew the advice that would be most necessary for St. Clair. "Beware of a surprise!" he said to him at parting. "You know how the Indians fight. I repeat it—beware of a surprise!"

The expedition failed. The troops were encamped one night in a spot "surrounded by close woods, dense thickets, and the trunks of fallen trees, with here and there a ravine and a small swamp; all the best kind of cover for stealthy Indian warfare." Just before sunrise next morning, a horrible noise came from the woods, the sound of the Indian war-whoop, followed by deadly rifle-shots; and the American troops were routed and slaughtered. General St. Clair did all that a brave man could do. He was ill at the time, and, in spite of this, was carried about from point to point amongst his

soldiers, giving orders, but at last he was obliged to retreat; and not until he had lost upwards of 600 men.

Washington received the news when he was at dinner in Philadelphia. He was told that an officer desired to speak with him immediately; and, apologising to the company, he went into the hall to speak to him. When he returned, he said nothing of the news he had been told, but was heard to mutter as he sat down again, "I knew it would be so." He went through the evening with his usual calmness. At ten o'clock the company dispersed, Mrs. Washington quitted the room, and the President and Mr. Lear were left alone. Washington walked up and down the room for a few minutes, then threw himself on the sofa, and burst forth in an agitated voice: "It's all over—St. Clair's defeated—routed. The officers nearly all killed, the men by wholesale: the rout complete; too shocking to think of, and a surprise into the bargain!" He got up from the sofa, walked about again, and then began to speak even more vehemently.

"Here, on this very spot, I took leave of him. 'You have your instructions from the Secretary of War,' said I. 'I had a strict eye to them, and will add but one word: Beware of a surprise! You know how the Indians fight us. *Beware of a surprise!*' He went off with that my last warning thrown into his ears. And yet to suffer that army to be cut to pieces, hacked, butchered, tomahawked by a surprise; the very thing I guarded him against! O God!" he exclaimed, throwing up his hands, "he's worse than a murderer! How can he answer it to his country? The blood of the slain is upon him—the curse of widows and orphans—the curse of Heaven!"

Mr. Lear was silent and awe-struck with this torrent of

passionate words. Washington suddenly seemed to remember himself. He sat down again, as if half-ashamed of his anger; then, in a quieter voice, he said, "This must not go beyond this room;" and added, "General St. Clair shall have justice. I looked hastily through the despatches, saw the whole disaster, but not all the particulars. I will receive him without displeasure; I will hear him without prejudice. He shall have full justice."

CHAPTER XXII.

THE term of four years for which Washington had been elected President was now drawing to an end, and he earnestly protested against being re-elected. He told his friends that "he felt himself growing old, that his health was shaken, and his memory, always bad, was growing worse." But his objections to take office again were overruled by those who had proved his value in administering the affairs of the State; and he was unanimously re-elected, and had the oath administered to him on March 4th, 1793.

It was well that his calm and controlling judgment was still the property of the nation, or America and England might again have been plunged in war.

The news from France was very disastrous. La Fayette, who had been so active in the commencement of the Revolution, would not go to the extremes which the people demanded; he was earnest for reform, but he had no desire for the Reign of Terror. When that began—when the Tuileries was attacked, and the unfortunate king and queen were obliged to fly—La Fayette was arraigned by the Jacobins, on the plea that he had helped their flight; and he endeavoured to make his escape from France, but was captured in Austria, and became a prisoner. Washington instantly wrote to the marchioness, placing a large sum of money from his private purse at her disposal. "This sum is," he says, "I am certain, the least I am indebted for the services rendered me by the Marquis de La Fayette, of which I have never

yet received the account. I could add much; but it is best, perhaps, that I should say little on this subject. Your goodness will supply my deficiency." The brave marchioness, with her two daughters, joined her husband in his Austrian prison at Olmutz; and their son, George Washington La Fayette, came out to America, to throw himself on the protection of his father's friend.

Soon followed the news of the execution of the unfortunate Louis XVI., who was truly mourned by Washington, for he had been a most faithful and generous ally to America in the time of her need.

In April intelligence was received in America that France had declared war against England. What was America to do now? Enthusiastic men wished at once to espouse the cause of the French Republic, only too ready to find new grounds of quarrel with the English enemy so lately driven from their own shores.

Washington, who was at Mount Vernon, received news that American vessels were fitting out to go to the assistance of France; and he instantly wrote to Mr. Jefferson, the Secretary of State, a man who had spent many years in Paris, and was well acquainted with all French matters, and imbued with a French republican spirit: "War having actually commenced between France and Great Britain, it behoves the Government of this country to use every means in its power to prevent the citizens thereof from embroiling us with either of those powers, by endeavouring to maintain a strict neutrality."

He hurried to Philadelphia, and held a Cabinet Council, in which it was determined that a proclamation should be issued by the President, forbidding the citizens of the United States to take part in any hostilities on the seas;

and warning them against carrying to the belligerents any articles deemed contraband according to the modern usages of nations; and forbidding all acts and proceedings inconsistent with the duties of a friendly nation towards those at war."

Washington knew that in taking these measures he was doing an unpopular thing, and that it would be said of him that it was a secret sympathy with England and with monarchism which guided his conduct; but he was more ready to be misunderstood than to endanger his country; and he knew that America's Department of War was not strong enough as yet to be effective, and also that the debts which she already owed were sufficient encumbrance for her new Treasury, without incurring fresh ones.

In his farewell address to his country, he justifies his policy of holding neutrality in the words: "After deliberate examination with the aid of the best lights I could obtain, I was well satisfied that our country, under all the circumstances of the case, had a right to take, and was bound in duty and interest to take, a neutral position. Having taken it, I determined, as far as should depend upon me, to maintain it with moderation, perseverance, and firmness. . . . With me a predominant motive has been to gain time to our country to settle and mature its yet recent institutions, and to progress without interruption to that degree of strength and consistency which is necessary to give it, humanly speaking, the command of its own fortunes."

A bustling Frenchman, calling himself Citizen Genet, the Minister of the French Republic, came over to America and stirred up the feeling which Washington was doing his best to allay. He tried to get vessels fitted out as

privateers from Charleston harbour; and he even caused a British vessel, called the *Little Sarah*, which had been captured by the French, to be "armed and equipped for privateering, and manned with 120 men, many of them Americans, and changed her name to *Le Petit Démocrat*." Washington gave special orders that this vessel was not to be allowed to leave the American port, but Genet defied the orders and the vessel sailed. Washington upon this determined to communicate with Governor Moon, the American Minister at Paris, and desired that Genet might be recalled. This measure gave great offence to Genet's friends in the Cabinet, and a stormy scene followed, in which personal language was used to Washington, which took away his self-command, and he burst into one of those violent fits of passion which occasionally broke the bounds of his habitual self-control. He said that "he had never but once repented having lost the moment of resigning his office, and that was every moment since; that he had rather be in his grave than at the head of that Cabinet; that he had rather be at his farm than emperor of the world. And yet," he added, bitterly, "they charge me with wanting to be a king." Genet's influence in America, however, at last became so dangerous that he was recalled, only just in time to prevent his being arrested by Congress; and M. Fauchet was appointed Minister in his place.

Affairs with England were not on a more pleasant footing, in consequence of some American vessels trading to and from French colonies having been captured by the British, and brought to British ports.

The Americans passed resolutions that no debts were to be paid by them to British subjects until the citizens of the United States were indemnified for the depredations sustained

from British cruisers; and that all intercourse with Great Britain was interdicted until she had made compensation. "Popular excitement was intense. Peace or war was the absorbing question." However, England revoked the acts which had given so much displeasure, and her attempts at peace were met by Washington. Colonel Hamilton, the Secretary of the Treasury, wrote at this time, "It is as great an error for a country to overrate as to underrate itself. Presumption is as great a fault as timidity. 'Tis our error to overrate ourselves, and underrate Great Britain."

Washington was most anxious that a treaty should be concluded between England and America, and sent a special envoy to appeal to British justice, choosing for the purpose Mr. John Jay, the Chief Justice of the United States.

Again his efforts at peaceful policy were opposed by a large number of his countrymen, who rendered the last years of his public career almost the most harassing part of his life. "But Washington was too morally brave to be clamoured out of his wise moderation by taunts."

In May, 1795, Mr. Jay returned from England, bringing a treaty with him, which was laid before Congress. When the country learnt the contents of it, there was a furious opposition raised to it by the quarrelsome part of the community. "Meetings to oppose the ratification were held in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Charleston. In New York a copy of the treaty was burnt before the Governor's house. In Philadelphia it was suspended on a pole, carried about the streets, and finally burnt in front of the British Minister's house, amid the shoutings of the populace. The whole country seemed determined, by prompt and clamorous manifestations of dissatisfaction, to make Washington give way."

The President, in one of his letters, says, "This Government, in relation to France and England, may be compared to a ship between the rocks of Scylla and Charybdis. If the treaty is ratified, the partisans of the French, or, rather, of war and confusion, will excite them to hostile measures, or, at least, to unfriendly sentiments; if it is not, there is no foreseeing all the consequences which may follow, as it respects Great Britain. . . . *There is but one straight course, and that is to seek truth and pursue it steadily.*" This course he did pursue, and the result was that, in spite of much opposition, the treaty was at last ratified, in August, 1795. In February of the next year it was sent back to the King of Great Britain; in the same month, the President of the United States proclaimed it to be the law of the land.

And now at last the time was coming when Washington was to leave the public service of his country. He had established its government on an united, sensible, and honest footing; he had protected the infant years of the nation which had so lately learned to stand alone; he had piloted America through most difficult foreign politics, had made profitable treaties for it both with Great Britain and Spain, and protected it, by his calm and enduring wisdom, from a struggle in which its newly-born powers would assuredly have perished; and he said, sadly looking back over the work he had done, "To the wearied traveller, who sees a resting-place, and is bending his body to lean thereon, I now compare myself; but to be suffered to do this in peace is too much to be endured by some. To misrepresent my motives, to reprobate my politics, and to weaken the confidence which has been reposed in my administration, are objects which cannot be relinquished by those who will be satisfied with nothing short of a change in our political system."

As the second term of office was about to expire, there was a very general wish expressed that Washington would consent for a third time to be elected President, but this he entirely declined; and on December 7th, 1796, he met the two Houses of Congress for the last time. Amongst other points, he urged strongly upon them the necessity of a gradual increase in the navy, and the foundation of an institution for the improvement of agriculture, a military academy, and a national university.

He concluded his address in these words: "The situation in which I now stand for the last time, in the midst of the representatives of the people of the United States, naturally recalls the period when the administration of the present form of government commenced; and I cannot omit the occasion to congratulate you and my country on the success of the experiment, nor to repeat my fervent supplications to the supreme Ruler of the universe, and sovereign Arbiter of nations, that His providential care may be still extended to the United States, that the virtue and happiness of the people may be preserved, and that the Government which they have instituted for the protection of their liberties may be perpetual."

The farewell address, which he circulated amongst the people of the United States, contained many striking passages, which were almost prophetic in their teaching. It commenced:—

"FRIENDS AND FELLOW-CITIZENS,—The period for a new election of a citizen to administer the Executive Government of the United States being not far distant, and the time actually arrived when your thoughts must be employed in designating the person who is to be clothed with that important trust, it appears to me proper, especially as it may conduce to a more distinct expression of the public voice, that I should now apprise you of the resolution I have formed to decline being

considered of the number of those out of whom a choice is to be made. I beg you, at the same time, to do me the justice to be assured that this resolution has not been taken without a strict regard to all the considerations appertaining to the relation which binds a dutiful citizen to his country; and that in withdrawing the tender of services, which silence in my situation might imply, I am influenced by no diminution of zeal for your future interest, no deficiency of grateful respect for your past kindness, but am supported by a full conviction that the step is compatible with both. . . . . I shall pray Heaven may continue to you the choicest tokens of its beneficence; that your union and brotherly affection may be perpetual; that the free Constitution, which is the work of your hands, may be sacredly maintained; that its administration in every department may be stamped with wisdom and virtue; that, in fine, the happiness of the people of these States, under the auspices of liberty, may be made complete, by so careful a preservation and so prudent a use of this blessing as will acquire to them the glory of recommending it to the applause, the affection, the adoption of every nation which is yet a stranger to it.

"Here, perhaps, I ought to stop; but a solicitude for your welfare which cannot end but with my life, and the apprehension of danger natural to that solicitude, urge me on an occasion like the present to offer to your solemn contemplation, and to recommend to your frequent review some sentiments which are the result of much reflection.

* * * * * * *

"Interwoven as is the love of liberty with every ligament of your hearts, no recommendation of mine is necessary to fortify or confirm the attachment. The unity of government which constitutes you one people is also now dear to you. It is justly so; for it is a main pillar in the edifice of your real independence, the support of your tranquillity at home, your peace abroad, of your safety, of your prosperity, of that very liberty which you so highly prize. . . . . It is of infinite moment that you should properly estimate the immense value of your national union to your collective and individual happiness; that you should cherish a cordial, habitual, and immovable attachment to it, accustoming yourselves to think and speak of it as of the palladium of your political safety and prosperity; watching for its preservation with jealous anxiety; discountenancing whatever may suggest even a suspicion that it can in any event be abandoned; and indignantly frowning upon the first dawning of every attempt to alienate any portion of our country from the rest, or to enfeeble the sacred ties which now link together the

various parts. For this you have every inducement of sympathy and interest. Citizens by birth or choice of a common country, that country has a right to concentrate your affections. The name of '*American*,' which belongs to you in your national capacity, must always exalt the just pride of patriotism more than any application derived from local discriminations. With slight shades of difference, you have the same religion, manners, habits, and political principles. You have in a common cause fought and triumphed together; the independence and liberty you possess are the work of joint counsels, of joint efforts, of common dangers, sufferings, and successes. . . . . Every portion of our country finds the most commanding motives for carefully guarding and preserving the union of the whole. The North in an unrestrained intercourse with the South, protected by the equal laws of a common government, finds in the productions of the latter great additional resources of maritime and commercial enterprise, and precious materials of manufacturing industry. The South, in the same intercourse, benefiting by the agency of the North, sees its agriculture grow, and its commerce expand. . . . . The East, in a like intercourse with the West, already finds, and in the progressive improvement of interior communications by land and water, will more and more find, a valuable vent for the commodities which it brings from abroad or manufactures at home. The West derives from the East supplies requisite to its growth and comfort; and, what is, perhaps, of still greater consequence, it must of necessity owe the secure enjoyment of indispensable outlets for its own productions to the weight, influence, and the future maritime strength of the Atlantic side of the Union, directed by an indissoluble community of interest as one nation. . . . . To the efficacy and permanency of your Union, a Government for the whole is indispensable. . . . . This Government, the offspring of our own choice, uninfluenced and unawed, adopted upon full investigation and mature deliberation, completely free in its principles, in the distribution of its powers, uniting security with energy, and containing within itself a provision for its own amendment, has a just claim to your confidence and your support. . . . . The basis of our political systems is the right of the people to make and alter their Constitutions of Government. But the Constitution which at any time exists, till changed by an explicit and authentic act of the whole people, is sacredly obligatory upon all. The very idea of the power and right of the people to establish Government, pre-supposes the duty of every individual to obey the established Government. . . . . Let me warn you in the most solemn manner against the baneful effects of

the spirit of party generally. . . . . The alternate domination of one faction over another, sharpened by the spirit of revenge natural to party dissensions, which in different ages and countries has perpetrated the most horrid enormities, is itself a frightful despotism. But this leads at length to a more formal and permanent despotism. The disorders and miseries which result gradually incline the minds of men to such security and repose in the absolute power of an individual; and, sooner or later, the chief of some prevailing faction, more able or more fortunate than his competitors, turns this disposition to the purposes of his own elevation on the ruins of public liberty.

* * * * * * *

"Of all the dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity, religion and morality are indispensable supports. In vain would that man claim the tribute of patriotism who should labour to subvert these great pillars of human happiness, these firmest props of the duties of men and citizens.

* * * * * * *

"Observe good faith and justice towards all nations; cultivate peace and harmony with all. Religion and morality enjoin this conduct; and can it be that good policy does not equally enjoin it? It will be worthy a free, enlightened, and, at no distant period, a great nation, to give to mankind the magnanimous and too novel example of a people always guided by an exalted justice and benevolence.

* * * * * * *

"Nothing is more essential than that permanent inveterate antipathies against particular nations, and passionate attachments for others, should be excluded; and that, in place of them, just and amicable feelings towards all should be cultivated. The nation which indulges towards another an habitual hatred, or an habitual fondness, is in some degree a slave. . . . . Antipathy in one nation against another disposes each more readily to offer insult and injury, to lay hold of slight causes of umbrage, and to be haughty and intractable when accidental or trifling occasions of dispute occur. . . . . The great rule of conduct for us, in regard to foreign nations, is, in extending our commercial relations, to have with them as little political connection as possible. So far as we have already formed engagements, let them be fulfilled with perfect good faith (I hold the maxim no less applicable to public than to private affairs, that 'honesty is the best policy'). Here let us stop. Europe has a set of primary interests, which to us have

none, or a very remote relation. Hence she must be engaged in frequent controversies, the causes of which are essentially foreign to our concerns. . . . . Our detached and distant situation invites and enables us to pursue a different course. If we remain one people, under an efficient Government, the period is not far off when we may defy material injury from external annoyance; when we may take such an attitude as will cause the neutrality we may at any time resolve upon to be scrupulously respected; when belligerent nations, under the impossibility of making acquisitions from us, will not lightly hazard the giving us provocation; when we may choose peace or war, as our interest, guided by justice, shall counsel.

* * * * * * *

"In offering to you, my countrymen, these counsels of an old and affectionate friend, I dare not hope they will make the strong and lasting impression I could wish; that they will control the usual current of the passions, or prevent our nation from running the course which has hitherto marked the destiny of nations. . . . . How far, in the discharge of my official duties, I have been guided by the principles which have been delineated, the public records and other evidences of my conduct must witness to you and to the world. To myself, the assurance of my own conscience is that I have, at least, believed myself to be guided by them. . . . . Though, in reviewing the incidents of my administration, I am unconscious of intentional error, I am, nevertheless, too sensible of my defects not to think it probable that I may have committed many errors. Whatever they may be, I fervently beseech the Almighty to avert or mitigate the evils to which they may tend. I shall also carry with me the hope that my country will never cease to view them with indulgence, and that, after forty-five years of my life dedicated to its service with an upright zeal, the faults of incompetent abilities will be consigned to oblivion, as myself must soon be to the mansions of rest.

"Relying on its kindness in this as in other things, and actuated by that fervent love towards it which is so natural to a man who views in it the native soil of himself and his progenitors for several generations, I anticipate, with pleasing expectations, that retreat in which I promise myself to realise without alloy the sweet enjoyment of partaking, in the midst of my fellow-citizens, the benign influence of good laws under a free Government—the ever-favourite object of my heart, and the happy reward, as I trust, of our mutual cares, labours, and dangers.

"George Washington."

The whole of the address from which these quotations are made is marked by the same broad comprehensiveness, the same liberal and matured judgment; and was a worthy legacy from the patriot statesman to the nation for which his life had been spent.

Mr. John Adams was appointed President, and Mr. Jefferson Vice-President; and Washington gave a farewell dinner-party, to which they were invited, on the 3rd of March. It was a very cheerful gathering. When the cloth was removed, Washington rose, filled his glass, and said, "Ladies and Gentlemen,—This is the last time I shall drink your health as a public man. I do it with sincerity, wishing you every possible happiness." He added no more, but the simplicity of the leave-taking made it the more forcible.

The next day Mr. Adams took the oath as President. Washington was present. When he left the hall, the whole assembly followed him to his own house, cheering him as he went. On the threshold of his house, he turned round and looked at the crowd. Tears were running down his face. He tried to speak and failed, and waved his hand in silent farewell.

Almost immediately afterwards he set out for Mount Vernon, with his wife, their adopted child, Nelly Custis, and young George Washington La Fayette. In a few days Washington wrote to one of his friends, "I am already surrounded by joiners, masons, and painters; and such is my anxiety to be out of their hands, that I have scarcely a room to put a friend into or to sit in myself."

To the Secretary of War he wrote, "I am indebted to you for several unacknowledged letters; but never mind that, go on as if you had answers. You are at the source of infor-

mation, and can find many things to relate; while I have nothing to say that would either inform or amuse a Secretary of War at Philadelphia." He then gives him an account of his day—such as has been described before; for he seemed to take to all his old habits as easily as if he had never left his home—and he ends his description by saying, "It may strike you that no portion of time is allotted for reading. The remark would be just, for I have not looked into a book since I came home, nor shall I be able to do it until I have discharged my workmen; probably not before the nights grow longer, when, possibly, I may be looking into 'Doomsday Book.'"

It has sometimes been wondered that Washington, with his broad and liberal views of freedom, was not opposed to slavery. He seems to have given some thought to the subject, but did not clearly see his way to emancipating his slaves; though he left a direction in his will that after the death of his wife (should she survive him) all those on his estate were to be given their freedom. In the meantime, he gave much attention to improving their condition and their dwellings.

It was a pleasant and sociable party which was gathered at Mount Vernon. Nelly Custis seems to have grown up as the child of the house, and to have brought that brightness into it, which the childless life of Washington and his wife would otherwise have lacked.

Washington seems to have had a special affection for his adopted daughter; and a letter of good advice which he wrote to her when she was going to her first ball, is well worthy of quotation, in spite of the stiff language of the last century, in which it, as well as his other writings, is expressed: "Do not boast too soon or too strongly of your

insensibility. . . . . Love is said to be an involuntary passion, and it is therefore contended that it cannot be resisted. . . . . Although we cannot avoid first impressions, we may assuredly place them under guard. . . . . When the fire is beginning to kindle, and your heart growing warm, propound these questions to it: 'Who is this invader? Have I a competent knowledge of him? Is he a man of good character; a man of sense (for be assured a sensible woman can never be happy with a fool)? What has been his walk in life? . . . . Is his fortune sufficient to maintain me in the manner I have been accustomed to live, and as my sisters do live? And is he one to whom my friends can make no reasonable objection?' If all these interrogatories can be satisfactorily answered, there will remain but one more to be asked; that, however, is an important one: 'Have I sufficient ground to conclude that his affections are engaged by me?' Without this, the heart of sensibility will struggle against a passion that is not reciprocated."

These kindly words, from the old man to the young girl, show that Washington's public life had not blunted the individual sympathies of his heart.

Nelly Custis, in later days, told an anecdote of the General that gives us a little picture of him in every-day life which is pleasant. "I was a young and romantic girl," she said, "and fond of wandering alone by moonlight, in the woods of Mount Vernon. Grandmamma thought it wrong and unsafe, and scolded and coaxed me into a promise that I would not wander in the woods again unaccompanied. But I was missing one evening, and was brought home from the interdicted woods to the drawing-room, where the General was walking up and down, with his hands behind him, as

was his wont. Grandmamma, seated in her great arm-chair, opened a severe reproof."

Poor Miss Nelly was reminded of her promise, and taxed with her delinquencies. She knew that she had done wrong, admitted her fault, and essayed no excuse; but when there was a slight pause moved to retire from the room. She was just shutting the door, when she heard the General attempting, in a low voice, to intercede in her behalf. "My dear," observed he, "I would say no more; perhaps she was not alone."

His intercession stopped Miss Nelly in her retreat. She re-opened the door, and walked up to the General with a firm step. "Sir," said she, "you brought me up to speak the truth; and when I told grandmamma I was alone, I hope you believed I was alone."

The General made one of his grandest bows. "My child," he replied, "I beg your pardon."

When the "invader of good character and sense" came to Nelly Custis's heart, it proved to be Washington's favourite nephew, Major Lawrence Lewis. Their wedding was one of the last events which took place in the happy home of Mount Vernon during Washington's lifetime. It was celebrated on his birthday, 1799; and he settled the young people in a house on his estate, that he might have them near him.

One more call to public life came to Washington in his old age. An attempt was made to extort money from the American Ministers in Paris, which nearly led to war with France. On this, America made immediate preparations in case of invasion; and in June, 1798, Mr. Adams, the President, wrote to Washington: "We must have your name, if you will in any case permit us to use it. There

will be more efficacy in it than in many an army." And the Secretary of War wrote: "You see how the storm thickens, and that our vessel will soon require its ancient pilot. Will you—may we flatter ourselves that, in a crisis so awful and important, you will—accept the command of all our armies? I hope you will; because you alone can unite all hearts and all hands, if it is possible that they can be united."

And Washington wrote for answer: "As my whole life has been dedicated to my country in one shape or another, for the poor remains of it, it is not an object to contend for ease and quiet, when all that is valuable is at stake, further than to be satisfied that the sacrifice I should make of these is acceptable, and desired by my country."

On July 3rd of this year, the Senate nominated him commander-in-chief of all the armies raised or to be raised, and Mr. Adams wrote: "If the General should decline the appointment, all the world will be silent, and respectfully assent. If he should accept it, all the world, except the enemies of this country, will rejoice."

Washington accepted the commission, with the condition that he should not be called into the field until the army was in a situation to require his presence. In November, however, he went to Philadelphia, to make arrangements respecting the forces about to be raised.

Writing to La Fayette (who had been set at liberty, and whose son had rejoined him from America), the General said, "Of the politics of Europe I shall express no opinion, nor make any inquiry who is right or who is wrong. I wish well to all nations and to all men. My politics are plain and simple. I think every nation has a right to establish that form of government under which it conceives

it may live most happy, provided it infringes no right, or is not dangerous to others; and that no Government ought to interfere with the internal concerns of another, except for the security of what is due to themselves."

The measures taken by America had an effect on French policy. M. Talleyrand intimated, unofficially, that envoys from America would be received with due respect, and these envoys were despatched to Paris. But before matters had been amicably arranged, and while it was still doubtful whether the veteran Washington would not have to take the field again, he received a call which would brook no delay. On the 12th of December, 1799, he was riding about his estate in a snow-storm. The next day he complained of having taken cold, and was seized with hoarseness. The following night he became extremely ill, and in the morning Dr. Craik, his old and trusted medical friend, was sent for, but all remedies were useless. It was the call of death which had come. "I find I am going," he said to Mr. Lear; "my breath cannot last long. I believed from the first that the disorder would prove fatal." He smiled as he said he knew he was dying. When Dr. Craik came, he said, "Doctor, I die hard, but I am not afraid to go." At ten o'clock he tried several times to speak to Mr. Lear, and at last managed to whisper, "I am just going; have me decently buried, and do not let my body be put into the vault in less than three days after I am dead. Do you understand me?" Mr. Lear replied, "Yes." "'Tis well," he said.

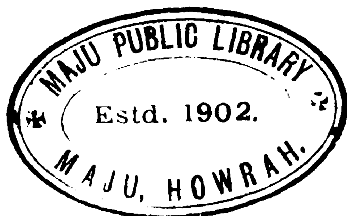
Mrs. Washington was kneeling by the bed, with her head resting on the large Bible from which she always read. Dr. Craik sat by the fire, Mr. Lear held the General's hand clasped in his own, and it was thus that Washington died.



"It is well. I shall soon join him. I have no more trials to pass through now"
— p. 255.

When the news was known, the grief of his country was great and sore. The British fleet of sixty ships in Torbay lowered their flags half-mast high. Napoleon Bonaparte ordered that black crape should be hung from all the French standards and flags. And the woman who had loved George Washington for thirty years said, as she knelt by his death-bed, "It is well. I shall soon join him. I have no more trials to pass through now."

THE END.



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